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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

AN

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL

DECEMBER, 1895, TO JUNE, 1896.

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SHOULD CLEVELAND HAVE A THIRD TERM?

HON. MICHAEL D. HARTER.

WHAT is to be thought of the wisdom of re-nominating Mr. Cleveland? If he can be induced to accept a renomination, it would, I believe, be followed by his re-election and his re-election by great prosperity, not for one, but for all classes of our people. I do not believe the President will accept a renomination, but I certainly am not authorized to speak for him. I say what I do because he has had all the honors American life can give him, and he can retire on March 4, 1897, the most universally honored man living in the world. In retirement he will be looked up to, and even loved, by those who now criticise and condemn, so much of a paradox is party politics. Mr. Cleveland is a man of such excellent sense, and withal of such actual modesty, that he does not feel that he alone can serve the nation better than quite a number of other men, and consequently it will not strike him as a duty to accept, even if the nomination is thrust upon him. He is of a makeup so sturdy, of a patriotic mould so rounded, that if his acceptance could be presented to him as an obligation he owed his country, his acceptance and re-election would follow.

It is unfortunate that men cannot be kept in the presidency as they are in Congress, for as many terms as the people see fit, and it is peculiarly so at this time, for humanly speaking, the re-election of Mr. Cleveland seems almost a necessity. In the past two years he has done more for the people, more to promote general prosperity, and more to maintain the honor and credit of the United States at home and abroad, than Congress in both its houses. If it brings value received to the nation to pay the salaries of members and senators, which may well be doubted, a salary of $5,000,000 per year has been richly earned by Mr. Cleveland. He has had $50,000, and at this price

has been the cheapest public servant at Washington.

If instead of a political organization, the government of the United States was like a great railway corporation, the stockholders would replacing of Mr. Cleveland by any one else in 1897 with very deep regret and many misgivings. It is well known that but for Mr. Cleveland's course, the 53d Congress would have allowed the credit of the nation

GROVER CLEVELAND.

look with great regret and universal uneasiness upon the retirement of such an executive officer; and as the interests of a great people are higher, larger, greater than those of the most extensive and widespread business organization in the world, it is not unreasonable to say that the welfare of all the people is only fairly considered by those who look upon the to be dragged in the mire, and general bankruptcy to fall upon our people. That the temper of the present Congress is an improvement remains to be demonstrated. With no necessity for more revenue *before March, 1898*, than current receipts and the surplus funds in the treasury provide, Congress is talking of increasing the taxes; while the

great need of gold for redemption purposes is passed over as if it were of no consequence.

In other words, Congress seems to care less about the danger of a cyclone next week or next month, or early in the year, than about a high wind or small storm which may or may not occur in the year 1898.

On the contrary, Mr. Cleveland points out the duty of the hour, the necessity of the instant, and in a way so clear that all men everywhere see it. His views have the support, equally, of the Republican banker and the Democratic manufacturer, of the boards of trade and of the chambers of commerce the country over. In Mr. Cleveland's patriotism there is no partisanship, and he is neither in partnership with party or faction, except when such association will promote the great interests of the whole country.

For several years past and to-day the values of property and the prosperity of enterprise are less dependent upon the 356 congressmen and the eighty odd senators at the Capitol than upon the knowledge that a great, safe, patriotic man sits in the chair of Washington.

The justice and fairness in all things of Mr. Cleveland are so generally conceded that a word on that phase of the case may be wasted, but I cannot help but say that in the four years that circumstances brought me into fairly close contact with him, I became convinced that in a case where the rights of the poorest and the most obscure were opposed to the privileges of the rich and the great, Mr. Cleveland's ideas of justice were so perfect that the just cause, however weak, had all his sympathy and the influence of his power, and the force of his position.

EX-CONGRESSMAN MICHAEL D. HARTER.

Such men are rare; the need for them is very great and constant; and if it is possible for the American people to retain in their service Grover Cleveland down to the hour when gold is firmly established as the only unlimited measure of value and until the legal tender and Sherman notes are in full process of redemption and cancellation, it will be hardly short of madness to neglect so great an opportunity.

The difference between Mr. Cleveland and some other candidates for the presidency becomes almost dramatic when you contrast the frank, clear, forcible presentation of his views upon the general silver and currency question with the mutterings and mumblings of at least four of the leading aspirants for the Republican nomination. All of these roar like lions about the tariff and so-called British aggressions; they can be heard from Dan to Beersheba, their voices rising above the roar of

a tempest in their great jingo and high tariff tax acts, but who has been able to entrap any one of them, even in secret, into an intelligible expression of his views upon the only two questions of importance to any of our people, namely, the standard of value and the gradual or more rapid retirement of the greenback and the Sherman note? Casting all political prejudices aside, does not Mr. Cleveland appear to the average understanding as if he were worth a thousand such "men in fustian"?

It cannot be felt that what I say is influenced by any personal obligation I am under to Mr. Cleveland. I simply owe him the just and high estimate I put upon his services to the country, a debt which I share in common and to no greater extent than every American citizen should. Measured by the low gauge of politics, Mr. Cleveland is in my debt, not I in his; but that he is a creditor upon my sense of splendid service done for our common country goes without saying, and honorable men of both parties will be found as glad to confess it as I am.

Richard V. Harte

ROMANCE.

S. Reid.

On the nether rim of a northern clime,
Where year to year it is winter time,
And all things taste of the salt sea-rime,
In a brine-bleached tower, with beetling walls,
Where the raven breeds, and the seamew calls,
But never a shaft of sunshine falls,
There lived a maid from her natal hour,
To whom the wilful Fates for dower
Had given a heart like the cactus flower —
Warm, and vivid, and flame-like keen,
Such was her soul; but her face, I ween,
Was the ice-cold face of a polar queen.

And I — I came from a land of fire,
Where the pitiless sun rays parch and tire,
And the shower and the shade are a man's desire.
I had drifted far on the sailless sea,
I had come long leagues. For it was to be,
And her woman's love leapt out to me.
Time and distance, longing and hate,
Wooing and winning, and all things wait
For the rounded sweep of the scythe of Fate.
And the bars, and the bonds, of sea or land,
That the stride of a destined step withstand,
Are as bars of pith, and as ropes of sand.

THE ORIGIN OF THE OPERA.

J. F. Rowbotham.

THE first opera ever heard in Europe was the opera of *Daphne*. It was performed in the year 1594, and was considered such an oddity by those who heard it, that there were not wanting people to exclaim loudly against the introduction of such a foreign and "utterly unnatural drama," as they were pleased to call it. The absurdity that the performers should sing their lines instead of speaking them, should fence and fight to the accompaniment of music, and even at the point of death should have a chorus standing round them, bewailing in alto, tenor, and soprano their woe, seemed a little too much for the gravity of many people; and the first opera was the butt of jeers, criticism, and ridicule. It was, in fact, a bold experiment on the part of a few cultivated men to revive in modern Europe the drama of the Greeks. The Count di Vernio was one of the most cultured men of his time, in an age of great refinement, when, it may be added, even ladies could read and write Latin, and many of them understood Greek. He himself, an excellent scholar, and a man of princely hospitality, threw open his house to all the learned men and great artists of Florence. The Count's palace was a very gallery of antique art. Sculptures belonging to the best days of Greek art lined the walls; rare and costly paintings were to be seen in profusion; and side by side with the marbles of Praxiteles and Polycletus were to be found ancient manuscripts of untold value, obtained from the refugees of Constantinople, when that capital was sacked by the Turks, treating of the theoretical principles of Greek sculpture, painting, and music. There were weekly gatherings at the Palace of all that was learned and talented in Florence. It was the Count's custom to receive his guests in his hall, and then to take them round his galleries, hearing their criticisms of any new work he might have added recently to his treasures; or, in the case of those who now for the first time looked upon the wonders of the Palazzo Vernio, listening with delight to the expressions of wonder and admiration which burst involuntarily from their lips. After the tour of the gallery was over, it was the usual practice of some one of the company to recite a poetical composition, while the others gathering round listened with attention, but at the same time with that attitude of mental reservation which a strongly developed faculty of criticism is likely to cause. After the poem was over, there was invariably a critical discussion of its merits.

Little by little it had become plain to these cultured *habitués* of the Palace that the best experiments and emulation of the poetic art of antiquity left something to be desired. There was still a deficiency felt, but not definitely understood, even when

the odes of Pindar had been reproduced in Italian syllable for syllable; even when the poems of Sappho had received a complete and plastic transcription in the Tuscan dialect.

At last it was suggested, and suggested rightly, that ancient poetry was always accompanied by music. When Sappho would deliver one of her poems, she was not accustomed to recite her lines as an actor or an elocutionist at present, or as one of the poets who in Count Vernio's house repeated his latest effusion. She took a lyre in her hand, and, striking the chords, sang her poetical lines in a sweet and impassioned voice, the effect of which, added to the charm of the poetry, produced that wonderful impression on her hearers to which all antiquity testifies. In the same way Pindar intrusted the delivery of his odes to a chorus of vocalists, who danced while they sang. Here, then, was the secret of the Greek poetical art at once laid bare, and it remained to be seen how far the poets and dilettanti at Count Vernio's gatherings could take advantage of it.

In the first place, the poets acknowledged a great and insuperable difficulty at the outset; none of them could sing. How, then, would it be to depute choruses of vocalists to sing the songs in the manner of Pindar and his chorus? And from this suggestion the way was not very long to that other proposal, which seemed but the natural sequel to the former — why not attempt the revival of that organized form of chorus and solo which was known as Greek tragedy, and which would be sure to attract public interest by the charming union of not only poetry and music, but also of scenic display? Accordingly, one of their number was deputed to prepare a dramatic poem written on a given classical subject in the style of Sophocles, and a musician was commissioned to set it to music.

The tragedy of the Greeks, which was now to undergo the experiment of a revival in Europe, had been the growth of centuries in the classical clime wherein it was a native. The theatre was so arranged that the actors should stand on a high stage, furnished with scenery and all other requisites, while a distinct body of performers, called the chorus, had their place in what we should call the pit, but which the Greeks called the orchestra — a large, flat circular enclosure, larger than the arena of any modern circus, and reaching from the verge of the stage to the rim of the lowest tier of benches which surrounded the enclosure. Here the chorus, who supplied both music and action to the development of the drama, had their traditional place.

The flimsy contrivances of gauze and canvas which do duty for scenes in a modern theatre were very far from satisfying the artistic nature of the Greeks. If the exterior of a house was to be represented, the facade would be built up with huge blocks of wood, painted to resemble stone. If an interior were portrayed, solid walls and massive furniture would be seen on the stage. For open-air scenes, the scenic artists endeavored as far as possible to bring in the resources of nature to their aid; and as there was a park at the back of most theatres, the eyes of the spectators were regaled with real trees, real emerald turf, and sometimes real waterfalls plashing down a rock. The theatre itself had no roof; the performances took

place in broad day, with the sun shining overhead, and the blue sky beaming down on the spectators.

The tragedy commenced by the curtain rolling down — it sank on rollers into the stage, while ours rises up to the flies — and revealing the scene in all its beauty to the spectators. Then the sound of instruments was heard, and the chorus, four or six abreast, marched in military order into the orchestra. They played flutes and lyres as they walked, the tune generally being a military march, to the sound of which they performed various martial evolutions in the orchestra, and then grouped themselves round the altar which rose in the midst of the large arena. When they took their place at the altar, the tune of the march ceased, and some sitting, some standing, in an attitude of classical repose, they commenced the overture to the tragedy.

The overture concluded, the actors would appear on the stage, and, while the chorus assumed a statuesque tranquillity round the altar, would declaim their lines in a sort of sonorous recitative, accompanied with occasional notes or chords on the lyre. This method of singing their parts, instead of speaking them, was in a manner forced upon the performers by the immense size of the theatre. The great theatre of Bacchus in which the tragedies took place accommodated with ease from 30,000 to 40,000 spectators. No elocution, however distinct, could reach the ears of the tenants of the farthest benches, or even be audible half-way through the immense throng. The actors, therefore, were compelled to chant their parts in order to make their voices carry the requisite distance. They were aided in this endeavor by a sort of miniature speaking-trumpet, which was fixed inside the waxen mask which they invariably wore, and which multiplied the natural tones of their voice to such a degree that they could send their monotonous recitative rolling through the theatre. After their dialogue and action had lasted a certain time, they left the stage; and the chorus, striking up their flutes and lyres, commenced a highly musical and melodious song, to the accompaniment of which they danced in mazy rings through the orchestra. The beauty of their dance was universally acknowledged, and arose presumably from he exceeding care in the preparation of them. Both sculptors and painters came to assist the chorus-master at the rehearsals, and to suggest artistic and striking poses for the dancers. The weavings and interweavings of the lines of dancers were the subject of the most careful consideration on the part of their trainers; and the whole orchestra was traced with intricate patterns in chalk, over which the dancers plied their feet according to a preconcerted plan.

The choral dance over, once more the actors entered the stage, and in such alternate appearances of actors and chorus the structure of the play consisted.

Such was the highly artistic and finished form of musical composition which Count Vernio and his friends designed to revive in Italy, and it remains for us to see how they succeeded in their task.

A performance on so gigantic a scale as the Greek tragedy was plainly out of the question, since there was neither the place nor the public to make such an innovation

possible. The only places ever open to dramatic performances or "shows," as we should more properly call them, were the halls of the nobility. There were no theatres except of the roughest kind, where the mysteries and moralities were performed; and there was no public able to appreciate aught of a refined nature except the nobles, and they preferred to confine all such representations to their own house. At banquets and at fêtes it was often the custom for a rich nobleman to offer to his friends a pageant. The awning at one end of the banqueting-hall would suddenly be lifted up, and would reveal an emblematic figure of Victory. A flourish of trumpets would announce the entry of another character — this would perhaps be a woman clothed in pure white, with a crown on her head, to represent Virtue. After sundry gestures had been gone through by these two chief actors, Virtue would embrace Victory. Next, a figure hideous to behold, representing Crime, would be introduced, surrounded by a crowd of imps, symbolical of the Vices. Crime would endeavor to participate in the fraternity established between Virtue and Victory; but after many attempts and many useless seductions, he would be forced to retire, baffled, from the scene, amid the uproarious applause of the spectators, and to the complete satisfaction of everybody present, who saw in such a finale a very natural termination of the drama, and were so accustomed to simple entertainments, that they never desired anything stronger to stimulate their theatrical palates.

Count Vernio and his friends had such a public to cater for, and for such entertainments they proposed to substitute their revived Greek tragedy. How were they to proceed? In the first place, they found it impossible to arrange the theatre as the Greeks arranged it — that is, with a large open space between the stage and spectators, wherein the chorus might perform their evolutions. This had reluctantly to be given up. Likewise had the elaborate scenery on the stage itself to be abandoned — the built-up houses, the verdant grass, the real trees. Most of the pomp and massive pageantry of the Greek drama fell away before the possibilities at the command of this handful of men, so zealous to revive, if not its divine dignity, at least its purity and all its beauty. The masks of the actors were an adventitious adjunct which the Count and his friends never thought of employing. With all this elimination, what, then, was left for the revived Greek tragedy to come and go on? There were the actors; the chorus — now removed from the orchestra, and most reluctantly placed on the stage; the scenery — marvellously robbed of its splendor; and last, not least, the divine dramas left by the Greek poets, whereon to model the structure of the play.

Now, whenever the actors spoke, or rather chanted, in Greek tragedy, the poet made use of a certain metre called iambics, which is very well represented to us by our own iambic measure, such as Shakespere writes in, with the exception that the Greek iambics were two syllables longer. Its metre was supposed, and correctly supposed, by the Greeks to approximate very nearly to the flow of ordinary prose. This was its special utility. The actor could chant his speeches in a verse which did not violate any ideas of dramatic prob-

ability. The music which went in company with this homely form of verse was itself likewise very free and unmelodious, approaching the cadences of ordinary speech, rather than that exalted form of utterance which we call singing. The actor in reciting his iambics neither sang nor did he speak, but he chanted in a sort of half-musical, half-oratorical tone, being accompanied by occasional chords or notes of the lyre by the chorus, who, stationed beneath the stage, could supply the music to the actor's recitations from the same post of vantage which a modern band now occupies. Count Vernio and his friends were well aware of these various points; but as this peculiar species of musical declamation had never been heard in Italy, they were at a loss to know precisely what it was, or how they could reconcile the ears of their countrymen to accept it. None of the band of dilettanti was successful in his experiments to reconstruct this defunct style of music, except Giulio Caccini, who, appearing at their assembly one day with a lyre or a violin,— we forget which,— declaimed with much art many passages of poetry, reproducing in an inimitable way the cadences of the old Greek style, and combining them with the spirit of modern music so successfully as quite to reconcile them to the modern ear. He accompanied himself with the violin or the lyre; but as the lyre of his day was by no means a faithful reproduction of the ancient Greek instrument, being a treble instead of a bass instrument, and as the violin was still less an adequate copy, it was resolved to accompany this style of declamation by the violoncello, called in those days the *viol da Gamba*, which gave the bass notes so essential to bring the method of accompaniment in harmony with that of the Greeks. The style of musical declamation invented by Caccini was called *Recitative*, and it was resolved by the assembled company that throughout their tragedy the actors should speak in nothing but the recitative of Caccini. And so far — that is to say, in at least half the framework of their tragedy — they had brought their intended revival into complete harmony with its Greek model.

By placing the chorus on the stage they had put an end to the possibility of the choral dance. The stage was but a few long boards, of only three or four feet deep, and there was barely room for the actors to stand on it. The Greek dramatic traditions were likewise infringed upon, by the necessity of placing a body of instrumentalists in front of the stage, where we have them now, who could be present during the whole continuance of the tragedy, could at once accompany the chorus in their song and the actors in their recitative. This was an essentially modern innovation, but, as we see, rendered necessary by the peculiar arrangements of the stage.

Next was the question how to arrange the music for the chorus. And since the choral odes were at once the sweetest, the most rhythmic, and the most melodious pieces of music ever composed by Greek pen, the revivalists determined to give their composer *carte blanche* to write the chorus in the sweetest music he could compose — employing modern harmony and modern melody.

Just as they were about to mould the result of their labors into a solid and artistic form, Count Vernio was summoned from Florence to Rome

to take office in the Pope's household as Groom of the Chamber. The friendly reunions which had taken place in his house, and which had been of such untold importance to the development of modern music, were therefore brought to an untimely termination; and the dilettanti might have been deprived of their grand object at the very moment of its fulfilment, had it not been for the enthusiasm of Jacopo Corsi, a wealthy Florentine citizen, who invited them to meet henceforth in his sumptuous dwelling, to continue their investigations and experiments in musical art.

Jacopo Corsi's house possessed large and sumptuous halls, and in one of these a platform was fitted up to serve for the stage; sufficient room was allowed at the wings for the chorus to enter, and doors for the entry of the actors were made at the back. A band of musicians was stationed in the orchestra below the stage, their instruments consisting of a spinet, an organ, three flutes, one violin, four trombones, a horn, and four cornets. A grand fête was given by Corsi on the occasion of the performance; the *élite* of Florence flocked to his mansion to hear this extraordinary musical work, about which everybody gave different reports, but which each person seemed to believe would be unique, novel, and interesting. The hall was filled with spectators; the curtain rose; the singers came on the stage; the solitary violin twittered, the cornets too-tooed, the spinet tinkled, the organ boomed, and the first opera ever heard in Europe was brought to a successful performance.

The piece was indeed successful among the chosen and select audience who had assembled to hear it. All people of cultivated tastes also were prepared by their knowledge of Greek culture to receive and sympathize with the efforts of Count Vernio's friends. But the general public were as yet quite uneducated in the style, and purely Philistine. The "monotonous drawl of the recitative," as they called it, they could not tolerate. They were firmly convinced that the whole opera from first to last should have been a collection and succession of purely melodious pieces. Antagonism, pasquinade, detraction, did their utmost to discredit the peculiar style of revived Greek music; but "the Greeks," as they were now called, still held their own. In a year or two's time, another opera, of more elaborate proportions, entitled *Eurydice*, was ready, Peri and Caccini being its joint composers. It was at this time that a great political marriage set Florence alive with festivity and gayety. King Henry IV of France married Mary d'Medici, and the invention of all the caterers of amusement in Florence was taxed to do honor to the occasion. Among other entertainments, the new operas of "the Greeks" were thought of as likely to add a zest of novelty to the spectacles, and they were duly performed before this enlightened prince and his young bride. This opened a way for them into France; and the other cities of Italy, seeing the good results which attended the Florentine operas, were not long in starting similar performances on their own account. In this way the opera began to spread; and in 50 years it was established as the most refined form of music in all the countries of Europe.

A WINTER'S TALE.

E were watering the oxen at the well, — Douglas and I, — smoking and talking as we watched the cattle drinking and sniffing between each bucketful, with a lazy satisfaction peculiar to their kind, and then carefully knocking over the pails with their noses after every drink. When I reflect on the number of pails Brandy and Soda broke in a year by these and other means, it is a wonder to me now that we made out as well as we did at first with our farming operations.

Douglas was a Scotch Canadian, up from the Portage on a visit to some friends, but an old-timer who knew the Northwestern prairies from Winnipeg to the Rockies, and from Prince Albert to the Moose Mountains, as well as the red men themselves.

We were sorry to hear from him that the Indians had prophesied an open winter, for we knew that they seldom blundered as to weather. Open winters, he continued, were a nuisance and hard on axles, for they meant severe frosts and little snow, with frequent heavy thaws — a state of affairs that would not admit of running sleighs successfully, and knocked wagons to splinters. Still, the Indians had foretold it, and — at that time — I agreed with him that it was hopeless our trying to learn anything that they did not know about the weather; about hunting, fishing, and trapping; the operations of nature; the habits of bird, beast, and fish, and such like occult arts and sciences.

But when spring came and the clang of the geese echoed on river, lake, and slough (Canadian pronunciation "Sleugh"), and the long-drawn caw of the crow, as he loafed across country, resounded down the valley, and the young poplars and the willows, the saskatoon and all wild fruit trees seemed to vie with one another in the race of growth, I began to wonder to myself what a hard winter was like, if the last six months represented an open one.

About the middle of October, 1887, the "Colonel" and I left our temporary winter quarters, a short distance from Castle Avery, to go down with the oxen and wagon to Birtle to enter for our land, and lay in stores and clothing for the winter. We started one day after dinner, travelling the 12 miles to Shellmouth before supper, and, staying there till morning, covered the 50 miles thence to our destination in the course of the next two days.

We entered for our homesteads, and, having attended to other necessary business, made all haste to get back, for the weather was wild and threatening, and the hard state of the trails and frequent snow showers made our mode of progression unpleasant in the extreme; though on other matters we had no anxiety, as we had left everything at the ranch in care of our good friend, Leslie.

We did well to hasten, for on the night of the 22d there was a heavy snowstorm, and the mercury suddenly

fell to 15° below zero. The next day, Will Jameson, Jim Burt, and I broke the ice at the North Crossing of the Assiniboine and made our way over the river in the boat, because we were afraid that the comparatively thin crust of ice would not bear us. I remember the occasion well, for Jameson and I stood on the south bank for about 20 minutes, shouting in the teeth of a bitter wind, to attract the attention of Burt's folks on the other side; and had not Burt come out by chance, we might have been standing there yet, for all the good our shouting did. After spending another quarter of an hour breaking the ice, Burt finally succeeded in getting across and taking us aboard the old second-hand and leaky egg box that did duty for a boat; but there was so much water in it that I quite spoiled a brand-new pair of Indian moccasins I was wearing for the first time.

I don't think I shall ever forget Burt's crossing of the Assiniboine. I was telling him only the other day I intended making it the figure in the first story I tried to write; and here it is. I have never yet crossed at this spot, owing to the wretched means of transit, without getting wet. As a general rule, of the two making the passage in the boat, the passenger has to bale for dear life; and the ferryman for the time being has to pull like a Trojan to get across without egg box and all going under; and when the river is high and running like a mill-race, it would be almost exciting if it were not so confoundedly damp. Well, the ice is getting pretty thin now, being early spring; and last night, when I was taking Jimmy's mail to him, I suddenly landed up to my waist in a hole against the north bank, where the sun strikes at noonday. Luckily, the house is not more than 200 yards away; so I soon obtained a change of clothing, and, not altogether relishing the idea of another bath in ice-cold water and after dark, I stayed at Burt's all night; but before I go over there again I shall insure my life. But this is all by the way — I must get back to my "Winter's Tale." A few days after our crossing in the boat, the ice was strong enough to bear a team, and remained in a state of rock-like solidity till the middle of April, 1888, when the Martins, on the way back to their homesteads in the West, after wintering in the valley, found it strong enough to sustain the weight of the 50 head of cattle they took with them. It was indeed a long and weary winter.

Snow fell pretty often during November and December, and on and off in that time the Colonel and I were busy getting home the cattle and "fixing up" our houses and stables.

Before Christmas we registered 57° of frost; but on one occasion the wind blew from the west with a warmth that strongly resembled the Chinook (the name applied to the westerly wind that frequently springs up in that section of the Northwest that lies near the Rocky Mountains, where it has its origin, and has the peculiar effect of raising the temperature from often below zero to above freezing-point in a few hours — melting the snow and inducing an almost spring-like warmth), that so often prevails at this season of the year nearer the Rocky Mountains. On Christmas Eve and Christmas Day the snowfall was incessant; and then the fierce Manitoba winter

shut down with a snap, and for nearly four months blizzards, 40° below zero, and snowstorms followed one another with a regularity and pertinacity that became monotonous; while up to the end of May we did not experience more than three weeks of pleasant weather.

Christmas Day was the jolliest I had spent in the country since I left home. The Colonel's plum pudding was a triumph of culinary art, while my beefsteak pie was as dismal a failure. I shall always believe it was his fault for leaving the oven door open while I went up to the post office for our letters.

Leslie and Bickford came up to help us to eat the good things — at least the roast pork and pudding, for I had to devour every scrap of that steak pie myself. I had made enough for four men with appetites in proportion to the time of year; so I was quite a while performing the feat, and the number of times that pie appeared on the scene during the rest of the winter was wearisome in the extreme. The only drawback to the glory of the feast was the want of flavoring with the pudding — that kind of flavoring that goes very well with a pudding, and is not wholly unappreciated without.

After dinner or supper — it came off at 5 P. M. — we had a little music and singing — Nancy Lee and the like, accompanied by Leslie's concertina. About half-past 10 Bickford decided to go home, in spite of our urging him to stay till morning; and the last I saw of him that night was being pitched out of the saddle over blind Poll's head; but the snow was so deep that he sustained no damage. In some respects, indeed, it was rather an elevating end to a pleasant evening, but I myself prefer alighting from the saddle in a more deliberate and less energetic manner.

Two or three days after Christmas, I was helping Leslie to thresh; but what with ice and barley beards, my spectacles became so misty that about all I could see was the way to the house, whither I retired and thawed the glasses out. It was wonderful the number of times I had to do this in the course of the day.

During the rest of that week I helped the Colonel to get in supplies of wood and hay, and on the last day of the year went down to Shellmouth with the Castle Avery mail. The trails were bad; but with a good hand at the reins the ponies had to get there, and in spite of the drifts we hardly broke the trot the whole 12 miles. Arrived at Shellmouth, I met the "Skipper," and together we went out to his place (Trincomalee), where I stayed 10 days; but as there was not employment for more than one, I was not overworked, and in fact grew restless for want of something to do, and longed to be out of doors to do it. But the time was near at hand when I was only too glad to remain in the house. On the 10th of January, the Skipper drove me home, and never shall I forget that drive.

The thermometer registered 25° below zero when we started at noon, with a biting northwesterly wind; but the day was fairly bright and clear. We went a mile and a half out of the way to pick up Blanc, and then pulled out for Castle Avery and home; and though we were behind as good a team as there was at the time in this section of the country, it took us nearly five hours to travel the 13 miles. Nor were we exactly prepared for what was

in store, for with the exception of some straw at the bottom of the wagon box, which was mounted on sleighs, the horse blankets, and Blanc's oxhide, we had no suitable covering to protect us from such intense cold. As it was, the trail was hardly ever visible between Blanc's Bluff and Castle Avery. For a few minutes the horses would find it below the drift; the next instant, in their endeavor to follow it, they would mount miniature walls of snow, caked hard enough to bear the weight of the "whole outfit" for a few yards successfully; suddenly, the treacherous crust would crack, and, slipping and plunging, now on the trail and now off, with one runner cutting nearly to the ground, and we ourselves in danger of being pitched out over the side, they toiled painfully and gallantly forward, the Skipper giving them their heads and constantly cheering them to further efforts — and they responded to the call. All the time the wind, as if delighting in our helplessness, swept down and smote us with an icy keenness that made us curl up and shiver, and chilled us to the marrow.

Once clear of Hamilton's Lake, the worst was over; and as we neared Castle Avery and the more wooded country, the edge was somewhat taken off the blast, and we felt cheered at the prospect of getting through in safety. But our destination was two miles beyond the Castle; and though we were sure of a kindly welcome and thaw-out within its hospitable walls, we, as we passed, merely dropped Blanc, who was bound thither, and never drew rein till we reached home. Fortunately, none of us was frozen; but stiff and weary from the exposure, the Skipper and I were able to eat but a morsel of supper. After seeing that his team and the cattle were comfortable for the night, and taking a few whiffs, we turned in under all the blankets we could find, and awoke none the worse next morning for all we had gone through.

During the night the wind shifted to the opposite quarter, and when I bade the Skipper and the Colonel — whose turn it was now to go visiting — good by, there was a raging snowstorm from the southeast that increased in intensity and vigor all day, continuing till about midnight, when the snow ceased, and the wind veered round again to the northwest, ushering in the direful blizzard of Thursday, Jan. 12, 1888, disastrous alike to the lives of man and beast from the Mackenzie to southern Iowa, while it was felt, more or less, right down to the Gulf of Mexico.

And yet the tale of frozen human corpses to be found during the next few days in this little understood and much abused province of the Great Lone Land might have been counted on one's fingers — a fact which will compare favorably with the havoc and distress wrought by the same tempest in the United States.

While it lasted, the maximum temperature for 48 hours was 28° below zero, and the minimum at night-time 42° below. The cattle and I kept warm and snug; but on the first day the pipe of the heating-stove in my bedroom was burned out and rendered useless; and for 10 days I was obliged to live in the kitchen, where for a time I was a little crowded, since Bickford, who lived only a half mile away on the river-bank, found his shanty too cold to remain in, and therefore came and stayed with me, bringing a friend or

two with him. Indeed, the most serious matter was the hay running short. I did get a small "jag" on the Friday from Bickford's nearest stack, and on my way back "dumped" it, sleighs and all, in a gully near the house. But with the help of ropes and logging chains, and a good steady pull, and no jerking, from Brandy and Soda, I succeeded in righting and getting the load home with no worse result than a frozen nose for myself. But alas! for the next two nights, I had so many four-footed visitors as well, in the shape of a neighbor's horses I was temporarily accommodating, that soon there was but little of the jag left. However, Sunday falling quite calm, enabled me to fetch a good load, and from that time till the end of winter the supply of hay was well maintained.

The blizzard fairly over, we entered upon a short spell of steady cold but delightfully fine and crisp weather, such as, I believe, is only to be found in these latitudes. From the instant when the night began to wane before the softly stealing dawn, when the first light touch that told of the nearing of the sun rifted out over the land in gleams of faintly roseate hue, all through the short day till the last of the afterglow, reflected in the eastern sky, slowly died away, the hours were full of sunshine and brightness, unflecked by cloud and unruffled by the slightest breeze. And the daylight had scarce left us, ere, night after night, the Northern Lights, like giant torches pointing the path to heaven, flashed forth and glinted weirdly, with a radiance that rivalled the glory of the winter's moon, till wooded crest and fertile valley, ice-chained river and glistening lake, homestead and hamlet, were illumined with a more than earthly splendor; and the wolves, as if angered by the flaming brilliancy, howled in dismal and tuneless chorus.

But all too soon we were to experience another series of snow-storms and heavy winds, that lasted till well on to the end of February, though, of course, the temperature became warmer and outdoor work less irksome. But as I continued to "run the show" single handed till the Colonel's return, I performed only the most necessary duties, such as tending the cattle, keeping up the stock of wood and fodder,—as a substitute for water we melted snow, and the beasts went down every day to the water-hole cut in the river ice,—and those odd jobs that always crop up on a Manitoba farm as elsewhere.

Still I was far from feeling lonesome. Our shanty was on the trail to the lumber camp 40 miles north, to the various hayricks in the valley, and to the bush for cutting both logs and firewood, so that friends used constantly to give me a call on their way past with their teams, sometimes remaining long enough to warm and have their meals with me, or perchance staying all night.

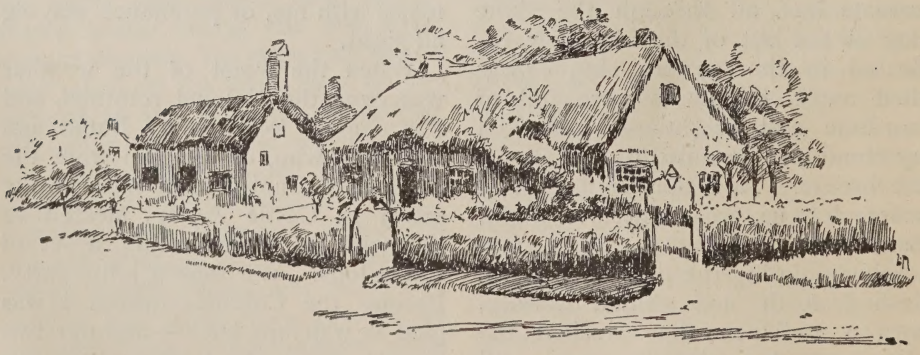
When the worst of the weather was over, the Colonel returned, and was shortly followed by Boffin and Rumbles, who, coming up from the timberless country some miles to the south of Castle Avery, elected to live with us while cutting a set of stable logs. We were a jolly party. Besides the Colonel—whom I was glad to welcome back—and our two friends, there was Leslie, who came over day by day to hew the logs as they were cut, and a pretty regular

stream of the wayfarers before mentioned. So that when the day's work was done, the dishes washed, and the cattle fixed up for the night, we had plenty of fun before we turned in. We went to bed early, for the work was more trying than even in midwinter. The very warmth of the days caused us to get wet through from the knees downward in the melting snow, and this was followed by a sudden chill that came as soon as the sun began to sink, with the result that our trowsers and felt boots were frozen as stiff as boards, which made us glad enough to come into supper and to the welcome warmth of the stove.

With the departure of Rumbles and Boffin after a fortnight's visit, and the completion of our own work in the bush, the Colonel and I began throwing down Benson's house, which we had bought, preparatory to hauling the logs it was built of to our homesteads, only leaving the work to help our neighbors with their house raisings, which came off as soon as the softened state of the snow permitted of turning up the earth sufficiently to lay the corner-stones. These house raisings frequently gave us heavy but by no means unpleasant work, when we all pitched in with a will — contented in the knowledge that we were helping our friends, and could count on their assistance at some future time for any like work that we might wish to undertake for ourselves.

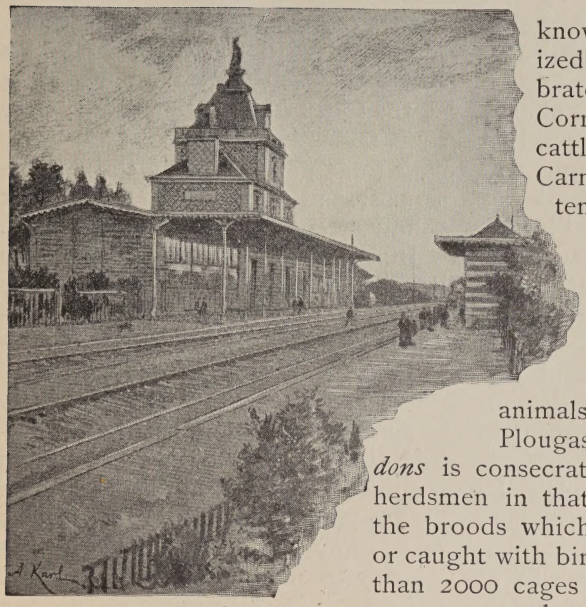
We attended the first of these bees about the middle of April. Bickford was putting up a new stable, and I remember what a task it was to lift the heavy 25-foot ridgepole into its place.

It was very warm in the sun, though the snow was still quite deep, with hard frosts at night, and we were looking forward to the advent of spring; for though on April 5 we experienced a fearful snowstorm, during the continuance of which I had to dig away the drifts from the stable doors three times, the geese had returned on the 7th, and their welcome cry was a sure forerunner of that grand summer weather which came at last. S.



SAINT ANNE D'AURAY.

HENRY HAYNIE.



THE RAILWAY STATION AT ST. ANNE D'AURAY.

AMONG the many popular fêtes or solemnities of the old province of France known as Brittany, the most comforting to the faithful, as they are the most curious and interesting to strangers, are the *pardons* and the pilgrimages. The patronal fête of a church or a chapel is called a *pardon* because certain indulgences are accorded to those who attend services celebrated there in honor of the patron saint. Now local patron saints are so numerous in Brittany that a learned monk once found enough of them to write a voluminous book in their honor, filled with details of lives and miracles. There are, however, several venerated in that part of France whom he never mentioned, and even of the many known few have ever been canonized. One of the most celebrated of these saints is St. Cornely, special patron of horned cattle, and his annual *pardons* at Carnac and at Plussulieu are attended by peasants from hundreds of villages, nearly all of whom bring along their cows and bulls to be blessed.

There are similar *pardons* here and there for the benefit of other domestic animals, while at St. Jean, near Plougastel, one of the yearly *pardons* is consecrated to a bird fair. All the herdsmen in that part of France go to sell the broods which they have taken from nests or caught with bird lime, and sometimes more than 2000 cages are on exhibition. Horses are brought to the *pardon* of St. Eloi, near Landerneau; and in connection with this, as also with several other *pardons*, a wrestling match is held at night in a field near the fountain, but I never had the good luck to assist at one of these.

Perhaps the two most famous pilgrimages in Brittany are those of the church of St. Jean du Doigt (so called because it possesses the index finger of St. John the Baptist), and of the basilica of St. Anne. This latter church is to the northeast of, and not far from the town of Auray, and from its tower there is a splendid panoramic view which takes in hundreds of towns, villages, and church steeples, and from the side of the sea, each steeple recalls historical souvenirs. Here it is Chartreuse, with its *Champ des Mar-*

tyrs and its funeral monument; there Carnec, showing with pride its Mont Saint-Michel and its lines of menhirs, those wonderful enigmas for archæologists; yonder the antique town of Auray, celebrated by the battle where Charles de Blois perished, Pluneret, etc.

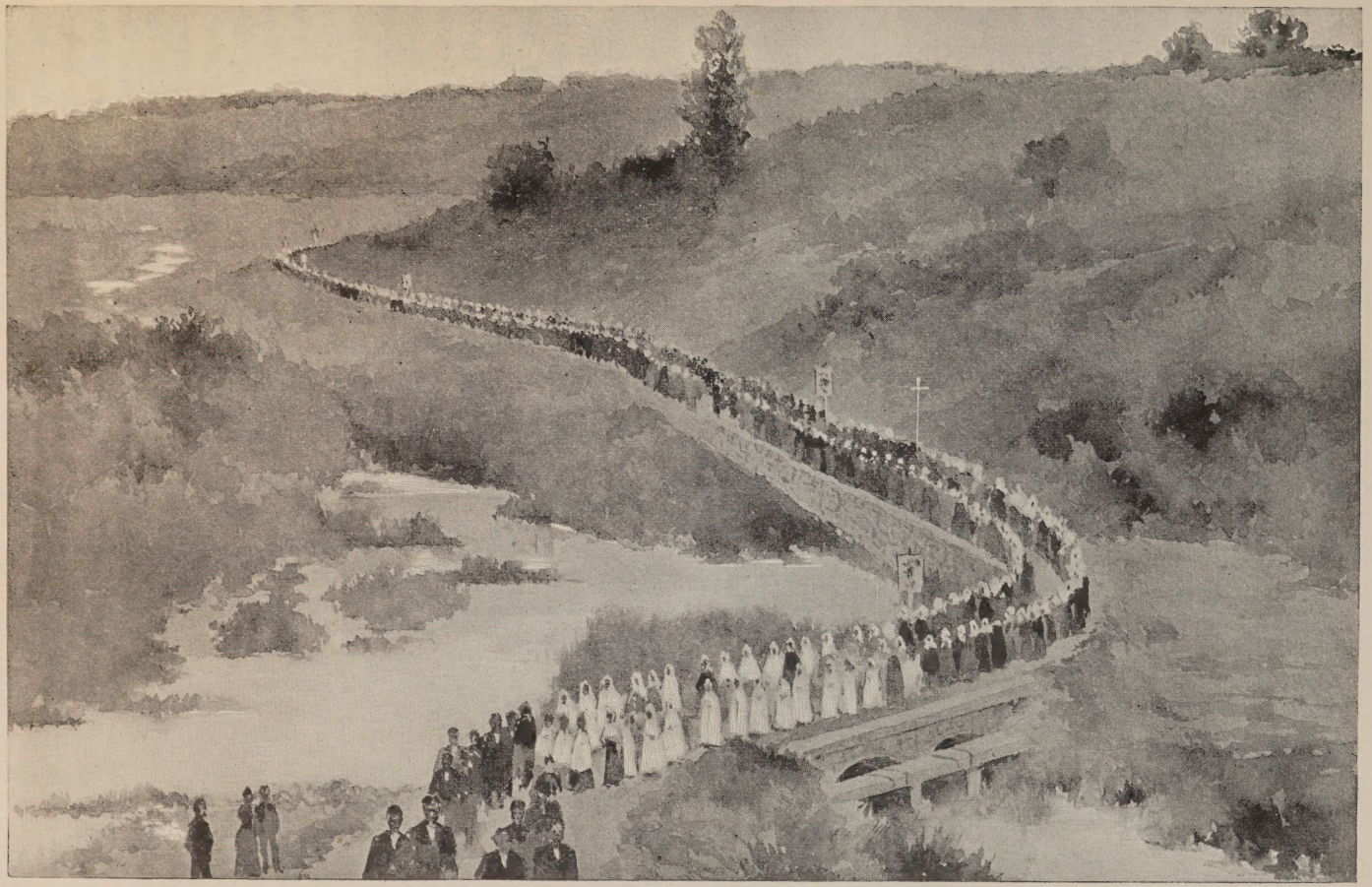
The first time I visited the church of the patron saint of Brittany, that is to say, Sainte-Anne d'Auray, was in 1887; and when the crowd was united in the Champ de l'Epine, the aspect of that vast enclosure was truly splendid, especially at night. In the background was the sacred monument with its multi-colored hangings, its escutcheons and oriflammes. Crosses of light detaching themselves from verdure here and there shone in the midst of cordons of flame which surrounded the tribune and ornamented the steps in the "Holy Stairway." All around, the walls, the trees, the houses of the village and the fountain shone, and under a sky which recalled the splendor of oriental nights, the thousands of tapers carried by the faithful formed an ocean of flame that was full of faith. Prayers succeeded to canticles of joy, which were also fervent prayers. The chaplet was recited for the church, for France, for Brittany, for the beloved dead; and no pen of mine can render the beauty of that scene where a whole people saluted thus the Virgin Mary and her mother, the "Patrona Britonum."

The church was densely packed with people up the nave to the altar. Each man, woman, and child carried in one hand a lighted candle protected by a paper shade, and held in the other a little book from which they sang an appeal to the Virgin to protect France in general and Brittany in particular from the wiles of Satan. The church was lighted with chandeliers, hung in every possible place, and the high altar was also brilliantly illuminated. Peasants of both sexes passed the night there. Some occupied the benches, others seated themselves on the paved floor at the foot of the columns and were soon fast asleep. There were those who took possession of the confessionals, and I saw one old fellow calmly sleeping in the bishop's chair.

In Brittany each person seems to have it at heart to justify the words of the poet speaking of their Patroness: —

"C'est notre mère à tous; mort ou vivant, dit-on,
A Sainte-Anne, une fois, doit aller tout Breton."

And if an inhabitant has not visited that celebrated sanctuary there is something lacking in his existence. To accomplish the pilgrimage Bretons make any sacrifice, and support good-humoredly the most painful fatigues. Each year on the 7th of March (Whitsuntide), on the 26th of July, and on September 29 and 30, a great number of pilgrims are bound to visit Sainte-Anne d'Auray. On the 7th of March, anniversary of the discovery of the miraculous statue,— I shall write of this presently,—they thank St. Anne for the great things she has done, since she manifested herself to her people, but at this reunion only the surrounding populations are usually seen. On the 29th of September, feast of St. Michael, they pray the protector of France and St. Anne to bless the fatherland, to keep it great and strong by preserving its faith; and the next day, the 30th, is the anniversary of the Coronation. These fêtes are all beautiful and touching; but to contemplate Breton piety at its best, it is necessary to assist at



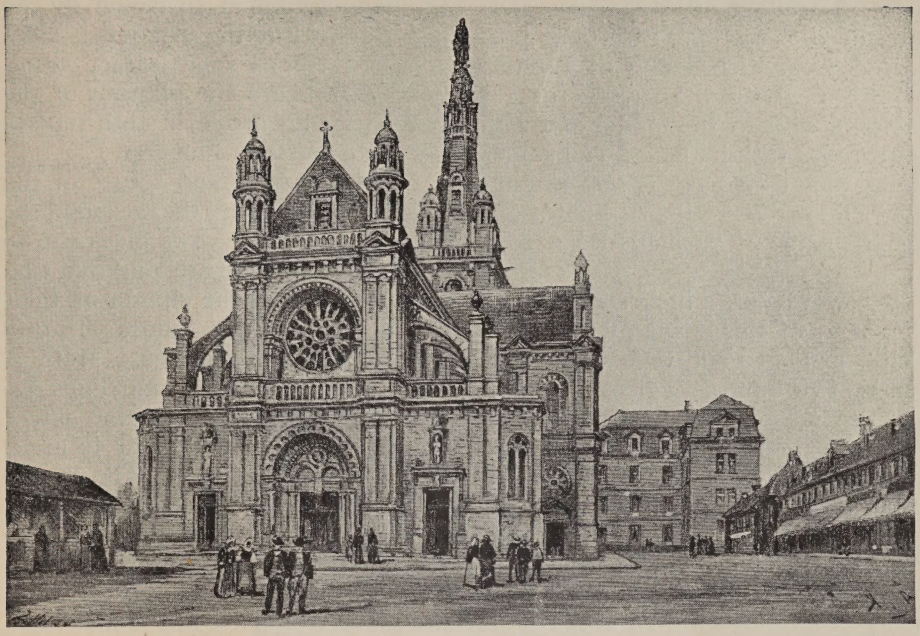
A Procession of Pilgrims en Route to Saint Anne D'Auray.

the solemnities of St. Anne, that is to say, on the 26th of July.

Celebrated every year at the holy chapel near the miraculous fountain, it is the most famous pilgrimage of all Brittany, and it attracts toward the moors of Ploeren scores of thousands of travellers of the country of Tréguier, of the Léonnais, of the Cornouaille, and especially of the Morbihan. Each bishopric, each parish, is recognized by the costumes; sometimes there are hundreds of parishes represented. The pilgrims arrive by all roads, some wearing in their hats a bit of wheat gathered in the "holy furrow," others a branch of furze in flower, or a sprig of heather in full bloom. They may be covered with dust and almost breathless, but their faces are illuminated with joy, for they have come to give thanks for a benefit or to obtain the fulfilment of an earnest hope. They come by thousands, from all parts of Brittany: from the seacoasts, the mountains, and the plains; from the shores of the Loire to the ruins of Saint-Mathieu; from the flowery banks of the Rance to the rich lands of Saint-Gildas. Whoever has once in his life visited the sacred enclosure takes away indulgences which will aid him until his death. Kneeling at the feet of the saint he pours out his most cherished and most secret desires, many of them impossible to be realized! But the "patrona" knows how to distinguish and choose; to each she accords according to the merit of what is asked; and all arise strengthened, for all believe and trust. Human prudence gives them only a single chance, but artless faith gives them hope.

Among these pilgrims many have come from afar off on foot, wearing heavy sabots, for they are poor; besides they believe that a pilgrimage should not be made like a pleasure trip, and that fatigue is a merit. Of course these thousands and thousands of travellers cannot all find shelter for the night, so they camp under trees, in the moors, on the edge of swamps. Each one establishes himself according to his wealth or his industry. Fires are lighted, groups are formed; and to see the costumes, the chaplets rolled in calloused hands, the weather-beaten faces lighted up by camp fires, you would say that it was a bivouac of peasants of the Middle Ages, chased from their hamlets by prowling rascals or assembled in a deserted place for some revolt against their lords.

The tourist, passing in the midst of the crowd, can admire the antique and the picturesque, can again find the Brittany of former times. This robust peasant, with pleated breeches, with embroidered vest, with long hair, is he not a Celt wandering in the nineteenth century? Are not these high headdresses, bending on the top of the head or letting their long white wings fall over their shoulders, a souvenir of the past which is each day being effaced? If you go from group to group the illusion becomes more and more complete, for no one speaks of the preoccupations of our days. You will hear nothing of elections, of railroads, of revision of the Constitution. At most you will hear them thank God for the harvest which gilds the country, or for the fruits which make trees bend down; but generally the voices heard relate a miracle or recall a legend, and these legends, told again and again, are commented on. Then they invoke St. Anne;



St. Anne's Basilica.

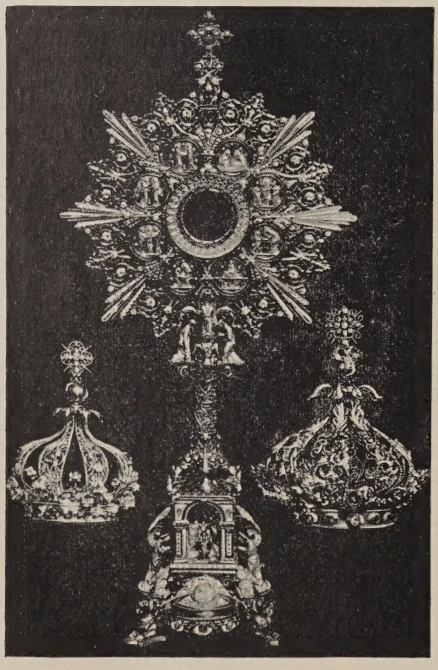
after having prayed they sing; for them to sing is to pray again.

When the hour arrives for the mass celebrated in the early morning at the "Scala-Sancta," they hasten to it with enthusiasm. The *pardon* begins by the sale of tapers and chaplets indispensable for pilgrims; then comes the visit to the miraculous spring, where Nicolazic perceived the image of the patron saint for the first time. The waters distributed among the faithful should cure or preserve them from all evils. Finally the hour of the religious ceremony arrives. All the pilgrims hasten to assist at the office, and nothing can give an idea of the grandeur of the spectacle. The immense crowds are on their knees before the church. Men, women, and children, old and young, are there, with bare heads, in pious enthusiasm, while on an exterior tribune, reached by two stairways, priests celebrate the divine service. Such is the silence of this innumerable multitude, that holy words alone resound in space, and in the distance to which they do not come, the sound of bells rung by choir children tells all the phases of the service.

After the religious service begins the great procession around the church, and this is the most picturesque part of the *pardon*. There come all those whom the intervention of St. Anne has saved from danger. Some drag the débris of a boat on which they escaped shipwreck, others the shroud which had been prepared for them. The lame carry on their shoulders crutches no longer necessary; those who were saved from fire bring the cord or ladder by which they escaped. Among these pupils of the patron

saint are sailors of Arzon, descendants of those whom St. Anne preserved from the cannon of Ruyter. They walk with the silver cross of their parish and the model of a vessel dressed with its flags; and sometimes they arrive at the fête singing the religious Marseillaise known under the name of "Chant des Arzonnais."

No words of mine can translate the effect of this chant given in the Celtic language and repeated in unison by two hundred voices to an old air, the melancholy notes of which seem destined to resound on arid lands and savage shores. The crowd itself seems moved; it listens and regards. Mothers show their children these valiant sailors with large pantaloons, red belts, and tar-coated hats; young men hasten to see more closely the model of the vessel consecrated to St. Anne in memory of the famous combat sustained by the ancestors. But the Arzonnais pass, and new troops soon attract attention. These are the pilgrims of the countries who arrive in turn repeating the canticle of Pluneret.



THE OSTENSORY AND CROWNS.

Besides these grand scenes of the religious ceremony, the accomplishment of particular vows gives rise to episodes. Outside are pilgrims who make the tour of the church on their knees; inside are sailors bearing little boats as offerings. Mothers place straw bonnets of nurslings devoted to St. Anne near the altar; young girls give their hair in gratitude for a wish granted. The church is carpeted with pious trophies which show the power of the saint. The *pardon* over, the pilgrims return home in joyous groups, bearing with them the scapulars, the medals, and the blessed chaplets which they are to distribute to their family, an intimate confidence which aids them to resume work, and to support the future.

From the very first centuries, baptized Brittany honored the mother of the Mother of God. Perhaps the first homage she received from the Christianized West was a humble chapel in Keranna, and when St. Anne chose it in which to manifest her glory that place was only a poor village. Around huts, on the edge of a moor where cattle pastured, extended prairies and wheat-fields in which labored busy men and women. They lived quietly, and, having no other horizon than the tower of their little church, they contented themselves with cultivating the soil and praying to the Almighty God. However, those simple people retained a precious souvenir in their hearts; for during the long winter evenings when chimney-corner narra-

tors revived old legends and primitive traditions, the holy name of St. Anne, protector of their fathers, and guardian angel of their poor hamlet, often mingled in the names of the heroes and saints of Brittany.

At the end of the seventh century the sanctuary disappeared; it had been overthrown by one of those devastating hordes which so often crossed Brittany, but the ruins sheltered the wooden image of the saint, which the greed of the invaders doubtless disdained. The chapel was destroyed, but the name of the village (Keranna, village of Anne), and ancient traditions transmitted from age to age, contributed to preserve past souvenirs for a thousand years.

Street in St. Anne D'Auray.

Toward 1624 there lived in a little hamlet of Keranna a fervent Christian named Ives Nicolazic, who, while guiding his team of oxen over the land, repeated prayers to St. Anne, his "good mistress." The sacred words aided the ploughshare to open the furrows; and when harvest time came round, the fields of the Bucenno, as that neighborhood was called, were covered with sheaves as thick as the waves of the "petite-mer," now known as the Mor-Bihan. Then if hail-charged clouds stopped overhead, the bell of Pluneret resounded and that voice of baptized bronze forced the cloud to continue on its way; and if sorcerers came with magic nets to take away the golden wheat and make it pass invisibly into their wicked barns, their nets

HOLY STAIRWAY AND FOUNTAINS, ST. ANNE D'AURAY.

only carried off the tares. Many persons in the country said that the Bucenno was a piece of the land of the terrestrial Paradise where God had forgotten to send his curse, but Nicolazic felt the truth; he had heard that many centuries before a chapel dedicated to St. Anne had stood thereabouts, and he believed that the Bucenno had remained under the protection of the mother of the Virgin Mary.

Near to his field of the Bucenno was a prairie where his cattle pastured, and there was a spring where he took them to drink. Well, one summer evening, about an hour after sunset, Nicolazic and his brother-in-law Leroux went out to the prairie in search of their cattle to bring them to the spring, when suddenly a blinding light frightened the animals and they refused to advance. The two peasants raised their eyes and perceived a lady, full of majesty, dressed in a robe whiter than snow, and whose face was turned toward the spring. Frightened by the sight they took to flight, without daring to contemplate the brilliant apparition; then, after a few minutes, both being reassured, they returned together. The spring flowed peacefully in the darkness, the light had vanished, the lady had disappeared. The spring still flows; it is to-day a monumental fountain, the waters of which spread out in three granite basins. The infirm often find strength, the sick renewed health in them; for the lady of the white garment still makes her presence felt to those who go there, and who have faith to see the things of Heaven.

At the extremity of the little place where the house of Nicolazic stood was an almost abandoned road which disappeared in the midst of small pools, between the lines of the prairies, and traversed the furze, and

this was the road from Auray. A stone cross which can still be seen arose on the edge of this route, at about a kilometre from Keranna; and when our good husbandman passed before the cross, he liked to kneel to say a prayer, for care for terrestrial things never turned him from thoughts of heavenly things. One evening, the 25th of July, 1624, when returning from the town, chaplet in hand, and thinking only of his prayer, he knelt before the cross, when suddenly the apparition he had already contemplated stood before him, on a cloud surrounded by light, and bearing a lighted torch. This time the lady called him by his name and encouraged him with gentle words. The laborer pursued his route, but, oh, wonder, the apparition preceded him and led him to his house. There she rose majestically into the air and disappeared from sight, while he asked himself what these marvels signified.

His wife and his domestics awaited for the evening repast; but Nicolazic could not eat and only said a few words, which betrayed the emotion of his soul. Awhile later he retired to his barn, "to sleep there and guard the grain beaten the preceding days," and there he had a new vision. In the midst of the shadows by which he was enveloped, confused chants resounded — an immense rumor which seemed to increase and to approach. Suddenly a light spread out which lighted barn and country, and then a miraculous spectacle struck the vision of the poor Breton. To the right, to the left, before and behind, advanced an innumerable multitude. The earth trembled under the waves of this living sea, and they, dressed in all the costumes of the world, were hastening from the four quarters of the earth toward Keranna. Nicolazic regarded without understanding, when suddenly a voice asked him if he had not heard it said that there had formerly been a chapel in the Bucenno. Then before he could respond, the majestic lady, in the same glory, the same robe, the same gentleness, reappeared to him. Nicolazic trembled on contemplating her. But the hour of revelations had arrived, and, giving him one of those looks which are not of earth, the apparition addressed these words to him, in the language of the country: —

"Yves Nicolazic, do not be afraid: I am Anne, the mother of Mary. God wishes me to be honored on this land called the Bucenno. There was formerly, even before there was a village, a chapel here dedicated to my name. It was the first of all the country, but it was ruined 1000 years ago. I desire that it shall be rebuilt soon and that you take charge of it. Seek for my image, and replace it for the happiness of humanity."

The apparition disappeared and, much astonished, Nicolazic went out and looked, but saw no one. The night was calm, and in the deserted and silent road no sound was heard. Troubled by this succession of wonders, the mysterious sense of which he could not penetrate, he returned to his barn, where, before throwing himself on his bed of straw, he asked God to take pity on him and not permit him to be deceived by the devil, since his only desire was to obey in everything the divine will. Full of love for his good mistress, who wished to be honored by him, he slept peacefully, counting on her help for the accomplishment of the grand things which she had commanded.

Time passed on; and then, one night when Nicolazic was walking near Keranna, a bright star appeared, perceived only by him and his faithful friends. It led them to the Bucenno and there it disappeared in the ground, but Heaven had made its voice heard and those men were there to complete its work. Nicolazic, calling his brother-in-law, gave five or six blows with his staff on the earth, and then, turning toward his companions, he said: "One of you go immediately to the village in search of a firebrand and a holy candle." Some minutes later the candle was lighted, all began work with ardor, and soon the wood of an ancient image appeared to their eyes. This statue was about three feet high, and although eaten by the dampness of the earth, it preserved still the white and azure with which the pious hands of the seventh century had ornamented it. The folds of the robe were designed clearly on the blackened background, the wood of which was very hard; the extremities alone were worm-eaten. But our good peasants did not seek an object of art, of which they could not have understood the value; the humble statue which they had under their eyes recalled to them the devotion of their ancestors, and showed them the truth of the revelations made to the husbandman of Keranna. Full of respect, they took it, after contemplating it awhile, and placed it in a furrow of the field, and then, awaiting with confidence what the future would reveal to them, they retired joyfully.

There it lay in the ditch, this wonderful wooden image of Mary's mother, until the diocesan authorities had talked it over and had investigated, and then the Bishop of Vannes was convinced of the truthfulness of the Nicolazic's story, and as nothing he said was contrary to the evangels or to the canons of the church, he consented to the erection of a sanctuary at which pilgrims to this image might meet to pray, and wherein they might lay their offerings. Keranna was to become Anne. The name would be the same, but it would take on greater significance; for the church which sheltered the venerated statue, instead of being the chapel of a little Breton village, would become the centre of a devotion the renown of which would fill the world.

Meanwhile the Capuchins of Vannes and of Auray were lending the aid of their ministry to the good work, and those first days of the pilgrimage already gave warning of future marvels. The faithful knelt down on the ground without thought of falling rain; the happiness of praying before the holy image made them forget everything; the good Father Ambroise said on seeing them: "*Vere Dominus est in loco isto*," — "the Lord is truly in this place."

Then not wishing longer to see the pilgrims thus exposed to rainy weather, Father Ambroise said they must be put under cover while they prayed. The good will of the inhabitants seconded his charitable desire. One peasant gave straw for the thatch roof; another furnished wood; a third charged himself with the construction of the edifice. In a little time the statue had an oratory, and the pilgrims a shelter. Very happy, the good Nicolazic had a box brought from his house to serve as altar; he covered it with a white cloth, and placed the holy image enveloped in a veil on it. This chapel was the first church of Sainte-Anne;

it was almost as humble as the stable of Bethlehem; it was as poor as those who had built it, but love was prodigal, and it was the generosity of believers which erected those frail walls.

By and by the moment came when it was necessary to enlarge the marvellous sanctuary. The sacred edifice which had gorse in bloom and hawthorne for its only ornaments was too little to accommodate the afflicted and the sick who hastened to it to pray to St. Anne, and all of whom went away cured or consoled. Then Nicolazic received another divine warning. It appeared to him that he saw angels descend from Heaven, bearing azure blocks which they skilfully placed so as to raise a majestic church. It was the divine model of that which God demanded for St. Anne from Christian piety. Its form and all its details remained imprinted on the memory of Nicolazic, like the imprint of an engraving on vellum. He announced everywhere this order come from Heaven, and he solicited rich and poor to accomplish it. All Brittany, raised by the voice of the poor man, rose up to realize this ideal work. Companies of stone cutters came from all parts; the roads were covered with carts bearing offerings of wood, iron, and granite. The poorest widows put aside a little sum for the holy edifice. Finally it arose; it grew like an immense tree; it pushed forth its branches, its leaves of stone, and the youngest "companion" himself placed on the summit the cross which was to announce it in the distance to pious pilgrims.

The inauguration was made with marvellous pomp. All the gentlemen of the province came dressed in velvet and carrying swords, their daughters followed in white robes and sowing the routes with leafless flowers. King Louis XIII and his mother sent seneschals, magistrates, councillors to the presidial; the Duke de Montbazon brought a relic of St. Anne in a reliquary of crystal encircled with gold; captains of the royal guard bore a standard with the arms of France and of Austria. Peasants followed, led by Nicolazic carrying the banner of their patroness. That was the first real fête in honor of St. Anne d'Auray, and the indulgences distributed to the faithful of the occasion caused it to be called *pardon* like the other patronal fêtes of Brittany.

In the midst of the crowds who went to pray in the new sanctuary, Nicolazic enjoyed in silence the glorification of his "Bonne Maitresse," and, uniting in his soul the simplicity of a child with the piety of a saint, he continued his work with a disinterestedness that proved his austere virtues. Then, by and by, old age began to creep on, and he fell ill twenty years after the discovery of the miraculous statue. During the six days which his sickness lasted, his calmness and his patience never deserted him. Always humble, he thanked the monks who were gathered around his bed of suffering, for their charity, without suspecting that he was for them a subject of edification. He confessed several times and with the greatest piety received the Viaticum and Extreme Unction. Immediately afterward, he lost the use of his speech and seemed to enter into agony. All the monks surrounded his bed;—near him a Carmelite recited the last prayers; another inspired him with acts of contrition and of love, in which were

mingled the gentle name of Jesus, of Mary, and of St. Anne. Standing at the foot of the bed, a young man wept; it was his son. They only awaited his last sigh, when suddenly his face assumed a joyful expression, his eyes were raised toward Heaven. "What are you looking at?" the two fathers asked him, astonished by this transformation. In a very intelligible voice he replied to them: "There are the Holy Virgin and St. Anne, my good mistress." Then he was silent, and a few minutes later he expired. That was Friday, the 13th of May, 1645. The next day his funeral was celebrated with the same ceremonies as for a monk, an honor which the Carmelites had never before accorded to seculars, no matter what their position, and he was interred, according to his desire, before the grating of the altar of devotion, in the spot where he had found the miraculous image. His widow only survived him a few weeks.

Before his death, Nicolazic wished to build a grand church like a cathedral in honor of his good mistress. It seems that he had a warning of the wonders which were to be accomplished in these days, for the massive tower of the sanctuary that he raised was without proportion to the humble edifice which it appeared to overwhelm. A writer of that period penned these words: "Perhaps one day this chapel, like so many others, will be changed into a magnificent church, as being truly too simple and too little, as much for the celebrity of the place as by the multitude of pilgrims who will come here."

In 1865 Mgr. Gazailhan, scarcely seated in the see at Vannes, determined to put this idea into execution. By a pastoral letter he decreed the reconstruction of the chapel, and as it was to glorify St. Anne that a magnificent temple was to be built, the bishop's project was welcomed with much enthusiasm everywhere. Then on the 7th of January, 1866, M. Fouchard, capitulary vicar, blessed the first stone of the new church.

While the basilica was being constructed there were, of course, many ceremonies, but of all those solemnities perhaps the most beautiful was the crowning of the statue of St. Anne. During two centuries, attracting to her feet all the children of Brittany, she had affirmed her power by marvels, her goodness by favors, and Bretons were proud to recognize her maternal royalty. But that was not enough for their love; queens must have a crown, and the statue of St. Anne had not yet received from the Catholic Church this royal sign of her mighty power. Mgr. Bécel was the voice of Brittany near Pius IX, but for a long time the congregations hesitated. Never had such a privilege been accorded, except to statues of the Holy Virgin. But Breton faith insisted, the Sovereign Pontiff allowed himself to bend, and the Bishop of Vannes was able to announce finally that the statue of St. Anne and that of the Holy Virgin would be crowned the 30th of September, 1868.

At this news there was a veritable enthusiasm all over Brittany. The poverty of Pius IX did not permit him to offer the crowns, so the Breton ladies gave precious stones and gold, a skilful artist was chosen, and his art, transforming the gifts of faith, succeeded in making a masterpiece. The great day arrived. The old chapel still stood amid immense

constructions of the unfinished church, but its narrow space could contain only a few hundred persons, and there were thousands of pilgrims present. But the great enclosure of the Petit Séminaire, with its magnificent alleys and immense prairie, offered for the solemnity an admirable site, and there an amphitheatre was erected.

On the higher estrade were six Breton bishops, and one from the United States, and more than a thousand priests were on the lower estrade. Representatives of the magistracy and of the army, deputies, the delegate of the prefect, and other personages belonging to diverse administrations occupied reserved places. Then came religious congregations, parishes with their banners, an innumerable multitude of pilgrims. On that day St. Anne saw more than 60,000 of her children pass. Breton piety was satisfied, since St. Anne shone in the eyes of all with the attributes of a queen.

A few hours later the same crowds were united in the same place, and from all souls the most fervent thanks rose to Heaven. Then, after the benediction of the Holy Sacrament, all the prelates, standing in the splendor of sacred ornaments, raised their hands to bless the crowd. All heads were bowed, all hearts united in one prayer, and from all lips came the sublime chant of the Te Deum, while the procession returned to the sanctuary. The religious fête was over. But it was prolonged that evening; and to renew the ancient traditions, magnificent fireworks recalled to the children of St. Anne the miraculous light by which she used to manifest herself.

This solemnity lasted a week; the old sanctuary saw numerous pilgrims, anxious to prostrate themselves at the feet of Anne and to contemplate the diadem which crowned her forehead; and to-day a column of granite surmounted by a statue of the Saint indicates to pious visitors the place of the coronation.

In course of time the new church was finished, and, richly gifted with all the splendors of Christian art, and decorated by the Pope with the title of basilica, it became not only the pride of Bretons who built it, but the admiration of all the strangers who have ever visited St. Anne d'Auray. On the 8th of August, 1877, the basilica was duly consecrated to God by the Cardinal Archbishop of Rennes, whom the Holy Father had charged with that pious mission. That same day, and at the same time, seven bishops consecrated seven altars, and then the Cardinal Archbishop of Tours celebrated the pontifical mass. The ceremony lasted from half-past seven in the morning until the going down of the sun, and at night the church spire was illuminated.

I will not now attempt to describe this Church of St. Anne, except to say that it is a work of art, as well as a work of faith. Exteriorly it may not be over attractive, but inside it is simply marvellous. In the halls of the Treasury, a great many precious objects are gathered together. There are several relics of St. Anne. The one given by Louis XIII, and his wife Anne of Austria — it was brought from Jerusalem by a nobleman of Orleans who was a warrior in the sixth crusade — is enclosed in a humble reliquary which pilgrims kiss. In 1858 Empress Eugénie made a gift to the chapel of a beautiful reliquary containing another relic that came from Rome. This reliquary is

of massive silver, has the form of a cross, and is ornamented with enamelled medallions and a great number of angels in relief on the details of the decoration. There is also a silver and crystal reliquary that is borne in solemn processions and which contains three small reliquaries of vermeil, in form of a heart, where one sees the relics of St. Joachim and of St. Anne, with a fragment of the house of the Holy Virgin.

After the relics, the crowns which were blessed Sept. 30, 1868, are of most importance. They are of gold filagree and are of very delicate workmanship. That of St. Anne, enriched with the arms in enamel of the Sovereign Pontiff, as well as of the Breton bishops, is surmounted by diamonds in the form of a cross. At the bottom of this cross is a beautiful sapphire, and lower down is a diamond of great value. The golden circle of the crown, surmounted with flowers of fine pearls, is covered with emeralds, garnets, and topazes, and the ensemble is very rich and graceful. The crown of the blessed Virgin is more distinguished by the variety of stones and is surrounded by silver lilies, and ornamented with rubies, amethysts, diamonds, and emeralds. A collar of large pearls and of brilliants, which one sees at the side, can go with these magnificent crowns. Then there is a gilded ark in which the miraculous statue is carried on great occasions.

Let me note also a beautiful procession cross in vermeil, a magnificent ciborium enriched with enamel and precious stones, two beautiful chalices given by Pius IX, and by Cardinal Saint-Marc, Archbishop of Rennes; and a relic of the true cross, souvenir of Mgr. Gernier, Bishop of Vannes. The Treasury of the basilica possesses also a great number of objects precious in themselves or by souvenirs which are attached to them, as for instance worldly ornaments thrown at the feet of St. Anne, crosses of honor, homages of bravery, and swords offered by Christian soldiers. That of General de Charette is a remarkable work. On the cover of the handle, which is in burnished silver skilfully wrought, are designed the ermine of Brittany with the devices: "A ma vie," and "Potius mori quaem foedari." The cross of St. Peter surrounded by palms, with this inscription: "Pro Petri Sede. Pio IX Pont. Maximo." is also on this sword. Under it a streamer bears this other inscription: "Victoria quae vincit mundum fides nostra," and the handle is of silver filagree. One can also see the chasuble given by Anne of Austria, a monstrance offered by the Duchess of Angoulême, an ornament embroidered by the Countess of Chambord, a silver lamp offered by the Duchess of Berry, a pen which Pope Pius IX used three months before his death, a mosette of red velvet, of the same Pope, etc.

In this grand and sacred monument pilgrims contemplate with emotion another gallery where art is often for nothing, but where faith shines, vivified by gratitude. I refer to the "ex-votos" which cover the walls. These are marble plaques or humble pictures that show touching scenes, and have an eloquence which masterpieces sometimes lack; for they tell of the goodness and power of St. Anne and the love of her children; they explain how, on soil formerly almost deserted, that charity which unites the heart of man to the heart of God, has realized the

marvels which are to-day so much admired.

The annual reunions at the feet of St. Anne, to which I have referred elsewhere, do not hinder private pilgrimages. A family in mourning goes there to pray for the eternal repose of a beloved dead; another brings thanks and the homage of gratitude. The old and young, men as well as women, all are happy to pray before the miraculous statue. Enter a Breton dwelling; almost everywhere you will see, pasted on the wall, between a battle and some legend of the past, an image in vivid colors which represents the grandeurs of St. Anne of Auray. The name of the good mother is naturally found on the lips of the country people because she is like one of the family. In moments of danger, in sadness, in uneasiness, they instinctively turn towards her, just as the weeping child seeks consolation in the arms of its mother. Women have undertaken a journey of 40 or 50 leagues on foot to Sainte-Anne; and scarcely have they arrived when they made the tour of the basilica on their knees, forgetting fatigue to think only of gratitude.

And it is not the poor only who give such examples. Often the fortunate of the world, young men in the flower of youth or older men having made the trial of life, brave similar fatigues, then, mingling in the crowd, pray in the temple and humbly make the stations of the pilgrimage. As soon as the pilgrims perceive the spire of the church everything else is forgotten. They salute from afar the sight of the desired end toward which their souls go out. Prostrated in the dust of the road, they make a short prayer and resume their route, stronger and more joyful, for from the height of her splendid dwelling-place St. Anne the "Patrona Britonum," or patroness of the Bretons, smiles down on them.

Thus from spring until the end of autumn, pilgrims go to and come from the sanctuary of St. Anne. But if they go especially from Brittany, they go from elsewhere also. Different parts of France, Belgium, England, Italy, are nearly always represented, as are, too, the populous cities of the New World. Faith and piety draw people to the feet of St. Anne, and these touching manifestations are each year renewed, for what they do has Faith for basis and Charity as a crown.

RIGHT.

Samuel H. Low.

Stand for the right when the Syren calls
To Pleasure's witching dream,
In flowery paths or radiant halls
Where eyes of beauty gleam.
The sweetest song is only heard
When Conscience chants, "Well done,"
The loveliest smiles on man conferred
From cherished Virtue come.

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

CECILE JOYCE.

I DARE not ask that pain be spared,
Nor yet too much of joy be mine,
Nor high estate upon me wait,
Nor that my lot with splendors shine.

I dare not ask some mighty gift —
There are so many men to pray —
So many loads for men to bear,
I dare not send my load away —

Lest he my brother find my cross
And be compelled to lift its pain.
(For ev'ry cross that God sends out
Is carried back to Him again).

But, with the New Year at my door,
Dear God, I ask, in mercy's name,
No greater grief than that I bore
Shall come to sear my heart with flame,

No greater woe, no deeper pain,
Than that which yesterday did greet —
No greater length, to test my strength,
On Calv'ry's road with bleeding feet.

Or if some newer, redder wound
Waits gaping, like the scar of sin,
Oh, with the New Year at my door,
Dear Lord, I beg Thee enter in.

Oh, let me feel some stroke of love
Within the Hand that wields the rod,
Some gleam of light across the night
To show me it has come from God.

And when within that mountain's shade
I blindly grope, yet find Thee not,
Oh, send some whisper thro' the dark
To tell me I am not forgot!

GEN. HOOKER'S RESIGNATION.

AN UNPUBLISHED INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

URING the stormy days of the Rebellion, Hon. George S. Boutwell represented a Massachusetts district in the National House of Representatives. Having been governor of his state and a leading administrationist, Mr. Lincoln made him a confidant of many state secrets. While walking along Pennsylvania avenue one day in the latter part of June, 1863, he met President Lincoln, who asked Mr. Boutwell to accompany him to the War Department. Mr. Boutwell there witnessed a most important act in the drama of events that followed one another in rapid succession, from 1861 to 1865. He was present at the acceptance of General Hooker's resignation, and the appointment of Meade to command the army before Gettysburg. His story of the affair, as told by Hon. Joseph H. O'Neil, reflects new light on the great battle and illustrates President Lincoln's capacity to deal with weighty problems on the spur of the moment.

"General Hooker was in command of the Union forces before Gettysburg, and came to Washington to consult with Secretary Stanton about the removal of 10,000 troops lodged at Harper's Ferry, and the concentration of all available troops at Gettysburg. Hooker and Stanton agreed to allow the troops to remain at Harper's Ferry, on the ground that enough troops were already assembled in the vicinity of Gettysburg to give battle to the rebels under Lee. General Hooker returned to his army, but next morning he changed his mind as to the conclusion reached the day before, and decided to draft the troops at Harper's Ferry, the great supply depot. He notified the commanding officer to this effect, ordering him to march to Gettysburg, and instructing him to destroy such stores as he could not carry with him.

"In the meantime the commanding officer at Harper's Ferry had been notified by the Secretary of War that he was to remain at Harper's Ferry. Upon receiving the order from Hooker, he telegraphed Secretary Stanton that he had been ordered to Gettysburg, and asked, 'Shall I go?' not naming in his despatch who had ordered him. Secretary Stanton, supposing the order came from some officer under Hooker, replied, 'Certainly not.' On receipt of this order to remain, the commandant at Harper's Ferry wired General Hooker that he had been ordered by the Secretary of War to remain at Harper's Ferry.

"In a fit of rage 'Fighting Joe Hooker' resigned his command, thinking that his orders at Harper's Ferry had been overridden by the Secretary of War. This was the Saturday preceding the battle. There was a hurried consultation that night at the War Department. No reason was assigned by Hooker for his act, and nobody could surmise what

brought it about. One of the cabinet officials asked Mr. Lincoln what he was going to do about it.

"'Accept it,' said Mr. Lincoln, much to the amazement of his chosen counsellors.

"Then it was decided to place General Meade in command. Meade and Hooker were not on good terms. The former had often cast reflections on Hooker's generalship, especially referring to his conduct at Chancellorsville, where instead of dividing the enemy with his own superior force, he divided his own troops and was whipped by the Southern men.

"A courier started by special train from Washington for Meade's headquarters, bearing the latter's appointment to succeed Hooker in command. He arrived in front of General Meade's tent after midnight. Meade was awakened. The orderly who bore the despatch was a great admirer of old Joe Hooker, and, thinking that everybody, including General Meade, would regret to hear of Hooker's resignation, said, 'General, I am the bearer of sad news.'

"Somewhat startled, General Meade, thinking that Hooker had ordered his arrest for recent reflections on his superior's conduct at Chancellorsville, replied: 'Oh, well, I'm not surprised. I've been expecting it for some time now.' Nervously tearing open the despatch, General Meade's agreeable surprise may be better imagined than told, as he read the news that he was to succeed Hooker in command.

"No one can ever tell what the result of that misunderstanding cost the Union army. It is pretty generally claimed that the Union forces were not manœuvred or directed as a single army, but rather as a number of divisions, Meade being a division commander. The change of commanders on the eve of the battle was an unfortunate affair for the Union side. With Hooker at their head, at the end of the battle they might have pursued and destroyed the rebel army, instead of allowing them to retreat unmolested into Virginia." M. E. H.

BESSIE DEAN.

ALBERT DOYLE.

I LO'E a lassie I ha'e seen,
Ah Bessie Dean! Ah Bessie Dean!—
'Tis you I lo'e wi' your bricht, bricht e'en,
'Tis you I lo'e wi' your bashfu' mien,
Wi' your sun-kissed hair wi' its red gowd sheen,
My Bessie Dean! My Bessie Dean!

When Winter's blasts blaw cawld an' keen —
Ah Bessie Dean! Ah Bessie Dean!
An' miles between us intervene,
Your lo'e is the staff on which I lean,
An' I pray that the Lord frae harm will screen,
My Bessie Dean! My Bessie Dean!

FLORENCE.

THE SPOILER IN FLORENCE.

BERNARD MORGAN.

FOR the past few years Florence has been touched by the fever of demolition and renovation. The old, old town, the kernel of medieval Florence, with its relics and memories of an epoch historically and artistically interesting, is about to disappear; and hygiene wins another battle over sentiment. However much we may regret the decision, it can hardly be denied that it is high time something should be done with the doomed quarter. The heart of Florence has become insupportable; it was the eyesore and the plague spot of the most artistic city in the world — a shapeless agglomeration of shapeless houses, sunless and airless, where misery and vice have taken up their dwelling. The narrow, tortuous streets were constantly unsavory, the houses were mostly in the last stages of dilapidation, and the sanitary deficiencies were appalling.

As in the cases of Rome and Naples, Florence will lose a great many objects sacred to art and history, though it must be confessed that the spoiler has been less ruthless than is his wont.

On the credit side are to be put health, cleanliness, morality, and a soothing salve to the sentimental and the learned in the form of some most important and wholly unexpected discoveries. The picks of the destroyers have laid bare Roman remains of great antiquity and, more important still, a number of tombs which were venerable hundreds of years before Rome was thought of. The centre of Florence, therefore, calls the attention to three points of view—the ancient, the medieval, and the modern Florence.

Tuscan antiquity is of the deepest interest and importance. Ancient Etruria is still a sphinx. It was the cradle of Italian civilization—the civilization that grew up in Rome and grew out over the western world, and yet, until these latter years, Etruria was a sealed book to the archæologist and the historian. "It is," said Michelet, "the Egypt of the West. That of the East, with its sphinxes and hieroglyphs, is clear beside it. The Etruscan system of religion has but faint and uncertain resemblances with the religions of the East; the differences are evident and important."

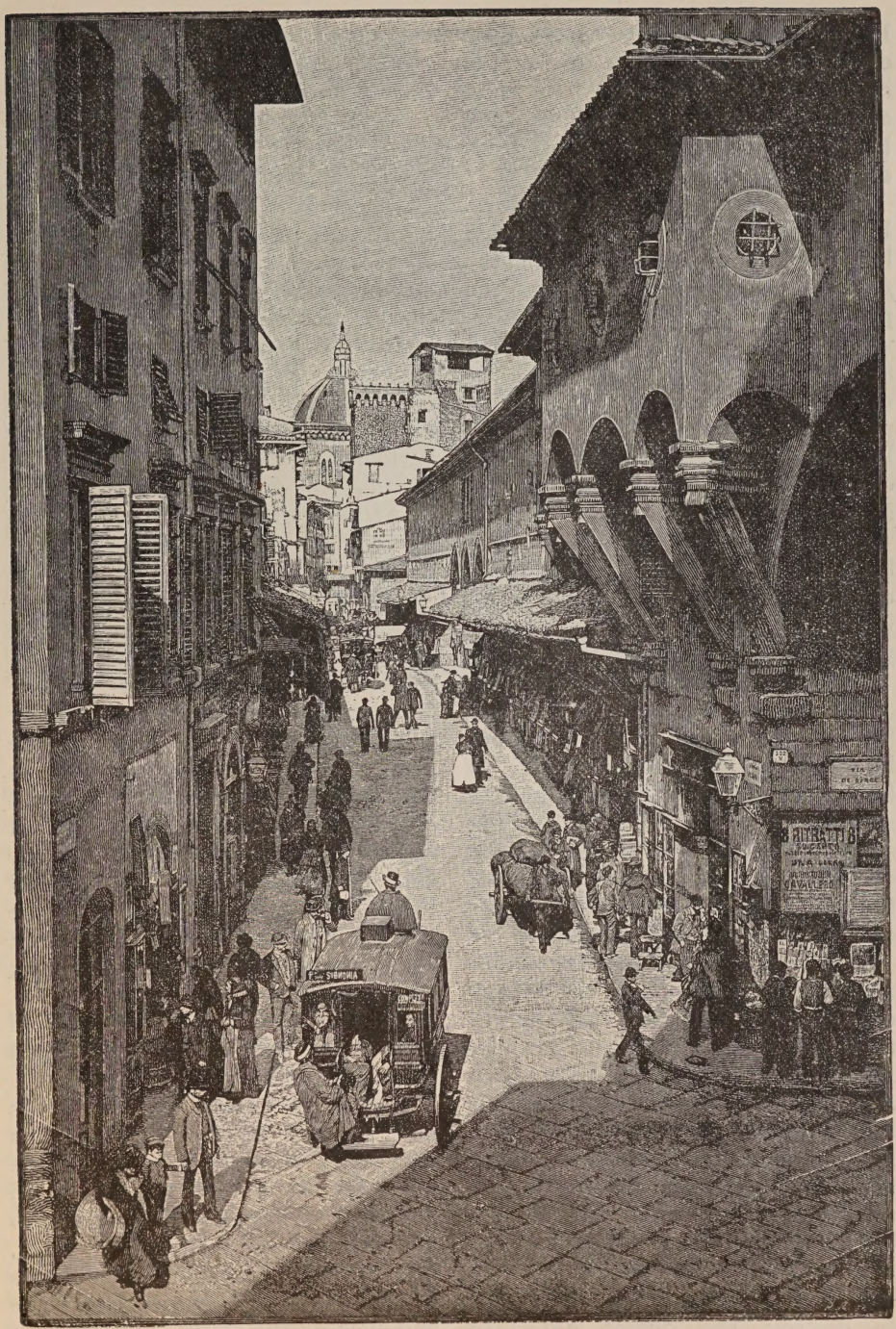
This affirmation will be answered by the discoveries which are being made every day in Florence.

As a rule the Etruscans built their towns on the heights. Fiesole was there to show the wonders of their architecture. Those walls of defence, with their enormous blocks of stone, seem like the work of Titans. The hapless Pelasgians, of whom the Etruscans were a branch, disappeared 2000 years ago, and there at Fiesole, after 20 centuries, stands the wall they built; and through the plains of Etruria many a trace of the aqueducts they built to bring water to the towns or to drain the lands, is still to be seen.

And now the recent discoveries have given us a glimpse of what Florence was at the same period. The explorations have been intrusted to Professor Milani, and his researches up to the present justify the hope that when he publishes the entire results of the work he will be able to give us a picture of the Florence of 3000 years ago. Till now no one dreamt of putting the foundation of the Queen of the Arno earlier than the time of Sylla.

At the end of 1893 excavations were begun near the *via degli Anselmi* for the foundations of a large brass foundry. At a depth of about 16 feet the workmen came upon the concrete of a Roman pavement half a yard in thickness, resting on a sandy bed. A little lower down, buried in the sand and in an excellent state of preservation, was found a blackish earthen vase which Signor Milani pronounced to be a typical pre-etruscan urn. The find was a precious one and quite unexpected. A few little pieces of bronze found among the ashes in the vase increased its importance, and put an end to all doubts as to the epoch to which it belongs. This discovery stimulated the zeal of the archæologists, and within brief intervals other tombs of a similar character were found. The bronze fragments are clearly of greco-ionic origin; and although it is not quite certain whether they are to be described as Italian pre-etruscan or paleo-etruscan, it is now conclusively shown that at least eight or nine centuries before Christ, a town where art already flourished stood on the site of modern Florence.

The similarity of Etruscan with



Interior Ponte Vecchio, Florence.

Egyptian worship is evidenced by a cippus representing the sun as the centre of all adoration. The style and the skill of this cippus give Florence another claim to be considered the *cradle of art.*

But to return to the demolitions. Far and away the most regrettable loss to Florence and the world is the *palazzo Amieri.* Some time ago the promoters of an exhibition at Turin, wishing to show the world a remarkable work of art, could think of nothing better than to reproduce this palace piece for piece. To-day Florence, without a pang, throws down the 11th century original in its very heart. It is one of the worst pieces of vandalism that have been perpetrated during the 25 years of the history of modern Italy, and unhappily it is an earnest of others yet to come in Florence.

The two transverse streets which, according to the plan, are to go through the centre of Florence, are likely to destroy many objects of beauty and interest. The column of gray granite surmounted by the statue of Justice is threatened by one street, and the other will involve the destruction of the historic towers of the Donati and the Girolami.

I mention only a few of the monuments of the past which are threatened. Unhappily all that quarter from the *Ponte Vecchio* on through *Por Santa Maria, Borgo Santi-Apostoli,* and the *via delle Sernie* is full of historic souvenirs, touching legends, and interesting buildings, and more than once already the demolishers have come upon such beautiful works that they have not had the heart to go on. It is to be hoped that they will not be forced to destroy the quaint old 13th century palace of the Canacci with its superb *graffiti,* as well as its 12th century neighbor with its exquisite open balcony.

Now that the Amieri Palace has disappeared, a few words about it and its history may be of interest. It was built by the bellicose house of Amieri in the 11th century and was one of the most remarkable specimens of the architecture of that troubled time. Afterwards it became the habitual residence of one of those powerful corporations which are almost entirely responsible for Florentine history during a long period.

These corporations to the number of 21 were divided into two parties, seven *Arti Maggiori* and 14 *Arti Minori.*

The whole town took part in these corporations, and the nobility were often glad to be able to enrol themselves among the *Arti Minori.* Membership was the only passport to any influence in the affairs of the state. Every corporation had its flag and its emblem, and the head or consul of each decided without appeal all cases arising among the citizens of his order. The Amieri Palace was the residence of the *Arti degli Speziali* (doctors, druggists, etc.), one of the seven Arti Maggiori, and as such is of historic interest.

But Florentines will regret the old palace more for the legend attached to it than for its history.

It was the home of one of its most beloved heroines. More tears have been shed in Florence alone over the story of Ginevra degli Amieri than have ever been given to the memory of Romeo and Juliet. She has been commemorated times without number in prose and verse and even on the stage.

The touching story is well known

THE GHETTO, FLORENCE.

to every Florentine, and there are at least a hundred versions of it current, agreeing substantially but differing widely in details. I heard four of them from Tuscan lips and the following account contains most of the features common to them all.

Antonio Rondinelli, a young scion of a great Florentine family, became passionately attached to Ginevra degli Amieri, but the cause of their true love did not run smooth. Her father refused to give his consent to the marriage, and obliged his daughter to espouse the head of the house of Aglotanti, whose immense palace occupied a great part of the *via Calzaioli*. Antonio Rondinelli was heart-broken and vowed he would never marry until Ginevra should become his wife.

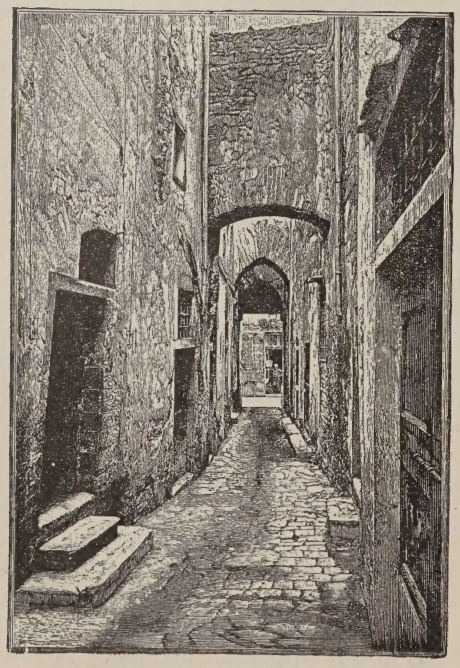
He could not live away from the sight of his beloved. Wherever she went or was, walking through the street or praying in the churches, watching the games or seated at her window, everywhere and always her lover, Rondinelli, was there with silent lips and speaking eyes. Ginevra was touched with sympathy by the pale, suffering face of her lover, but she was another's wife and never allowed him to see her tenderness.

Some time after her marriage, about the year 1400, a plague made its appearance in Florence. Men, women, and children died by hundreds every day, and Ginevra fell sick. The awful disease grew worse and worse, and in a few hours she was to all appearance dead. A few hours later she was laid to rest in

the tomb of the family chapel, a few steps distant from the *via Calzaioli*.

Rondinelli was not attacked, and his despair "hurt one to see," as the chronicles put it.

But during the night the cold of the tomb aroused Ginevra from her coma, and little by little she came to herself. The horrible truth dawned upon her — she had been buried alive. Little by little she managed to free her arms — the coffin was frail and yielded to her strength — the tomb had not been sealed, and the stone at last gave way before her despairing efforts. Lapped in her shroud she went out into the silent streets towards her husband's house, — along the way which was afterwards known as the *via della Morta* (the street of the Dead Lady), which has since become *via della Morte* (the street of Death).



STREET IN FLORENCE.

Reaching her old home, Ginevra knocked long and loudly, and at last her husband came to the window. The ghostly phantom in white standing out in the dark shadow of the street filled him with dread, and a moment after his horror reached its pitch when he heard Ginevra's soft voice imploringly say: —

"It is I — Ginevra, let me in for the love of God."

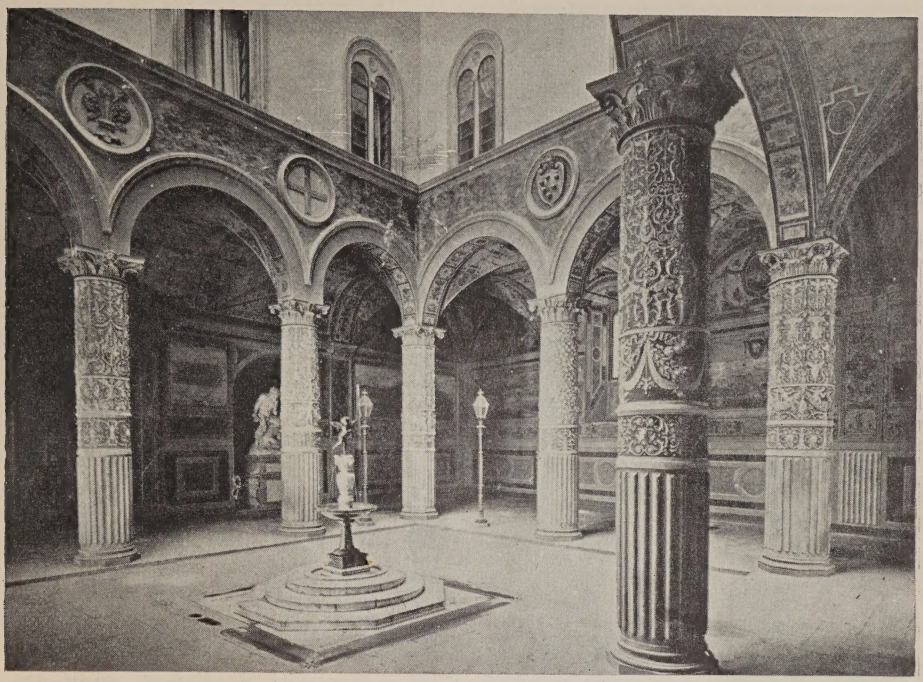
Aglotanti thought it must be Ginevra's soul come back to earth to ask for prayers. He crossed himself, begged her to go away, and promised to have masses said for the repose of her soul on the morrow.

In vain Ginevra renewed her prayers and tears. Terror had deprived Aglotanti of all power of reasoning.

The window was closed and Ginevra was left standing in the cold, dark, silent street, while the tears coursed down her poor white cheeks.

Then she turned to her father's house, and reaching it, knocked at the second door. Her father was from home, and it was her mother who answered her repeated knocks. But here again Ginevra was made to feel that she was cut off from the living. Her mother failed to recognize the fainting voice of her daughter. The grave clothes and the white, despairing face made her, too, believe that a troubled ghost was before her, and with the pitiful, pitiless wish, "Go in peace, poor soul," she turned her back on the fruit of her womb.

A third attempt at her uncle's was no more successful and the poor lady, rejected everywhere, lay down full length upon the ground under the *Loggia di San Bartolommeo* in the *via Calzaioli*, feeling now the



COURT OF THE PALAZZO VECCHIO.

reality of death by cold and inanition creeping over her.

But in a sudden Antonio's memory rose before her, and she felt her heart go out to him. Gathering together all her strength, she tottered on towards Antonio's house, knocked boldly, and asked his hospitality. Rondinelli did not hesitate for an instant; his heart leaped in his breast, and taking her in his arms he carried her to the fire, and put her into his mother's care. Ginevra had time to tell her story — to recommend Antonio to go at once and replace the entrance to the vault, and then fainted in their arms.

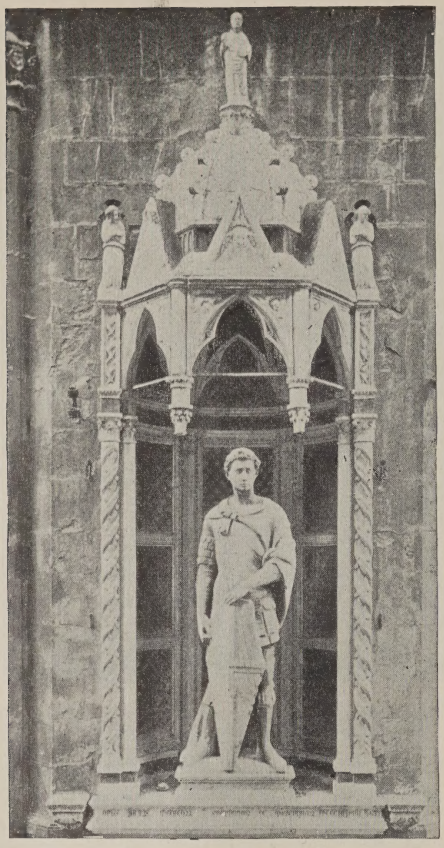
For four days she wrestled with death, but youth conquered at last.

History does not say whether Aglotanti was carried off by the plague or not, but it does affirm that Ginevra and Antonio were married and lived happily ever afterwards.

We have to be thankful for some mercies vouchsafed by the present Florentine spoilers. Four historic buildings will not only remain standing when the wave of destruction has swept by, but they will be henceforth seen to far better advantage.

First of these in artistic interest is the famous church, *Or San Michele* with its wonderful windows of marble tracery, its oratory, its *San Matteo di Ghiberti* sculptured for the members of the Florentine Exchange, its *San Georgio* by Donatello, its wonderful group of statues by Nanni di Antonio di Banco, its masterpieces of mural painting. Florence could afford to lose few of her treasures so badly as this.

The belated tourist passing by *Or*



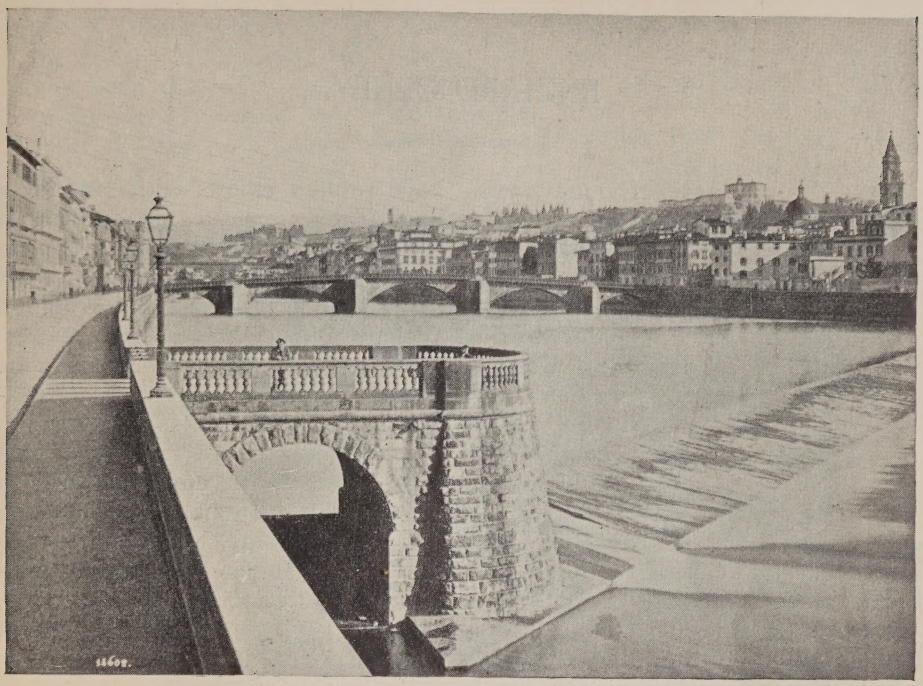
DONATELLO'S STATUE OF ST. GEORGE.

San Michele on the 15th of July will be astonished to find the church bravely decked with emblems of medieval pageantry. The church was built for the consuls of the corporations already mentioned, and the decoration commemorates the march of the corporations to the palazzo Vecchio to expel Gautier de Brienne. Gautier was a tyrant of the good old-fashioned type, but Florence was not the place for him. Conspiracies began to be hatched everywhere around him. The best known of these is the Cavolaia. The Cavolaia (kitchen gardener) in question was a woman who harangued the people on their wrongs to such good purpose that Gautier was obliged to shut himself in behind the walls of the Vecchio. The revolt was abortive, however. Six months later another attempt was made and de Brienne had to fly. He was killed at the battle of Poitiers in 1356. The Vecchietti family, for whom the palace was built, have well deserved the perpetuity given to them by their castle. They stand out in Florentine history among the most earnest supporters of arts and artists. Bernardo Vecchietti was a Mæcenas to Gian Bologno, who built the present palace out of the gratitude of a great heart, just as Donatello enriched the Martelli palace with his statues. Close to the Vecchietti palace is the palazzo Sassetti, another of the survivors. Philippo Sassetti was sent to the Indies by Cosmo di Medici to open up a field for commerce, and he was regarded as one of the founders of the commercial greatness of Florence; another of the Sassetti was a president of the famous Florentine Academy known as the *Accademia della Crusca*.

Lastly, the historic and beautiful house of Dante da Castiglione is still standing to commemorate its owner.

The new town, the modern Florence, with its 200,000 inhabitants, its magnificent Lung' Arno, its Viale de' Colli and its Cascine, and its vile architecture, deserves a word.

It is certainly astonishing that Florentine artists and architects of this so-called 19th century can perpetrate such hideosities as they do with all the admirable medieval models they have around them. But in this Florence is hardly an exception to the rest of Italy. With a few



LUNG' ARNO EMBANKMENT.

striking exceptions, the new buildings and the restorations of old ones in Rome and Naples are beneath contempt.

There is one bright spot, however, on the horizon for modern Florence. The construction of an immense library will entirely change the aspect of the centre of the town, and will be perhaps the most interesting feature of the new town. In our days, if universities are useful, libraries are indispensable, and Florence has realized the fact.

The great national library of Florence is a world where the population is increasing every day. The births mount well into the 100,000 annually and there are no deaths. The space in the present building is already overcrowded, and a new palace is urgently needed for King Book.

The library of Florence is the resultant of two libraries—the *Magliabecchi*, which goes back to 1805, and the *Palatina*, which was founded by the grand duke of Tuscany in 1815, and continued until 1859.

Since 1870 this library has received everything that has been printed in Italy, as well as every publication of cosmopolitan interest in the rest of the world. It is therefore of vast importance and the largest of all Italian libraries.

The plan presented by Signor Chilovi, if carried out in its entirety, will make the new library second to none in the world for simplicity, beauty, and security.

On the façade there are to be four statues—Dante, Machiavelli, Galileo, and Michael Angelo, the four greatest of Florence's great sons.

When this library is finished new Florence will have something to show worthy of her old self.

RICHARD OLNEY.

MICHAEL E HENNESSY.

"THERE are two places in President Cleveland's cabinet," said a prominent New Englander to a leading Boston lawyer one day late in February, 1893, as the two walked out of the United States Circuit Court room in Boston, "and Massachusetts can have one of them."

"Is that so?" queried the attorney. "What are they?"

"The secretaryship of the navy and the attorney-generalship," was the reply.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if President Cleveland wants a second Whitney for the navy portfolio, he'd better take Nathan Matthews, Jr., Mayor of Boston. For the attorney-generalship, Richard Olney would be the best man in New England."

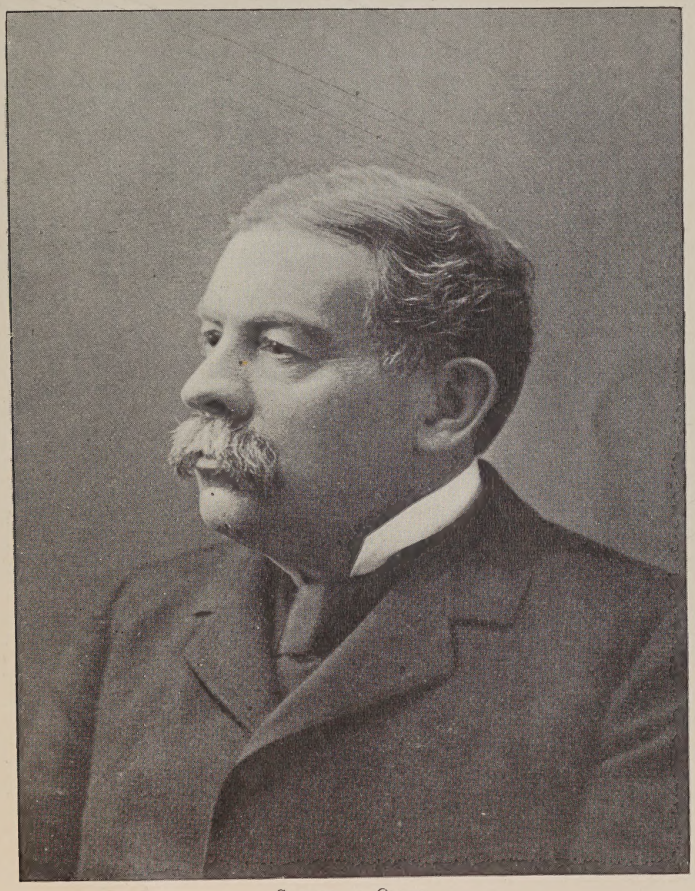
There was a deal of running back and forth between Boston and Lakewood, N. J., where Mr. Cleveland was hard at work selecting the members of his second cabinet, in the few days following this brief talk of these two prominent New Englanders. Shortly after, Mr. Cleveland sprung one of his greatest cabinet surprises by giving out Richard Olney's name as the legal adviser of his cabinet.

Mr. Olney, as the nation's premier, sounds like a dream to many of his legal brethren in Boston who have rubbed elbows with him for a quarter of a century in and about the courts. They hardly thought that in little more than two years in President Cleveland's cabinet, Richard Olney, the reserved, matter-of-fact, busy lawyer, would become the prime minister of the administration. But Mr. Olney's case was not that of an obscure lawyer leaping into fame. With ample means, of good family — French Huguenots on his mother's side, and devoted followers of Roger Williams on his father's, bordering on the edge of 60, Mr. Olney gladly accepted President Cleveland's offer of a seat at the nation's council table.

Politically, it is doubtful if Mr. Olney was known outside his own state when he took his seat in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, but in legal circles he was widely recognized as a most able man, whose specialty was corporation law — a legacy, by the way, from his father-in-law, Judge Thomas, who was an admitted authority all over the country on that branch of legal lore. Always a Democrat, despite the claims of many to the contrary, he had served his party on several occasions. In 1873, he was elected as a Democrat to the Massachusetts legislature from the town of West Roxbury, now a part of Boston. Subsequently he was nominated by the Democrats for the state senate and his name appeared on their state ticket in 1876 as the nominee for attorney-general.

It is, however, as selectman of West Roxbury, and in the town

meeting, which James Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," says "has been the most perfect school of self-government in any modern country," that one must look for Richard Olney as a public servant prior to his cabinet experience. Nothing in town affairs worth noticing escaped his attention, and every committee upon which he served felt his influence.



SECRETARY OLNEY.

It is interesting to recall that Mr. Olney sat in the Massachusetts legislature with the late John Quincy Adams, whose grandfather had been President Monroe's secretary of state, and that it was to the building, 33 Court street, Boston, owned by the Adamses, that Mr. Cleveland went for his first secretary of the navy, Hon. William C. Endicott of Salem. Mr. Olney's office is on the top floor of this same building, an ordinary looking suite of rooms, attended by a young lady clerk in the absence of Mr. Olney in Washington.

Mr. Olney was born in the little town of Oxford, about 10 miles from Worcester, Mass., where he was

schooled and then sent to Leicester academy, where he was fitted for college. One of his schoolmates here was Hon. John E. Russell, of national reputation, and who is now engaged in an important diplomatic mission under Mr. Olney in settling a boundary dispute between the United States and Canada. He graduated with honors from Brown University, Providence, R. I., in 1856, as class orator. While at college Mr. Olney is remembered as a studious young man, and was noted for efficiency in his studies. Naturally of robust build, he early developed a taste for athletics, which he has since carefully cultivated. He is credited with having started the first ball nine at Brown University, and to-day he is regarded as a crack tennis player, while a seat at the national game is highly enjoyed by him.

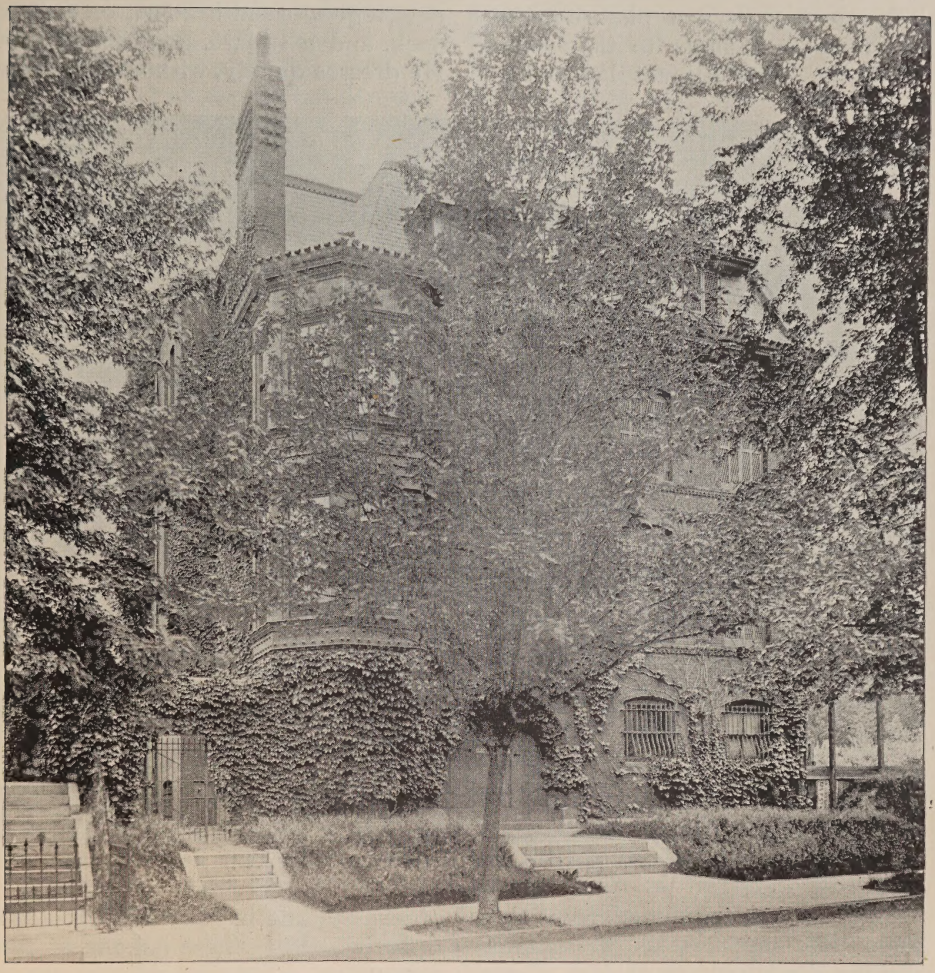
MRS. RICHARD OLNEY.

Peter Butler Olney of New York is Secretary Olney's brother. Mr. Cleveland, while governor of New York, made him an assistant district

LIBRARY
Cardinal O'Connell Seminary

attorney, and he is now quite an active spirit in the Anti-Tammany democratic political association in the Empire State.

Mr. Olney's father and grandfather married and lives abroad. Mrs. Olney was Miss Thomas of Boston, whose father, Judge Thomas, as indicated above, was a distinguished jurist. Mrs. Olney was not a stranger



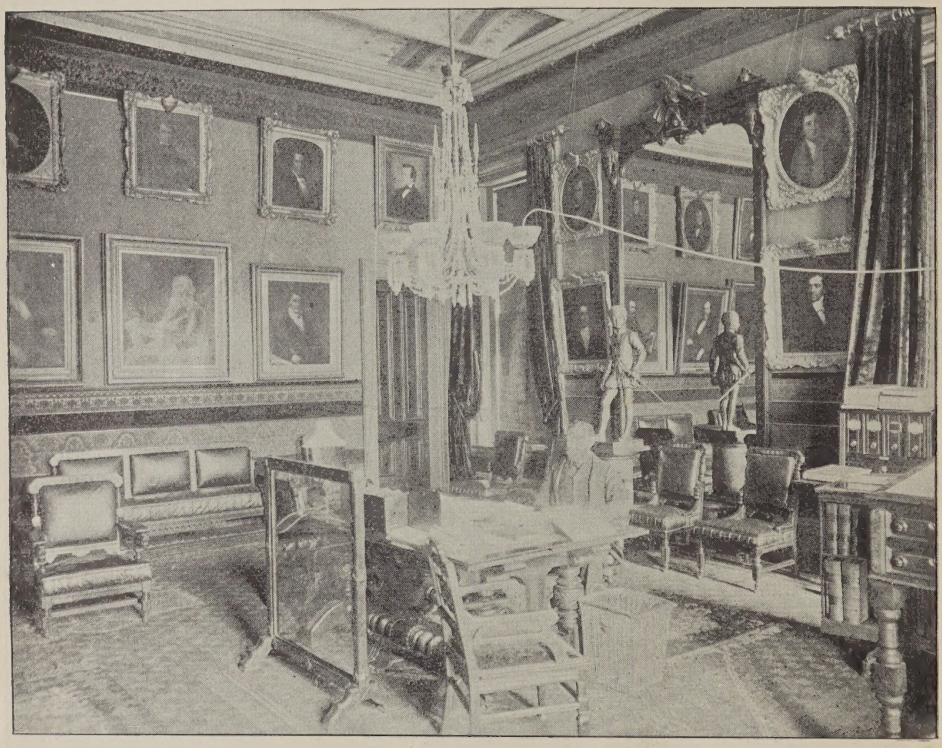
WASHINGTON RESIDENCE OF SECRETARY OLNEY.

were among the leading pioneer woollen manufacturers and financial men in the Blackstone valley. The manufacture of cloth is still carried on near Worcester by the Olney family.

Mr. Olney married young, and has two daughters, one of whom is when she took up her residence in Washington early in 1893. Her father had been a member of Congress prior to her marriage, and she was counted among the famous belles of her day. Although well advanced in years, there is still in her well-

moûlded features every evidence of her youthful beauty. She is said to be a woman of uncommon attainments, of a sweet disposition, yet modest and retiring to a degree bordering on her husband's reserve. Though not given to picture-taking, she is not a stranger to the camera. With the other cabinet ladies Mrs. Olney was photographed some time ago. She appears in a standing posture directly back of Mrs. Cleveland. The Washington gossips say that it is not society that either Secretary Olney or his wife object to, but to unnecessary publicity.

When at home the Olneys live on Commonwealth avenue, Boston, during the winter months, and at Falmouth, Mass., in the summer season. The Secretary of State makes no show of wealth, and his every-day life is as simple and unassuming as his own personal appearance. In stature he is a little above the average height, with broad shoulders, a good-sized head set on a short neck, and a square, determined jaw. He dresses quietly, without any show of jewelry, and in conversation is apt to be laconic. There is none of the palavering of the politician about him. It is Yes or No with him, and one seldom has to wait long for a decision.



SECRETARY OLNEY'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON.

He parts his hair in the middle and you are disappointed in not seeing a high forehead. His hair comes well down on his brow, and if you happen to be conversing with him on a

serious subject you will notice that he habitually knits his shaggy eyebrows. Mr. Olney's is neither a pleasing nor an ugly countenance. I've heard politicians of national reputation describe it as having a deal of "bull-dog grit" in it.

Mr. Olney's social functions as secretary of state are almost as manifold as those in his diplomatic career. He discharges the one with a native charm and grace as he does the other with signal ability and determined courage. As a host he is much admired. He can listen with as much enthusiasm as he can relate a humorous incident in daily life in the capital.

Mr. Olney cares little for fashion or precedent. His independence was forcibly manifested to those who have occasion to visit the department at Washington, when he changed the secretary's office hour, and forsook the big desk in the middle of the room used by Evarts, Frelinghuysen, Bayard, Blaine, Foster, and Gresham, for an ordinary roll-top desk in a corner. He is at his desk at eight o'clock in the morning, two hours ahead of most of the cabinet officials. He works away, reading, writing, and investigating, until one o'clock, when he goes to luncheon. Two o'clock finds him back at his desk. Four o'clock witnesses his departure for home, unless something of importance is on the tapis, and then the taciturn secretary is willing to remain all night if the business of the department requires it.

A forcible reminder of the Monroe doctrine, an old oil painting of its renowned author, John Quincy Adams, hangs in a conspicuous place in the secretary's private office.

When he went to Washington, Mr. Olney was not at all popular. Politicians who went knocking at his door for patronage came away with a depressed feeling. Mr. Olney was unaccustomed to being button-holed by such persistent and sometimes arrogant visitors, but two years and more of contact with politicians at Washington have worked a wonderful change in him. For some time now the politicians have come to see the best side of Mr. Olney, and he, also, has begun to see the most favorable side of their character.

Unlike the other members of the cabinet, Mr. Olney holds himself aloof from politics. He receives more invitations than all the other members of the cabinet, save, perhaps, Mr. Carlisle, to make political speeches, attend banquets, write "confidential" letters for publication, and to be a party to all sorts of political chicanery. He refuses them one and all. He is a hard man to interview. He runs away from his interviewers. I saw him escape a newspaper man who was assigned to interview him by actually running into a maze of teams on a crowded street, dodging rearing horses and drivers' whips, and eluding the breathless reporter by disappearing into a hotel entrance. Since Mr. Olney has been in Washington, not even the omnivorous "space" writer has been able to interview him to the extent of a column.

Everything Mr. Olney does is done to the finish. He believes in the old maxim that anything worth doing at all is worth doing well. All his speeches, letters, and arguments are brief. While other lawyers talked hours before the Supreme Court on the income tax case, Mr. Olney's argument occupied scarcely an hour, and yet nothing worth mentioning remained unsaid.

Whatever may be said of his action in the Chicago railroad strike, everybody admits that he showed masterly activity and established a remarkable precedent. His conduct, whether wise or not, attracted the attention of the entire country. While the strikers condemned him, the railroad managers and a wearied travelling public applauded him.

OLNEY HOUSE IN OXFORD, MASS. (In the lower one Mr. Olney was born.)

"Had Lincoln an Olney in his cabinet," more than one admirer has been heard to say, "there would have been no Sumter. Such prompt and decisive measures in the South in '61 would have prevented the war."

Although Mr. Olney was a much-talked-of man as attorney-general, he is destined to be talked about more than ever for the next two years as secretary of state. His friends expect great things of him. To him many leading Democrats look for such a course in office as to strengthen the party by a more vigorous foreign policy than the American people have seen since the days of John Quincy Adams.

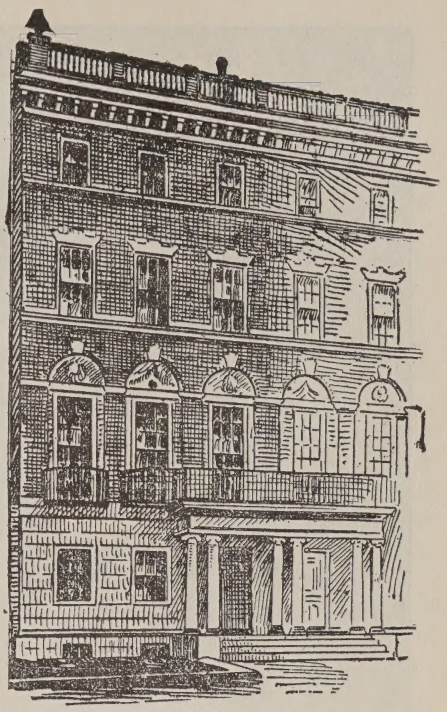
Carping critics aver that all the diplomatic victories thus far gained by Secretary Olney were the work of Mr. Gresham, his predecessor. With equal positiveness others asseverate that Ambassador Bayard shapes the administration's English policy from the Court of St. James. One is probably as far from the truth as the other. Both are believed to be untrue by Mr. Olney's friends.

Mr. Olney has certainly exhibited rare ability as a diplomat since he became secretary of state, and he has given his admirers much en-

couragement by the manner in which he has brought to an end such important matters as the Mora claim. His attitude toward the Cuban revolutionists will be watched with interest by both hemispheres. Already it is said the administration has plainly indicated that Spain must quell the revolt.

All of Mr. Olney's Massachusetts predecessors in the office of secretary of state have played important parts in the struggle for Cuban independence. Mr. Olney's record is yet to be made, and his friends are quite sure it will be in keeping with the bold American policy of Webster and Everett. John Quincy Adams, President Monroe's secretary of state, believed in the annexation of Cuba. Webster always stood unswervingly by the Monroe doctrine, and Mr. Everett's famous tripartite letter on Cuban affairs is regarded as one of the masterpieces of American diplomacy. Then there are the Venezuelan and Alaskan questions, where Great Britain and the United States are bound to lock horns if the administration at Washington stands by its determination to enforce the Monroe doctrine regarding British occupancy of American soil. Other questions and complications are almost certain to arise if the present vigorous foreign policy is maintained, and these questions will keep Mr. Olney before the country.

There is little wonder, then, that Mr. Olney's friends have begun to talk of him as a presidential candidate for '96. Were it not for the fact that he came from Republican Massachusetts, he would doubtless be a strong factor in the coming national contest, but his locality is likely to injure his chances for a nomination, even if he desired one.



SECRETARY OLNEY'S BOSTON RESIDENCE.

However, his friends feel encouraged by the fact that on one other occasion when the Democrats were sorely tried for a candidate they came to New Hampshire and elected Franklin Pierce President. If the party, they argue, could afford to come to New England 40 odd years ago for its candidate, certainly it can come with equal grace to-day, when there is no Mason and Dixon's line to consider. They are also encouraged by the fact that for many years the country turned to the state department for its Presidents.

Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, and Buchanan all served in this honorable post before becoming President. Webster tried as hard as David B. Hill in our own day to be President, but the fates were against him.

ANNA BELL.

ANNA BELL.

K. E. Megee.

YES, pore Anna Bell is dead. 'Twuz a year last Whitsuntide sence her husban' brung her here an' laid her 'long side her maw an' paw.

"He said as how she had made him promise, when he tuk her to the city to live, that when death mowed her down, he would put her to rest in the little churchyard where she had played in her childhood; and as how she had 'lowed many a time that she couldn't rest easy nowheres else. So he brung her. That's her grave on the right-han' side under the big maple, as you go in the gate.

"I wuz that mad, all the time the parson wuz a discoursin', to see them hypocrites, that had made her as mizable as they could, when she lived among 'em, settin' up there a snifflin' an' a snufflin', that I didn't injoy the funer'l one bit; an' I don't know nobody who'd a better right to the full benefit of it than me, fur me an' Anna Bell wuz mighty thick, when we wuz a-growin' up.

"You recollect her maw allus took boarders from the city, durin' the hot spell. Well, the same summer that me an' Jon'thun wuz a spoonin', there wuz a young feller a-boardin' at Aunt Sary's who got dreadful sweet on Anna Bell afore he'd been there a month, an' I don't wonder at it, for she wuz a uncommon purty gal, with them big blue eyes of hern an' them yaller curls danglin' round her neck.

"I wuz so wrapt up attendin' to my own affairs that I didn't have no spare time fur other people's, but everybody kep' a-talkin'; sayin' as how Aunt Sary an' Uncle John had better be keepin' a lookout fur that stranger, stid of 'lowin' Anna Bell to be galantin' 'bout the fields an' medders with him.

"Anna Bell kep' herself to herself, an' I wuz as much sot back as the rest of 'em when Aunt Sary come up to our house one day that fall, 'bout a week after the boarders had left for home, an' said as how she had come up to tell us good by; for her an' Anna Bell, she said, wuz goin' away the follerin' mornin' to Cincinnaty.

"Of course we was all stumped at this, fur we knowed Aunt Sary didn't know nobody down there, an' didn't have no money to throw away stoppin' at taverns. Maw up an' asked what she meant by sech carryin' on. That sorter riled Aunt Sary, fur of course she'd heerd a good deal of the talk that had been goin' on all summer; so she straightened herself up in the cheer, an' said she didn't know as she wuz boun' to tell her business to all Jonesville, but bein' maw wuz sech a good han' to spread news, an' she wuz powerful anxious to have some spread, she'd tell us whut she wuz carryin' on fur.

"'In the fust place,' sez Aunt Sary, them big black eyes a-snappin', 'I want you all to know that Mr. Fred Butler, who's been puttin' up at our house this summer, is a-goin' to marry our Anna Bell; an' in the second place,' sez she, throwin' a witherin' glance 'round the room, 'as he'z a rich man, an' goes in "way up" soci-

ety, he don't want a wife he'd be 'shamed of: so, as eddycation is all our Anna Bell lacks to make her, as he sez, "a very queen," he'z a-goin' to pay fur her skulin' in the best skule in Cincinnaty, an' he'll meet us there to-morrer. I hope you're all willin'.'

"Without another word, Aunt Sary flung on her bunnit an' stalked out of the room, leavin' us all settin' like so many geese, starin' at each other.

"Maw found her tongue first. How she did rave an' charge. She 'lowed it wuz a burnin' shame fur paw to set still, an' see his unly sister a-leadin' her darter straight to perdition. She'd ruther foller one of her gals to the grave, an' thank the Lord fur takin' her, than have sech disgrace brung on the fambly.

"Paw never said nothin'—he never did when maw wuz riled—but jes' tuk down his pipe off'n the mantel, an' started fur the barn.

"Maw, seein' as how she couldn't get nothin' out of paw, put on a clean apern an' her sunbunnit an' said she'd go an' set awhile with Mis' Thomson, an' try an' ca'm her nerves.

"I reckon maw done her duty while she wuz gone, fur when she come home she said as how ol' Mis' Jones an' Sally Williams wuz at Mis' Thomson's an' how they all thought it wuz the most outrageoust thing that had tuk place sence Polly Thornton had run off, in the dead of the night, with that feller Jim Orsborne; an' that Mis' Jones said she would take it on herself to speak to Parson Brown, an' have him give 'em a hit next Lord's Day.

"By the next evening all Jonesville knowed the story, an' of course the further it travelled the bigger it got. Everybody said Aunt Sary must be losin' of her mind, an' Uncle John orter be waited on an' warned.

"'If she wa'n't crazy she could see through it,' they said; 'he wa'n't goin' to marry Anna Bell. That wuz jest a ruse of his'n to git the gal away frum home.'

"Our house wuz full all the follow'n' day—comers an' goers; maw set an' cried most of the time, jest puttin' a word in now an' then to keep the ball rollin'.

"I laffed in ol' Mis' Harris's face, when she told maw she would feel it her bounden duty to stop Jerushy frum tendin' even the church suppers, fur danger wuz a-lurkin' at every step.

"Jerushy wuz only 30, an' her maw had been tryin' her level best to ketch her a beau fur the last 10 years.

"Besides all this, there wuz a heap of mighty ugly things said, that it don't do no good now to recollect.

"Well, as I said before, me an' Anna Bell wuz chums, an' I knowed she wuz true blue; an' moreover, bein' dead in love myself, I knowed jest how she felt. So while maw wuz at Mis' Thomson's I slipped up the back way to Aunt Sary's to give Anna Bell good by.

"I told her, too, that they couldn't pizen my mind agin her, with all their palaverin'.

"As you might reckon, maw an' Aunt Sary didn' have nothing to do with each other fur a long spell; but I jest told our folks, at the dinner-table, the day Anna Bell left fur skule, that I'd be boun' if I'd forsake the best friend I had jest because she'd tuk a step above me, fur I knowed the hull cause of the rumpus wuz envy, nothin' else.

"At that maw let her tongue fly;

paw didn't say nothin', unly looked sly at me. I knowed he wuz on my side, but he dassent say so.

"The next June Anna Bell came hum frum skule, an' worked like a trooper all summer, a-cookin' an' a-waitin' on the boarders.

"Mr. Butler wasn't at Aunt Sary's that summer; that give the busybodies a plenty to work on. I could a-told 'em if I'd been a mind—'cause she set a heap of store by me them days — as how his mother wuz a pore sick critter, an' had to be tuk to the oshing, an' he had to stay with her, bein's he wuz all she had to depend on. For my part, I thought a sight more of him than if he had been languishin' round Anna Bell all summer, leavin' his pore old mother to depend on hirelin's.

"Everybody shook their heads an' wondered how the gal could be so chipper, fur 'twuz plain that city chap wuz unly triflin' with her feelin's.

"To cut a long story short, in the fall Anna Bell went back to skule. All winter she writ me the most beautiful letters — never tuk no notice of my bad spellin' at all. The next summer Aunt Sary didn't take no boarders. She said she wuz broke down; an' as Anna Bell wuz goin' to leave afore winter, she'd be kep' busy helpin' her fill her chist of bed-linen an' sech things, for gals didn't go to their husban's them days with nothin' but the duds fur their backs.

"There wuz nobody at the weddin' but the parson an' his wife, an' me an' Jon thun, an' Uncle John's fambly. Fred Butler wuz the decentest city chap I have ever saw — jest as friendly as if he'd been born an' bred 'long side of weuns.

"When I went home and told they wuz married, maw couldn't say they wuzn't, for the preacher said so too; but she did say that we would all live to see Anna Bell comin' back to her paw; that that feller wuz jest as like named Brown as Butler; that it wuz a common way they had of dupin' country gals.

"Anna Bell did come back every year as long as her paw lived; an' when me an' Jon'thun wuz tied she sent us a hundred dollars fur a weddin' present.

"That sorter wilted maw some, but she got even by sayin' she wuz shore now that Butler wuz a grand rascal of some sort — gambler, like as not, or he couldn't afford to let his wife be so reckless with money. 'Fur my part,' said she, 'I'd never injoy nothin' bought with it. I'd be allus a-thinkin' how 'twuz got. Like as not 'twuz the very bread out'n some pore child's mouth;' but me an' Jon'thun set ourselves up with it, an' blessed the giver.

"When Uncle John died, Anna Bell come an' tuk Aunt Sary to live with her. That wuz the las' time I seen her, till they fetched the ol' lady back, an' laid her 'longside of him.

"The hull town turned out to the buryin'. I seen through it. 'Twuz to see the latest 'come out' in mournin' goods.

"Anna Bell an' Fred stayed all night with us — an' I never laid eyes on her agin — though she never 'lowed a Christmus to go by, without sendin' me an' Jon'thun somethin' handsome.

"The las' letter she writ me, she said as how she wuz porely, but didn't 'low it wuz nothin' serious, jest a little cold settled on her chist, which, so Fred told us, the night after the buryin', when we wuz settin' up waitin' fur the two o'clock train to carry him back to the city, kep' a gettin'

worse, though they done everything they knowed how — an' whut them city doctors don't know ain't wuth knowin' — till she wuz tuk with pneumony, an' went out like a flash.

"So, not knowin' all that, to say I wuz shocked when Jon'thun got the telegraph that she wuz dead, an' would be brung here nex' day to be buried, don't ha'f express my state that day.

"'Tis most surprisin' how death kin turn people's feelin's an' opinions clean round, an' bring out so many good pints in the dead person's make-up that nobody ever heerd of before. Well, 'twuz jes' that way at Anna Bell's buryin', savin' that she mor'n deserved all the good things they said about her. Everybody tried to outdo everybody else in recollectin' somethin' nice to say about her. But whut riled an' upsot me so much wuz, — that the very identical ones as said the most an' the ugliest things about her, when she left the village Fred Butler's bride, wuz the loudest a-singin' her praises when it wuz too late fur her to hear 'em."

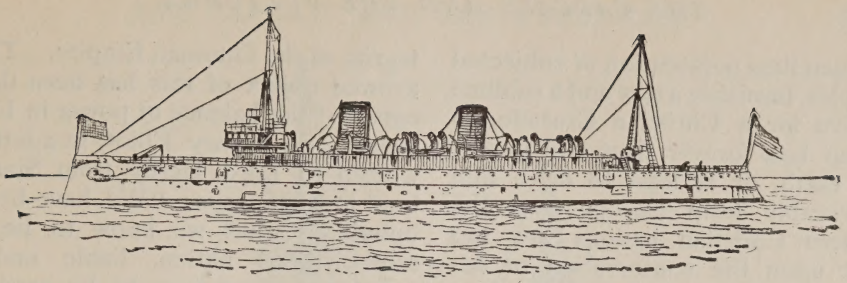
A LOVE WISH.

MARIE M. PURSEL.

If I might tell to thee, dear heart,
The thoughts I now conceal —
If I might from thy busy hours
Some little moments steal,
Like fairy, would my spirit bright
Enter the portal of thy heart
And tread with footsteps fairy-light
Each dark and empty path.

If I might from the silent harp
Whose chords thy heartstrings seem,
Wake melodies but known to Love,
Ah, then, as in a dream,
I'd sweep with magic master-touch,
My fingers o'er its strings
And fill thy soul with harmony
Whose echo ever rings.

Then up and down the ways of life
Together we would roam,
Thy heart, from care forever free,
Would yield to Love, a home.
And when at eve beside your hearth
Life's shadows long are thrown,
Still in your heart I'd sit and sing
Forever more your own.



U. S. Cruiser "Minneapolis."

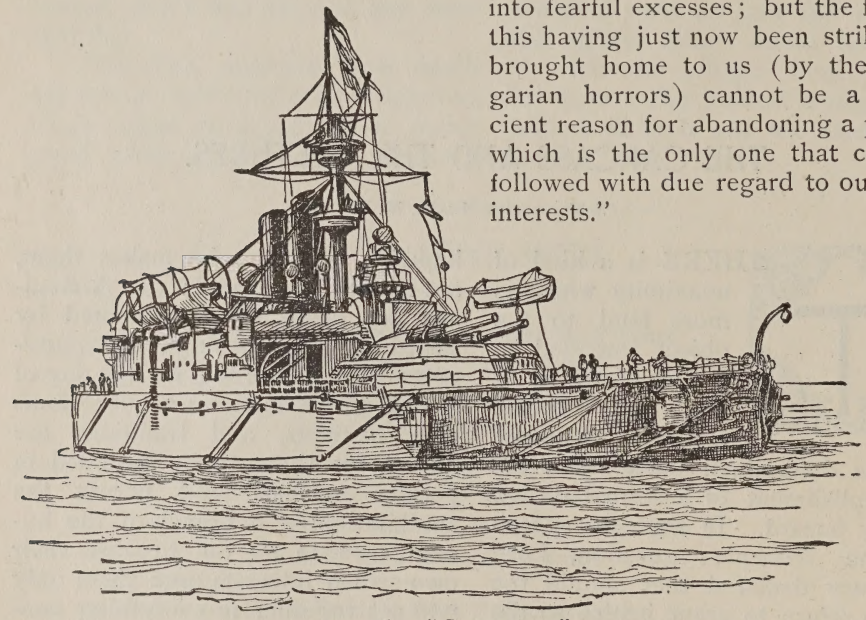
THE CARCASS AND THE VULTURES.

S. Millington Miller, M. D.

THERE is a kind of unanimity which is more fatal to the object intended to be benefited by it than open rupture and the insistence by one determined party upon the accomplishment of a settled design at any hazard. In a recent speech on the Armenian question, Lord Salisbury declared that should the Sultan refuse to grant justice to the persecuted Christians in Armenia, he would suffer the consequences of his misrule, "as the Powers are thoroughly resolved to act together in everything concerning the Ottoman Empire." How consoling this news must have been to the unfortunate people whose sufferings at the hands of the barbarous Mohammedan are without a parallel since the days of Cromwell in Ireland! They see themselves persecuted, robbed, and massacred on all sides! Murder, rapine, and destruction proceed uninterruptedly in their afflicted provinces; promises of reform which the Turk knows well how to make, knowing to whom he makes them, are ruthlessly violated; the Armenians are being daily decimated by sword and starvation; yet the *unanimous* Powers, waiting for the day of reform guaranteed by a ruler whose race, instincts, and traditions are known by them to be moulded in perfidy and falsehood, permit the annihilation of a branch of the human race to go on, because their own selfish interests urge them only "to act together in everything concerning the Ottoman Empire."

History is eloquent on the subject of Turkish atrocities and upon the significance of Turkish promises. The Powers are well aware that no amelioration is intended, even if pledged upon the Koran; and it is a surprising spectacle at the end of the 19th century to behold a number of Christian nations deterred by greed and mutual jealousy from the execution of the vengeance of centuries upon the most cruel, most relentless, and most treacherous national power that has ever cursed the history of man. The Turk to-day, in his barbarity, his licentiousness,

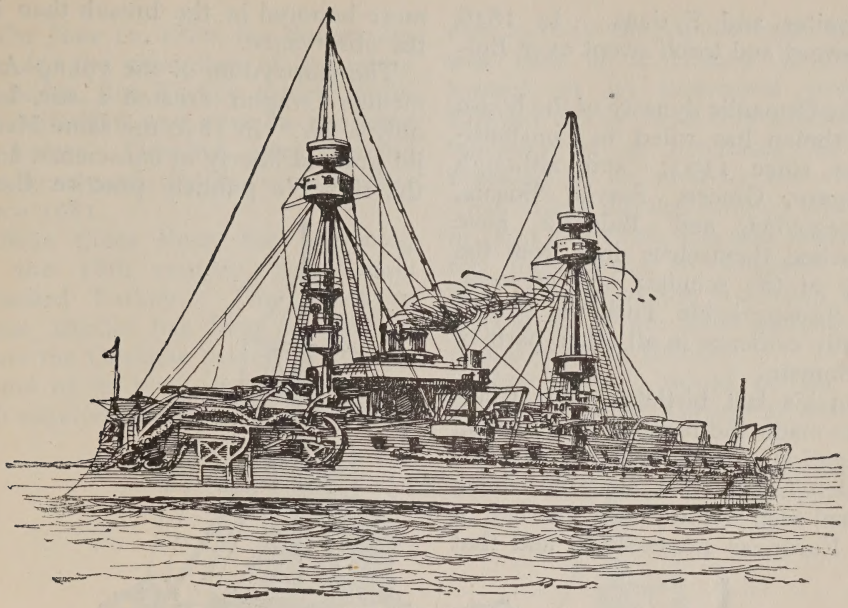
his merciless persecution of subjected peoples, furnishes a new and a sublime motive for a Christian Crusade, to sweep him forever from the face of the earth, or at least to drive him irrevocably from Europe; yet the modern Christian nations are too bent upon the conservation or development of their individual concerns to take a prompt initiative in this direction, and the present crisis will likely blow over, as others have in the past, with the wily Sultan's temporary cessation of atrocity and the homeward voyages of Europe's warships. Lord Salisbury's disingenuous speech was but another indication of an unchristian, hesitating policy in which England has been a leading spirit for many years.



THE "COLLINGWOOD."

Since 1829, when Nicholas I and his 150,000 Russians were "hindered" within sight of Constantinople, England's hereditary policy has been the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The avowed object of this has been that ogre — "the balance of power in Europe." Sir Henry Elliot, in a letter written to Lord Derby from Stamboul in 1876, says: "We have been upholding what we know to be a semi-civilized nation, liable under certain circumstances to be carried into fearful excesses; but the fact of this having just now been strikingly brought home to us (by the Bulgarian horrors) cannot be a sufficient reason for abandoning a policy which is the only one that can be followed with due regard to our own interests."

The dynasty of the Ottoman Turks has been a constant menace and scourge to humanity. In the 15th century, Turkey in Asia and Turkey in Europe (the latter including Servia, Greece, Bosnia, Albania, the Crimea, Wallachia, Moldavia, and Egypt) were, if taken together, three times the size of Europe proper in extent. The region thus acquired by the Osmanli contained abundant gold in the rocks and streams. Quicksilver bubbled out of the ground. Iron, coal, salt, copper, and petroleum were abundant. It was the fairest region in the world, and



"L'Amiral Baudin."

the "unspeakable Turk" has turned it into a wilderness.

Melancholy in appearance, speaking softly and deliberately, luxurious, indolent, execrably licentious, the Turk has never mingled with the conquered races, and regards with abhorrence all who refuse to adopt Islam. His occupation is military. There is no government nor law. Tranquillity is secured by the payment of money. The revenues are farmed out to Turkish subordinates who plunder, kill, and kidnap their Christian tenants. As the native proverb declares, "Where the Sultan's horse hoof treads, there grass never grows again."

The population of this territory is now barely one third of what it was under the Byzantine emperors. The human race must eventually become extinct in this region. Enormous tracts of land are abandoned altogether. Two hundred villages near Smyrna have been forsaken since 1750 A. D. The population of Smyrna itself has declined from 80,000 to 40,000 in 30 years. In approaching Constantinople from the north, one rides to the very gates of the city through wild grass reaching up to the horse's girth. Nine tenths of Mesopotamia is uncultivated. Only one twentieth of the entire area of Moldavia and Wallachia is under cultivation. A traveller in the northern portions of Turkey, during a ride of 70 miles through an *earthly paradise*, found not a single inhabitant.

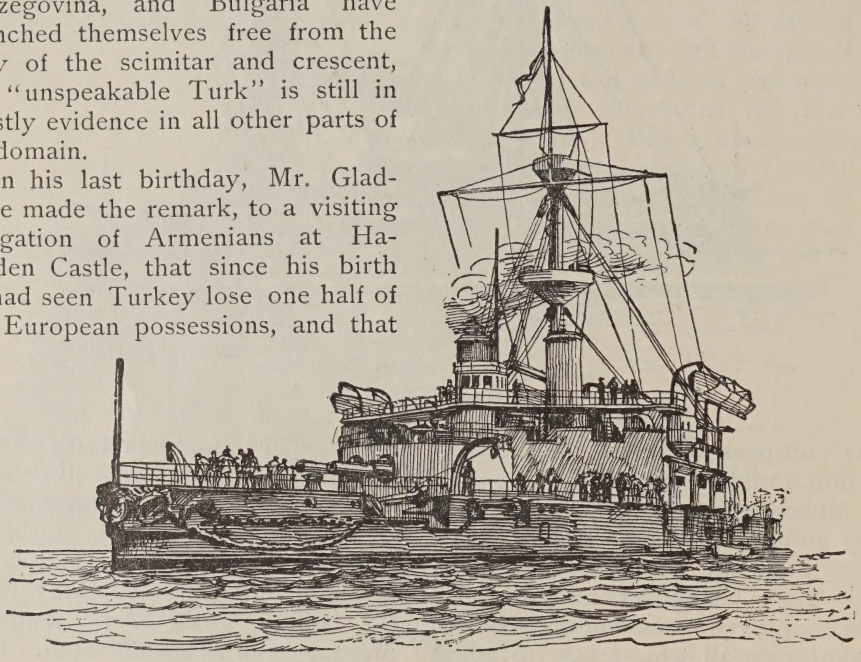
About 100,000 Christians have been murdered by the Turks between 1822, when the Greeks of Chios were massacred, and 1894, when the Armenians of Sassoon were put to the sword.

In 1850 the world was horrified by the wholesale butchery of Nestorians and Armenians. In 1860 the atrocities at Lebanon and Damascus took place, whose victims were the

Maronites and Syrians. In 1876 the sword and torch swept over Bulgaria.

The Osmanlic dynasty of the house of Othman has ruled in Constantinople since 1390; and although Hungary, Greece, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria have wrenched themselves free from the sway of the scimitar and crescent, the "unspeakable Turk" is still in ghastly evidence in all other parts of his domain.

On his last birthday, Mr. Gladstone made the remark, to a visiting delegation of Armenians at Hawarden Castle, that since his birth he had seen Turkey lose one half of her European possessions, and that he expected to live to see her lose all.



THE "TRAFALGAR."

The sum of Ottoman diplomacy has thus far been to promise everything and fulfil nothing. In 1829 the treaty of Adrianople was made with Russia, but its conditions were left unfulfilled. In 1839, when Ibrahim's Egyptian army threatened the Sublime Porte, the frightened Vizier hastened to make a pretence of keeping his word.

In 1844 Abdul Medjid pledged his honor to the Powers that no apostate from Mohammedanism should be put to death, but this pledge also was more honored in the breach than in the observance.

The martrydom of the young Armenian Ovagim created a stir, but only a stir. In 1850 the same Medjid granted liberty of conscience and the right to publicly practise their religion to his Protestant subjects, but they have not been able to erect a church so far.

After the Crimean war in 1856, the Porte promised that no one of its subjects should be interfered with in his religion, but the world knows what that promise was worth.

In 1878 there was held that smart Anglo-Turkish convention by which England anticipated the treaty of Berlin and incidentally gobbled up the island of Cypress.

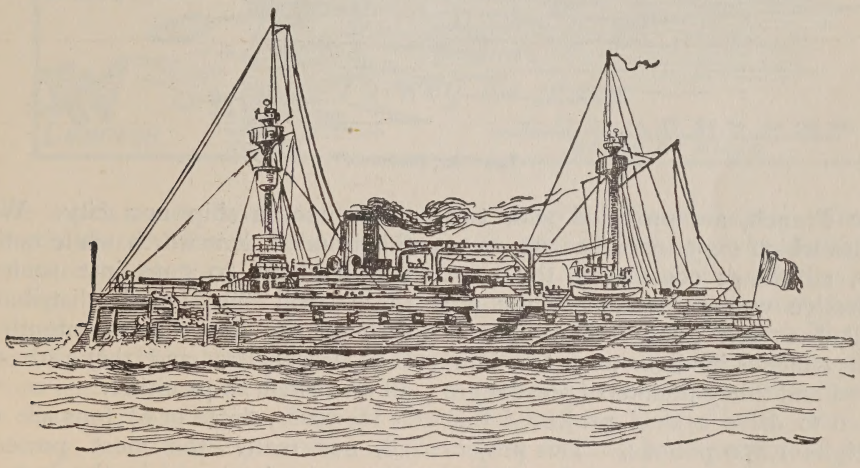
In July of the same year, the treaty of Berlin guaranteed religious liberty to all Turkish subjects.

On June 11, 1880, the Powers demanded the execution of the treaty of Berlin, but Turkey merely quibbled, shuffled, and went on the same as before. Demand after demand has been made by the same Powers since 1881.

Nine times since the beginning of the 18th century, has Russia attacked Turkey. The result of these attacks has been to disintegrate the Ottoman power in Europe. Some of its territory she has herself acquired, some she has indirectly parcelled out and established as independent states.

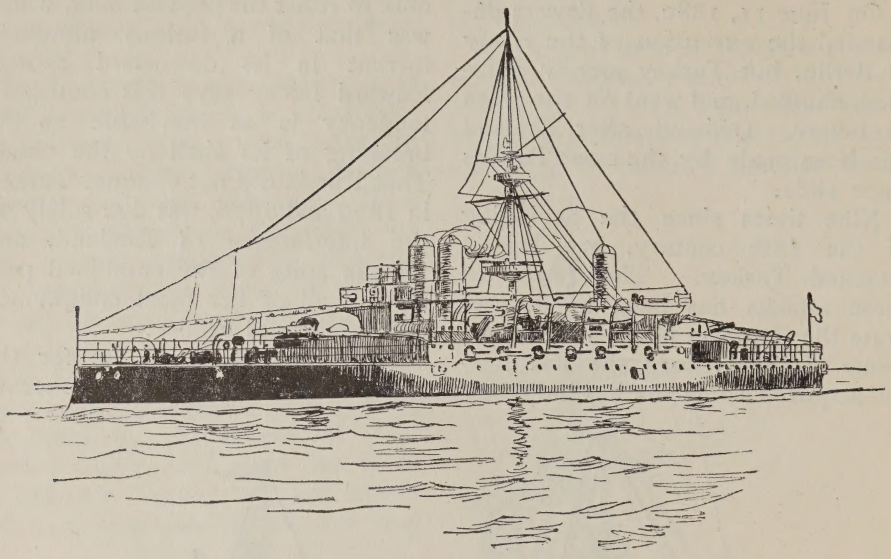
A prophecy of extreme antiquity foretells the final supremacy of Russia on the Bosphorus. Eight centuries ago this prophecy might be read on an equestrian statue then very old, which had been brought to Constantinople from Antioch. The Turks themselves look forward to the same consummation. The feeling of indicible ownership is instinctive. Emperors like Nicholas I and Alexander II have declared themselves as personally opposed to the annexation of Turkey, but as unable to resist the popular bent, which was that of a furious mountain torrent in its downward course. Edward Dicey says this southward tendency is as inevitable as the breaking of its shell by the chick. That Russia did not conquer Turkey in 1829 and 1876, was due solely to the interference of England, and this in spite of the combined protests of all of her most enlightened philosophers of history.

How easy it would be for the Powers to bring Turkey at once to book and put an end to her infamous supremacy, may be estimated from a glance at some of the warships of the several allied nations and their capacity for presenting telling arguments to the Sublime Porte. The fleet of the Powers, now gathering about the island of Lemnos, in the Cyclades, numbers over 80 ships, all of which are of modern construction and all armed with most powerful guns.



THE "MARCEAU."

The turrets Trafalgar and Collingwood of the English squadron, the Re Umberto of the Italian, and the Marceau and L'Amiral Baudin of



THE "RE UMBERTO."

the French, are provided with two rifles which experience has shown to be, all things considered, the most effective weapon made. They are called 67-ton guns. The bore is 13.51 inches in diameter. Six hundred and thirty pounds of powder are used to drive a steel projectile that weighs 1,250 pounds. This projectile leaves the muzzle at the rate of more than 2,000 feet per second, and it strikes a blow, in the language of the experts, of more than 70,000,000 foot pounds. That is to say, the blow is equal to that of a projectile weighing 70,000,000 pounds dropped one foot. If fired at a mass of good wrought iron 1,000 yards away, it would bore two feet four inches into it. These guns are so mounted that both can be fired in a single discharge, and that would be a broadside of such effectiveness, when accurately delivered, that there is no way of adequately portraying by words the destruction that would be wrought in an attack either upon a ship or a city. With this in mind, it is worth while noting that at least 50 guns just such as these will be found distributed through the fleet off the mouth of the Dardanelles, and they are not all on British ships either.

However, those of 67 tons are not all, nor really the most powerful armor-piercing guns in the fleet, for at least eight rifles will be found weighing from 105 to 120 tons each, and having calibres varying from 16 to 18 inches in diameter. The charges for these enormous weapons vary from 800 up to more than 1,000 pounds of powder; and the armor-piercing projectile, which is a steel bolt about six feet long, usually weighs a neat ton. At the muzzle it strikes a blow of 108,000,000 foot pounds, and at 1,000 yards it would bore about 32 inches into solid wrought iron. These guns, in fact, are much more powerful than the smaller ones, but, on the whole, are not so desirable, because they

are much more liable to accident, much more difficult to handle, and require much time for loading and firing. In the Italian navy will be found four rifles of 105 tons each, and on the British ships one of 129 tons and three of 111 tons.

Russia's Black Sea fleet is very strong, and contains some of the most formidable of the new ships. At the opening of the year she had 40 ships there, including eight first-class battleships and 15 torpedo vessels. The first ships she built on the Black Sea—and these were laid down in disregard of the stipulations of the treaty of Paris—were the Catherine II, the Tchesme and the Sinope, launched in 1886-87. They are of 10,150 tons, 16-inch armor, and carry four 12-inch guns. Later came the Dvenadzat Apostoloff (Twelve Apostles), 8,100 tons, 14-inch armor, 16.6 knots, and four 12-inch guns; the Georgi Pobiedonosetz (George the Victorious), 10,280 tons, 16-inch armor, 16 knots, and six 12-inch guns; and the Tria Svetitelia (Three Saints), the first of the 12,000 ton battleships to carry 16-inch armor, four 12-inch guns, and a heavy secondary battery, and to steam 16 knots. The Tria Svetitelia was followed by the Petropavlovsk, the Poltava, the Sevastopol, and the Sissoi Veliky, and these have recently been succeeded by the Paris, of 12,000 tons, to steam 17.5 knots and carry 12-inch guns, and a sister ship. The ram ships Admiral Oushakoff and Admiral Seniavin, built as coast defence vessels, are, as a fact, armored cruisers, having a powerful armament and a speed of 16 knots.

With these powerful vessels as specimens of the combined fleet of the European powers, strengthened if necessary by the American squadron, it would not take long to restore Armenia to her rights and privileges. The thing necessary is a merging of the individual jealousies of the nations most concerned; the result would be an untold blessing to Europe and to humanity.

SEA LONGINGS.

JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

I.

I LONG for the keen salt air of the sea
And the Titan's tumult and thunder;
And the solemn strength and sublimity
Of the songs of the sea-gods under.

II.

For the song I long of the sea-gods strong,
And the vigorous blow and bluster:
The leap and sweep of the billows along,
And the stormy light and lustre.

III.

For the white-winged ships that sail in the sun,
And the white-winged waves that bear them;
For the yachts that over the waters run,
And the breezes that race and dare them.

IV.

I long for a sight of the sea-gulls free,
And the wash and swash of the waters;
For the surf and spray of the salty sea,
And a glimpse of the dark sea-daughters.

V.

And the fisher's note, and the fisher's boat,
And the voice of the piping plover;
For the foam and fume, and the weeds that float,
And the loomgale hurrying over.

VI.

For I was born by the boisterous sea,
And its storm, and thunder, and madness
Are deep in the blood, and the heart of me, —
Its music, and sunlight, and sadness.

VII.

And I love the waves with their rush and roar,
As the gier-eagle loves the mountains;
As the weir-wolf white loves the Northern shore,
And the sun-birds southerly fountains.

WORKING ON THE SHORE END OF THE CABLE.

AN ATLANTIC CABLE STATION.

JOHN H. WILSON.

OF the thousands upon thousands of people the world over who daily read the events which transpire in another hemisphere, but a small proportion probably give any thought to that mighty medium which flashes the news across the ocean, and without whose intervention we might to-day be dependent upon the greyhounds of the sea for the latest transatlantic news; but thanks to the cable the newspapers of the United States, for instance, are enabled to publish some European happening even before it has transpired, allowing for the difference of time on the two continents.

An adequate knowledge of the cable and of the methods and instruments employed in transmitting messages can only be had by a visit to some cable station; and as one is almost always made welcome, such an inspection invariably proves both profitable and interesting.

When the idea of an Atlantic cable was first considered by Cyrus W. Field, a large part of the civilized world was sceptical as to its success; but when in 1858 the first message was sent across from Queen Victoria to the President of the United States, everybody wondered. To-day, as already affirmed, scarcely a second thought is given the matter; yet when its mysteries are unfolded one is as much filled with wonderment as in the early years of its use.

In a general way cable stations are alike and a description of one answers for nearly all. Naturally they are situated in close proximity to the coast and usually isolated from the rest of the world. Still if any one is to be singled out as possessing superior advantages and a certain charm of environment, that place must be the station at Hazelhill, Nova Scotia, at which point more

messages are sent and received than at any other cable station on the Atlantic coast.

Hazelhill, with its neighboring hamlet of Canso, may be considered the most easterly portion of the American continent which is inhabited by whites, and the community which one finds on finally reaching Hazelhill is quite as enterprising and abreast of the times as many of the more rural places in New England.

Sending Stock Messages to New York from Waterville, Ireland.

It is true that the place has no other claim to distinction than that it is the western terminus of the Commercial Cable Company, otherwise known as the Mackay-Bennett, the eastern end of which is at Waterville, Ireland; but this is quite enough to make it absolutely unique and one of the notable spots in the entire province.

Geographically considered, Hazelhill is quite out of the world. It lies a couple of miles inland from Canso, a once prosperous fishing village. Indeed this little seaport town even now makes a creditable effort during the summer to arouse itself from its state of lethargy, as if to outdo its neighboring settlements, which have all been enjoying the sleep that knows no waking these 15 years past. At least this is the way they impress the traveller. Canso, however, can rightly boast of its location. Situated on elevated ground at the easterly end of the strait which bears its name, it commands an uninterrupted view of as beautiful a sheet of water as can be found in the entire province and which, with the Strait of Northumberland, forms the short waterway for all marine traffic between the Atlantic cities on the south and Newfoundland and the St. Lawrence River on the north. Mulgrave, its nearest railway, is six miles distant and forms the eastern terminus of the Intercolonial Road.

Communication between Mulgrave and Canso is made by stage which runs daily by way of Guysboro, and the place can also be reached by steamer from Halifax, as the City of Ghent makes a landing there twice a week — once on its way from Halifax and again on its return. The Fastnet also makes a couple of stops, but the hour of arrival is usually a matter of vague uncertainty; for which the elements — and they carry carries, although enjoying a government subsidy therefor. It is unfortunate that tourists to that part of the province have so largely to depend on this boat; and as her speed is aggravatingly slow and the accommodations equally as unsatisfactory, no one anticipates with pleasure a second trip. With the ever-increasing number of visitors it is to be hoped that the question of transportation will eventually solve itself;

TRANSMITTING MESSAGES AUTOMATICALLY.

things with a high hand in those parts — are alone responsible. But the most talked-of boat is the Rimouski. She is a much smaller craft than the others; and if the name is attractive, not so the boat, for even for Nova Scotia she is uncommonly poor. The Rimouski is about the size of an ordinary tugboat and is very old, so old, in fact, that for some years she has been intrusted with the care of her Majesty's mails, which as a matter of fact she seldom but at present one's arrival at or departure from Canso is not a matter to be settled on the moment. The same difficulties experienced in getting to Canso will likewise be experienced in reaching Hazelhill, since one is the gateway to the other.

Hazelhill is inherently paradoxical. To all appearances it lives within itself; and though, as already stated, it is, in a way, quite out of the world, it is essentially in touch with the

SETTLEMENT AT HAZELHILL. (Cable-house at the extreme left.)

times and is fully cognizant of many of the affairs of two hemispheres even before New York, Boston, or Chicago. It is the medium for most of the outgoing and incoming news; one moment it is the importer, the next the exporter, and sometimes both at the same time. But while the Commercial Cable Company is the agency for the transmission of intercontinental news, there are others which perform a similar service: the Anglo-American, with its western terminus at Heart's Content, Newfoundland; the French Atlantic at St. Pierre, Miquelon, which territory, by the by, is the only possession on the North American continent now left to France; the Direct United States at Halifax, N. S., and the American (Western Union) at Canso.

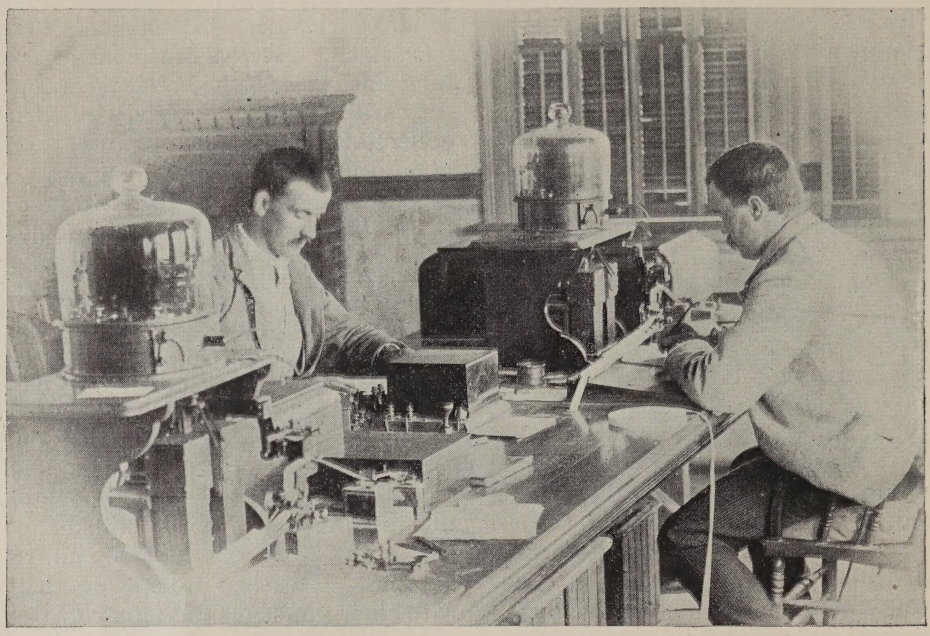
The Commercial Company controls seven distinct cables, five of which strike the coast at Dover Bay, the other two at Fox Bay. It has often been wondered by visitors why the Hazelhill station is situated so far inland rather than on the shore of Dover Bay, of which an uninterrupted view can be had from the front windows of every house in the settlement. A casual inspection of the land farther seaward will readily convince one that it would be next to impossible to utilize it for residential purposes, since it is for the most part rocky and barren. The land could be made profitable in another way, however, as it produces an excellent quality of granite which has been liberally used in the construction of the various buildings at Hazelhill. A chain of picturesque lakes intervenes between the coast and the cable station, which has reduced the difficulties incident to trenching the cable lengths to a minimum. The cable is also made easier of access in case of accident than it would otherwise be. Those entering by way of Fox Bay are not so fortunate, as they are trenched several feet most of the distance.

Approaching Hazelhill from the

highway, one is especially impressed with its well-kept and prosperous appearance, and it is a relief to find some buildings which are not painted white, or to be more specific, whitewashed. All the private dwellings are ranged along in a row facing the east. Standing at one end like a sentinel on guard is a rather pretentious building two stories high. It is the bachelors' dormitory; and as the larger part of the force employed here are single men, it is the abiding-place of a good many jolly, whole-souled fellows. A hallway runs through the centre, and on either side are the bedrooms, furnished neatly and comfortably with an iron bed, bureau, washstand, and several chairs. Each apartment is decorated according to the taste of the occupant. Some have their walls covered with pictures, while others rely on trophies won in various sports, stuffed birds, caught in the adjacent woods, snow-shoes, tennis raquettes, and other articles dear to the heart of a sportsman. Several of the men have long since caught the kodac fever, and they will entertain a visitor with their collections of finished pictures and blue prints, many of which are so quaint and characteristic as to be of more than ordinary interest to anyone from the States.

At the other end of the settlement, and reached by a solidly built plank walk, is the cable station itself, constructed almost entirely of brick, stone, and iron, and firmly anchored to the ground. Here it is that the many miles of cable finally come to an end and where the click, click of the instruments is never stilled day nor night from one year's end to another. Ceaseless toilers are they with their messages of victory or defeat, of joy or sorrow, of gain or loss. Daily does this cable open up to men the chance for a brilliant future,

STAFF OF OPERATORS AT HAZELHILL.



DUPLEX WORKING. SENDING AND RECEIVING ON THE SAME CABLE.

and as often does it send as many more to their doom. Great, indeed, are its influence and its power.

The Mackay-Bennett Cable Company, by which name it was originally known, was first organized in 1884, and on the 24th of December, that same year, the first cable length was ready for business. Hazelhill at that time would have been passed by unnoticed. It was simply a wilderness with few trees and a scrubby growth of low bushes; but before long things took on a different aspect. First came the cable-house, then a couple of dwellings. A few months later the clubhouse was erected, and before the close of 1885 the settlement boasted nine buildings. There are now 18, including a light and power station and a carriage-house.

The station gives employment to about 60 men, two thirds of whom are operators. The rest are electricians, clerks, and attendants. There are also a physician and a policeman, though the latter is only seen in all the glory of his blue uniform with gold buttons during the nocturnal hours.

The operating-room in the cable-house is naturally the principal point of interest to the visitor, who is always made royally welcome by every one connected with the establishment from the superintendent down to the afore-mentioned policeman. The operating-room is divided into two sections, one known in telegraphic parlance as the East side, the other as the West side, the former being utilized for messages sent to and received from Europe, and the latter for messages received from and sent to all parts of this continent. In sending a cablegram from any point in Europe to New York or

Chicago, both sides are used. It is intensely interesting to watch the receipt of messages on paper tape and simultaneously copied on message blanks by the operator. As the slip is slowly drawn across the surface of a disk in front of the operator by the aid of electric motors, and the hair-like glass pen, suspended between the poles of a large upright magnet, moves silently to either side over a ribbon drawn underneath it, one cannot but marvel at the wonders of science in general and of the telegraph in particular. The entire message — an irregular tracing in blue ink — having been finally received, it is pushed along to a clerk who carefully checks it and passes it to the opposite side, from which it is immediately forwarded to its destination. Formerly all the cablegrams intended for any part of the United States were first forwarded by another cable to Rockport, Mass., and from there on by land; but a couple of years ago the Commercial Company completed the laying of its cable into New York City, which greatly facilitates the transmission of messages. In case of any interruption to either of these Western cables, the company keeps in reserve several wires by way of Montreal and St. John, N. B., which can be called into use at a moment's notice. The code used for cable service is not the Morse telegraphic system, as is commonly supposed, but the continental or universal system; and while widely understood and practised by operators on the other side, very few American operators are at all familiar with it, as it differs very materially from the Morse code.

The time occupied in signalling across the 1800 miles of ocean is practically nothing, though to be accurate it is 28-100 of a second according to scientific measurements

General View of the Operating-Room.

taken at the station last summer. Absolute quiet prevails in the operating-room at all times, instead of the loud clatter of brass sounders usually heard in a telegraph office.

An interesting instrument which is frequently brought into use when there is a rush of business is the automatic transmitter, which is a marvel of accuracy and does the work in about half the time. The Commercial was the first company to make use of this machine for cable purposes. That the company transmits a large amount of private messages is evidenced by the fact that about 90 per cent of the business is in cipher. The operators work in relays, each man being on continuous duty eight hours, enough time being allowed between hours for meals.

On the same floor with the operating-room is a workshop where all kinds of electrical devices used about the place can be found whole or in parts; and to those who have a taste for constructing or inventing, ample opportunity is afforded to gratify their inclinations. Another room is used for clerical work, and here the superintendent can always be found when not otherwise engaged. The basement contains three important apartments: the testing-room, the artificial cable-room where thousands of miles of strands are packed securely away in large cabinets, and that wherein the motive power is stored, that is, the batteries. I was surprised to find that while 400 cells are used for the land lines, only half that number are required for the cables, the reason for this being that the cable is not subjected to the outside influences as are the telegraph wires. In fact, it appears that there are any number of things which have to be taken into account in the erection and care of land lines which never enter into the question in laying a cable. In the first place the cable strands are most carefully insulated, and their intricate construction makes them impervious to water. Were this not the case much of the current would be lost through leakage, since water is a good conductor. The component parts of the batteries are also materially different from those used for overland lines.

A word about the composition of a submarine cable may not be out of place. The cable consists first of a core comprising the conductor made of a strand of copper wires, and the insulating covering of gutta percha or India rubber to prevent leakage of the electric current. Outside of this is a layer of tanned jute yarn. This protects the gutta percha or rubber from the sheathing of steel wires which is the next covering, and which varies according to the depth of water in which the cable is to be laid. Outside of this again is a combination of jute yarn and a bituminous mixture. This is applied in a melted condition from a spout as the cable is passed underneath. During the time the cable is being manufactured and laid, electrical tests are continually taken to insure perfection. The finished cable is then kept coiled in large circular iron tanks under water. Similar tanks are in the cable ship, and when at sea the lengths are paid out over a large pulley at the stern. The speed is regulated by several retarding wheels and a brake wheel, over and under which the cable has to pass. The strain to which it is subjected at any given moment is indicated by a dynamometer.

When all the cable has been paid

LANDING A CABLE. (Cable ship in the distance.)

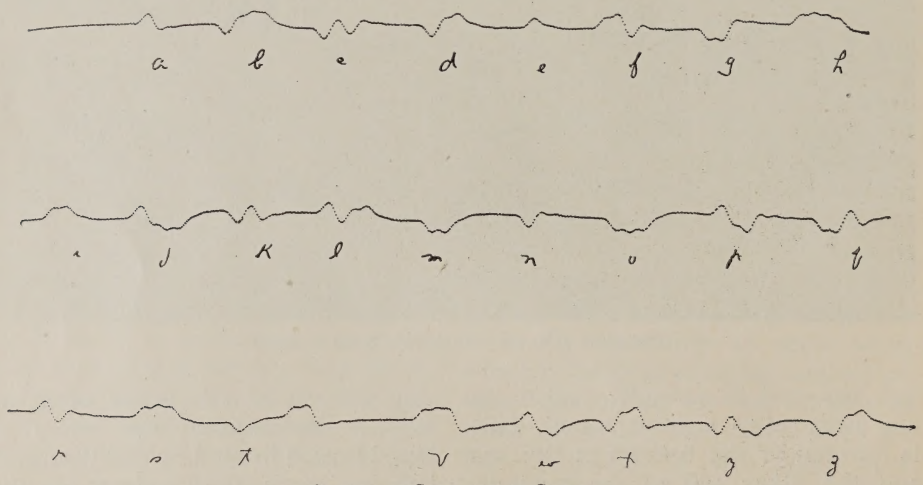
out, the end is carefully sealed up and attached to a stout rope. This is lowered to the bottom of the sea and the other end of the rope attached to a buoy which is to mark the end of the cable, which is usually laid in three sections. The last to be laid, for instance, was started from Waterville and laid out to a given point in deep water. The second section was laid from Canso on the American side, also into deep water, after which the intervening 1500 miles were laid and all three spliced together. Under ordinary conditions about seven nautical miles an hour can be laid.

But the laying of a cable is as nothing to the difficulties experienced in repairing it, especially if the work has to be done during rough weather when the sea runs mountains high, and the gales continually blow the ship away from the scene of operations. Sometimes the cable is found buried in sand several thousand fathoms from the surface of the water. When it is only a flaw and the strands themselves are whole, the task of repairing it is slight; but when the cable has actually parted and both ends have to be found and again spliced together, it is sometimes a work of several months.

Let no one run away with the idea that life at the Hazelhill station is dull and uninteresting, for it is nothing of the sort. The natural advantages of the place for all kinds of outdoor sport are such as to prove a potent attraction for the men, who enter heartily into everything. If they start to build a tennis court there are no drones in the hive, for every man feels that as he will have an equal share in its pleasures he

must take an equal interest in its construction. The present tennis court is a fine one, and on any pleasant day it has many enthusiastic players, some of whom are experts. There are also a number of boats picturesquely moored to a little landing in plain view of the settlement, and for those who enjoy piscatorial pleasures their wish can be gratified on either fresh or salt water.

the entrance. It is comfortably furnished and has a well-stocked library and an upright piano. Back of it is a good-sized hall where impromptu dances are frequently indulged in. Across the hallway is the messroom, as it would be called in military parlance. One long table occupies the centre of the room, and, as at metropolitan restaurants, meals are served at all hours, a necessary



UNIVERSAL CODE USED IN CABLING.

Although the general locality could not be expected to possess any attractions during the winter months, life there has its pleasant side, as the company provides every comfort and convenience for its employees, and the long winter nights are passed every bit as pleasantly and profitably as in many New England towns. The clubhouse is naturally the general rendezvous, and any evening the men can be found there enjoying the various games with which the place is supplied, or perusing the latest American and European newspapers and magazines. The reading-room is pleasantly located on the right of

feature of the establishment, since the operators are going and coming all the time. A quiet, unassuming negro serves in the double capacity of cook and waiter. The food served is of the best, is well cooked, and furnished in abundance.

Back from the settlement on the shore of a lake is the pumping-station, which furnishes an ample supply of water for the place. In the same building is also the dynamo-room, in which is generated the electricity by which the buildings and the one street are lighted. A large shed on the brow of the hill, which harbors the hose wagon, is known as the fire department.

The employees are all allowed one month's vacation each year, but many of them prefer to wait until three years have elapsed and use their accumulated vacation in a trip to Europe or through the States.

Mr. S. S. Dickenson, the present superintendent, has seen 27 years of telegraph and cable service. He was first in the employ of the Electric and International Telegraph Company of Great Britain; then in the service of the British government. In 1874 he went with the Direct United States Cable Company, and 10 years later transferred himself to the Commercial, where he has been ever since. He is a man of commanding presence, affable and entertaining, and is deservedly popular with the officials of the company and those over whom he has jurisdiction at the station.

In the matter of conducting experiments of a scientific nature, the Commercial Cable Company has always maintained a liberal policy and is ready at any time to further such researches or investigations as will benefit the cause of science. Only a few years ago its cables were placed at the disposal of certain well-known scientists for the purpose of ascertaining the difference of time between points on both hemispheres, with highly gratifying results.

The Mackay-Bennett is the vessel which looks after the sub-marine work on this side of the Atlantic. She is but a trifle smaller than an ordinary man-of-war, is well officered, and carries all the necessary appliances for making repairs at short notice. When not engaged in active duty she may usually be found in the harbor off Halifax.

A Leisure Hour.

A New Year's Canticle.

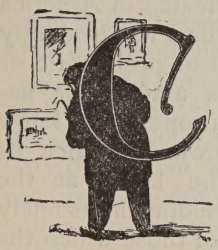
THE MOUND BUILDERS OF AMERICA.

POTTERY, ARMS, AND ORNAMENTS.

THE MARQUIS DE NADAILLAC.

(Begun in November number.)

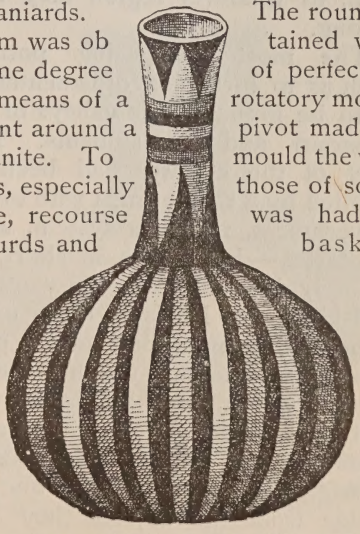
CERAMIC.



CERAMIC is certainly one of the most ancient of human inventions. Many races, it is true, even at a period closely bordering on our own, had not reached the knowledge of the manufacture of pottery. But these were exceptional, and archæological research as well as historical narrative show us even the backward peoples making vessels for their daily needs or in honor of their dead. A potters' college was founded at Rome by Numa; mention is made in the genealogy of the tribe of Juda of a family devoted to the art, and Ecclesiastes gives us a picture of the potters seated at the wheel, which they turned with their feet. King Agathocles of Sicily, presenting his friends with some precious vases, added that they had been modelled on earthen vases which he himself had fashioned while he was yet working at the trade.

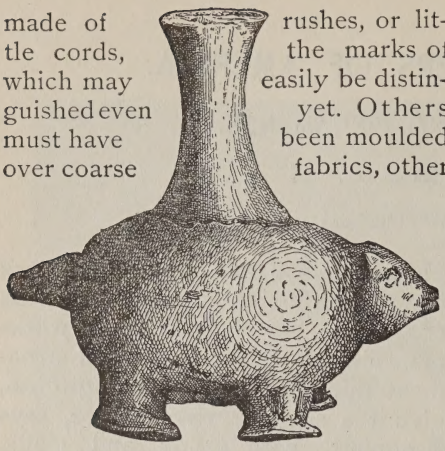
American pottery is not less ancient. Remains of it are found in caves and in Kjökkenmöddings, where they attest the long residence of man; and they are found especially in the mounds devoted to burial purposes. The pottery discovered in the United States is as a rule less curious in form than that found in Mexico, Brazil, and Peru. The dark or grayish color of the paste, its coarseness, heterogeneousness, workmanship, its linear or dotted ornamentation in chevron or dog-tooth, give it a singular resemblance, says Brogniart, with Celtic and Gallic pottery.

The vessels we are about to describe were probably made out of rolls kneaded with the hand and laid on in layers. This is the method still employed in preparing the crucibles in our glass works. The vessel was then smoothed and shaped into the desired form without the aid either of lathe or wheel, both of which were unknown in America before the arrival of the Spaniards. The rounded form was obtained with some degree of perfection by means of a rotatory movement around a pivot made of granite. To mould the vessels, especially those of some size, recourse was had to gourds and baskets



BOTTLE BAKED IN FIRE. (Found in a Missouri Mound.)

made of rushes, or little cords, the marks of which may easily be distinguished even yet. Others must have been moulded over coarse fabrics, other



PAINTED VASE.
(Found in a Sepulchral Mound in Tennessee.)

objects, and even over human skulls.

Evidence of the same processes is found in Florida and Ohio, under the Cliff-houses of New Mexico and among the Kjökkenmöddings of Cape Cod.

We have here another proof, if one were necessary, of the universality of the same conceptions among men, to whatever region they may belong.

The most interesting pottery, both as to form and ornamentation, is to be found in the valleys of the Missouri and its affluents. That part of the country had been inhabited by a race of men with towns, government, religious system, artistic tastes — by a race, in short, absolutely different from the wretched redskins. St. Louis is often called Mound City on account of the great number of mounds which surround it, and which for a long time were not even noticed by the rough colonists who first settled in the country. These mounds, as far as one can judge from the objects they have been found to contain, are less ancient than those in Wisconsin or Ohio. They have given a great quantity of pieces of pottery — more than 1000 having been obtained from the excavation of a single one of them, with almost as many from the Sandy Wood sepulchres. The numerous masses of débris found in certain parts of Michigan have made some believe in the existence of actual manufactories.

The ceramic fabricated in America by the Mound Builders was evidently far superior to that of prehistoric or protohistoric times among the nations of western Europe. We know of no figures representing men or animals among the latter at the same period of development as finely executed as some of those which the mounds have given. It is only rarely that this pottery is found associated with metal objects, and the only weapons and implements used by the Mound Builders were made from the stone of the country; in form and workmanship they have a striking resemblance with those of Europe.

This pottery was made of clay, in color a rather dark gray, often with a shade of blue in it. To give it greater consistency the potter mixed the paste, in Mississippi with sand and ground shells, in Vermont with grains of quartz, mica and feldspar and with small nodules of carbonate of lime or gypsum, which give some very light shades. The vessel was then dried in the sun, and in some parts in a quick fire which made the baking very imperfect. Squier and Davies say that there were actual ovens intended for the baking of pottery, other explorers announce the discovery of these very ovens near Cedar City, and Bancroft adds "Pottery kilns were found in the South, but," he very justly proceeds

to say, "that they were the works of the Mound Builders has not been satisfactorily proven."

The divers forms of the pottery we are studying curiously resembles our own prehistoric and even modern pottery. Everywhere and always, as I cannot help repeating time and again in all my works, we find the same dominant idea of the same wants begetting the same efforts of human intelligence, the same creations of human industry. Some of the pottery is painted, the colors usually employed being black or a very dark gray, the other vessels in red, yellow, white or brown. These colors, frequently applied after the baking, have but little consistency, and in spite of precaution soon scale off and fade. The ornamental parts are often distinguished by different colors from the body of the vessel, and the shading of tones is always tastefully done. One vase about nine inches high is decorated with black and red lines on the neck, and with black, red and white lines on the body, another has six concentric circles of alternate red and white with a white St. Andrew's cross in the centre of the vase; there is a bottle marked with equal lines of brown, white and bright red. A vase from Ohio shows a somewhat complicated ornamentation, supposed to represent a bird, and some alcarazas found in Arkansas had clever imitations of human bones.

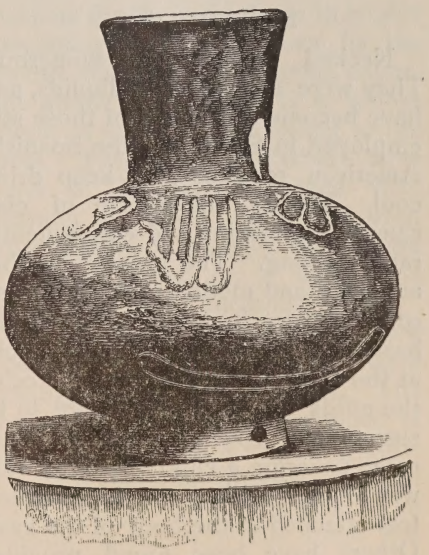
The style of decoration of some of the pottery discovered at St. Louis resembles, we are told, that of Egyptian or Etruscan art. The similarity, if it really does exist, is entirely due to chance.

The coloring matter used in the decoration of the pottery is unknown. Red ochre has been found and may have served the purpose.

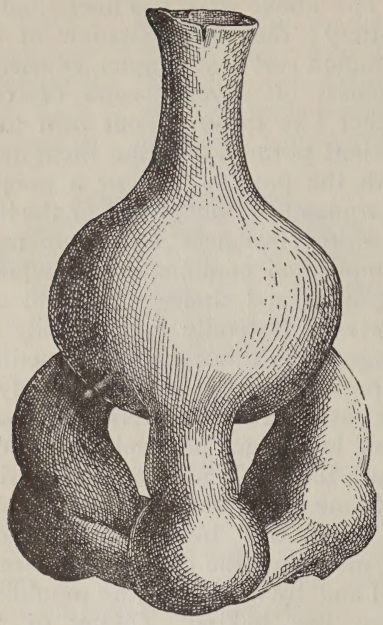
The above were the finer kind of pottery; the ornamentation of the common sort was simpler, consisting oftenest of several rows of dots rather like those on our own most ancient pottery, and like them made with the potter's nail or a pointed instrument of bone, wood or the like. In other instances there are more complicated combinations, intersecting lines and circles, dog-tooth and chevrons tastefully and happily arranged. A thin cord was sometimes impressed on the neck and body of the vase — a style of decoration common in Maine, Massachusetts, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee and Florida.

Some of the vases are ornamented in relief, this being effected both by moulding the clay of the vase itself and by attaching the mouldings after the baking. Many of the pieces had handles, which are often shaped to represent birds and mammals (very fantastically at times) and even human forms.

We shall confine ourselves to a



VASE.
Decorated with Representations of bones of the Dead.
(From the tumuli of Arkansas.)



VASE. (Found in a Child's tomb, Tennessee.)

description of the principal pieces obtained from the mounds, classifying them according to their original purpose.

NECKED VASES.

Necked vases were numerous. They were used to hold liquids, and have become the model of those still employed in Spain and the Spanish-American republics, to keep drink cool. The porous nature of clay causes evaporation and consequently rapid cooling. The greater number are black and modelled carefully, and some of them have a swelling at the base; others are ovoid with knobs at the sides pierced so as to receive the cords by which they were to be suspended. Under a mound in Tennessee covering a child's body, a vase was found standing on three hollow feet attached to the body of the vase. Others have been found provided with a stopper, also of earthenware.

COOKING VESSELS.

Although differing but little in form from the other earthenware, the vessels which were made for cooking purposes are distinguished from them by the coarseness of their make. They have a wide opening and are sometimes provided with a cover. Nearly all have handles, to permit of their being more easily lifted, and some have long handles which may best be compared with those of our saucepans; in others the rim is made thin and turned outwards to form a mouth. Many of them bear witness to long use and show the marks of fire.

Vases with elliptical bodies are often found, generally of black pottery and of careful workmanship, with a handle on one side representing a bird or mammal, and on the other a brim or knob; some are closed with only a more or less wide orifice; others contain little balls of clay, the use of which is hard to guess. These vases are believed to be lamps, and they have been compared with those of the Etruscans or Romans, but none of them have any traces of oil or any other substance which might have given light. We are therefore in the domain of hypothesis, and at present there is no way out of it.

TUREENS.

Tureens, or basins generally, are rather rare, and of all the pottery in the St. Louis Museum are the most coarsely made. They are said, but without much foundation, to be of very great antiquity. In form they are square or round, and seldom show any attempts at ornamentation.

CUPS.

The cups, which were doubtless used as drinking vessels, are small,

round or oval in shape, and always provided with a handle, representing human and animal heads and all kinds of objects.

FUNERARY VASES.

We have already remarked on the great numbers of funerary vases. As many as 800 or 1,000 of these vases have been taken from some of the sepulchral mounds in Missouri. It is easy to see that we have here a rite consecrated by custom or by superstition. Thus the form of the vases varies according as they are placed at the head, feet, or side of the body. In Tennessee the vases were placed invariably at the head; in Mississippi many of them contained food prepared for the dead. The same thing is to be seen in other places where the *food vessels* (the characteristic name given to these vases) are found to have been filled with mollusca, chiefly mussels or fruit — provisions destined doubtless for the inevitable journey. Wherever cremation was one of the rites held in honor, urns to hold the ashes of the deceased are found in all the graves.

ANIMALS.

The mounds have given numerous representations of men, animals and plants. Among the animals, that are recognized, or rather that are supposed to be recognized, we may mention the bear, llama, serpent, several kinds of fish, frogs, tortoises, and many birds, such as the owl, the screech-owl, and the duck. Ducks especially were the subject of a curious amount of study, and we can even recognize the different kinds. Art could never have attained this level until after a long course of time and successive generations.

DRINKING VESSEL 4.7 inches high and 9 inches in diameter.

HUMAN REPRESENTATIONS.

Nor are images of man lacking. There are some executed with a certain amount of talent which are actual portraits, each of them representing quite a distinct individuality. The St. Louis Museum possesses a bottle which has four medallions incrusted in the paste before baking, and representing the human figure. One vase from New Madrid deserves mention; the figures, it is true, are inartistically drawn, but they are precious for the indications they give concerning the dress worn by the Mound Builders. The most important article of clothing is a blouse caught at the waist and falling to the knees. Fragments of pottery were found in Missouri, adorned with portraits of heads, busts, and even entire figures of women. These are all representative of a high type approaching the Caucasian.

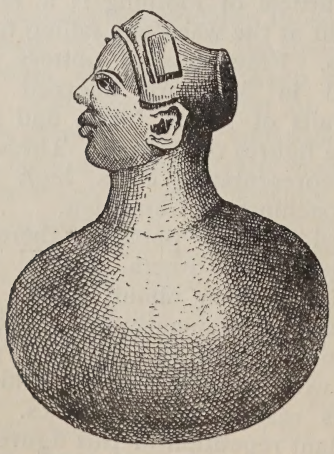
Besides these potteries there are hundreds of others which have nothing human about them. The figure most frequently reproduced is that of a woman in a squatting position with hanging breasts, and the hands resting on the knees. The constant repetition of this figure has given rise to the hypothesis that it

was an idol — one of those malevolent goddesses whose anger had to be appeased; but the conclusion seems unfounded, as these vases have frequently an opening in the back of the head, showing clearly that they served as bottles. We may remark that so far very few of those lascivious figures have been discovered, which are so numerous among the ancient peoples of the old world.

PIPES.

Everyone knows that tobacco is of American origin, and that the practice of smoking comes from America. The number of pipes found in the mounds show to what an extent the passion had developed among their builders. The largest of them resemble those in use to-day; the bowl is often an imitation of an animal or human head; others are covered, like the pottery, with ornamentation engraved or sculptured on the stone or on the paste before being baked. Forms and types vary according to the different regions.

Stone pipes are as numerous as those made of clay. They are carved out of slate, steatite, Potomac marble,



WATER VESSEL 8½ inches high.
(Found in a Mound near Belmont, Missouri.

and of a very hard kind of porphyry of a red or brown color. Others are made of catlinite, a somewhat rare stone found in the mountains separating the Minnesota basin from that of the Missouri.

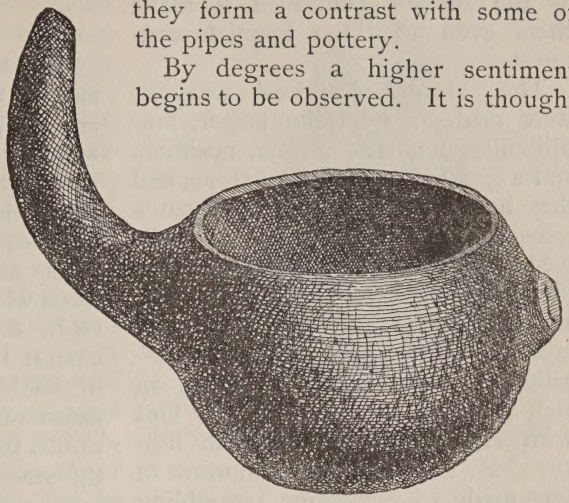
More than 200 pipes were found in a tumulus near Mound City, and the Peabody Museum is in possession of a most remarkable collection. The bowls of some are as plain and primitive as possible; others, as I have said, represent animals, such as the beaver, otter, stag, bear, wolf, jaguar, raccoon, opossum, squirrel, frog, toad. Birds are perhaps even more numerous. We may mention among them the heron, falcon, parrot, grouse, bittern; on a steatite pipe from Kentucky, what is supposed to be an armadillo has been observed; quite recently a pipe of soft granite was found in Iowa with a representation of an elephant, and the Rev. S. D. Peet announces the discovery of another pipe with a figure of the same proboscidian. The trunk is straight and a hole skilfully bored in it gives a passage to the smoke.

All these carvings reproduce the animal in its most familiar attitude, the heron has a fish in its beak and the otter also has a fish; the falcon is tearing a small bird with its claws. Seven walrus heads have been taken from mounds in Ohio. The short head, the projecting and wrinkled upper-lip, the very peculiar conformation of the feet or flippers enable us, we are told by many archæologists, to recognize the animal at once.

The talent with which these pipes were often carved is perhaps still more strikingly shown in the many human figures which the excavations have disclosed. Barber mentions a woman's head with pearls in the hair. In the Madisonville cemetery

large stone pipes carved to represent the human figure were found lying beside the skeletons. At Mound City four pipes were discovered with human profiles of a singularly characteristic type. One of them carved on a black stone, very hard and compact, presents a strange coiffure, probably the product of the artist's imagination, as we know of nothing similar among any people, ancient or modern. The hair is plaited and 15 pearls, burnt by the fire, are yet to be seen around the forehead, and the face is actually covered with tattooing. The mouth is compressed and the ears are pierced. Another pipe representing a woman will stand comparison with the Mexican sculptures. A pipe from Virginia is reminiscent of the ancient Egyptians and one from Missouri of the Assyrian figures in the British Museum.

We have dilated at some length on the pipes; the variety of the human types they give us is one of the most interesting points in this study.



ROUGH BLACK VASE. (Found in a Missouri Mound.)

IDOLS.

We know but few facts concerning the religious sentiments of the Mound Builders. In the mounds and in their immediate neighborhood a good many statuettes representing the human form have been found, and it has been supposed that these were the images of the gods whom the people adored. In Tennessee these idols made of stone, steatite, and granite are met with in thousands. The type represented is pretty much alike in all; the workmanship is rude, and in this respect they form a contrast with some of the pipes and pottery.

By degrees a higher sentiment begins to be observed. It is thought that the rings in the ground, which are so common in the regions once occupied by the Mound Builders, were consecrated to the sun, and that to the sun the people addressed their prayers and vows. Brinton (and his name carries weight) says that long before the arrival of the conquistadores the Aztecs adored an only God, the Creator of the universe.

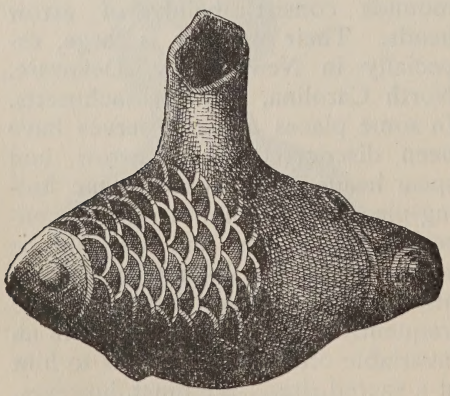
WEAPONS AND IMPLEMENTS.

The weapons discovered in the mounds consist mainly of arrow heads. Their number is large, especially in New Jersey, Delaware, North Carolina, and Massachusetts. In some places actual reserves have been discovered where arrow and spear heads were stored. One hiding-place at Portsmouth (Ohio) concealed 115 knives, and it would be easy to cite other examples. These products of human industry have frequently been found arranged in an invariable order, which seems to hint at a sacred rite. We must, however, speak of them with a certain reserve,

as the Indians continued to make them even after the Spanish conquest.

The Mound Builders' weapons were made of quartzite, jasper, amphibolite, nephrite, granite, obsidian, and a great many kinds of stone, and they had a means of giving them a remarkable polish. Some of their pieces will stand comparison with the most admired Danish weapons. Mention is made of a poignard found in a stone grave in Tennessee, measuring 22 inches long and nearly an inch in width; another of gray flint from Alabama, with a handle hollowed for the hand, and a number of axes made of serpentine resembling our own neolithic axes. The similarity is so striking, says Squier, that we are at first disposed to regard them as the work of men of the same race.

Flint was the most abundant material — the beds being as numerous as in Europe. Two in Ohio are well known and have been quarried from the most remote periods. At Flint Ridge, not far from Newark, these beds are found at a depth varying between five and 15 feet, and thousands of cubic yards of earth have been removed to lay them bare.



BAKED VASE OF CLEAR YELLOW. (From Missouri.)

ORNAMENTS.

The taste for ornaments is found among all peoples of all times, and at least quite as much among men as among women. Excavations have given all sorts of Mound Builders' ornaments — their offerings to the gods or to the dead. These ornaments are curiously alike in all districts where the artificial hillocks are to be found — those of New Jersey cannot be distinguished from those of Michigan, nor those of Ohio from those of Florida. They are pearls, shells, balls taken from the sides of the sea-cow, perforated teeth of the bear, wild-cat, wolf, and shark, the bones of small birds, wild beasts' claws, rings and earrings of copper, sometimes covered with a film of silver. In a mound near the river St. Clair (Michigan) lay a necklace made of walrus teeth alternating with copper balls and birds' bones painted green.

Some of them wore necklaces of beads and shells, and over the face of one was a broad plate of mica with holes corresponding to the eyes, and a relief in the place of the nose. May we not see in this the origin of the obsidian mask which the Mexicans put over the faces of their dead?

Mica, which, as we have seen, played such an important part in the religious rites, was also used for more common purposes, sometimes in large plates, which are supposed to have been mirrors, and sometimes cut into spiral or oval forms, which were worn as ornaments. More than 100 plaques of mica were taken from Grave Creek (Virginia). The chiefs used to wear at the neck or on the breast plaques of this kind, or shell ornaments, which at their death were

piously laid with them in their graves. The St. Louis Museum, which is very rich in objects taken from the mounds, possesses several remarkable plaques; one represents an immense spider, others human figures, and even complete scenes — a combat, for instance, in which the victor, poignard in hand, has his foot on the breast of his fallen adversary.

In a prehistoric grave on Mackinac Island, Mr. Robertson came upon two ear pendants made of a shell crust found in the Gulf of Mexico. The Manitoba mounds, and one near Toolesboro (Iowa), have given shells which are known only in Southern waters, and it would follow that an extensive commerce must have existed throughout Central America from the Gulf to the Great Lakes.

VASE.

A second face is attached to the first, and the opening is on the side. (Found in Missouri.)

MINES.

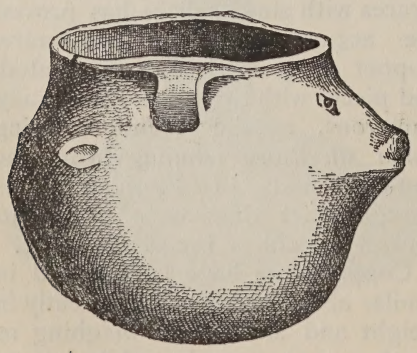
Copper was the only metal in common use among the Mound Builders. Celts, scrapers, knives, arrow and spearheads, made of copper beaten while cold, are found everywhere. Up to the present there have been no good proofs that casting had been practised. Putnam, if I am not mistaken, holds this view. In addition to hammering, he says, these people made use of another process not less primitive. The metal in a state of fusion was rolled between two stones, and in that way brought to the desired shape and size. But, notwithstanding the great authority of the savant and the discovery in Sonora of an ancient kiln for the foundering of metals similar to those in use among the Indians at the present day, the proofs are not yet strong enough to enable us to affirm that methods of fusion were known among the Mound Builders. But whatever may have been the methods of fabrication, objects made of copper were numerous. At Connett's Mound over 500 beads belonging to necklaces or bracelets were discovered; at Circular Mound similar beads were found strung on a string made of bark; they were taken from a thin copper leaf, cut and rolled without the use of soldering of any kind. In other places the beads were oval in shape, and their manufacture must have presented serious difficulties. We cannot omit the double disks of copper joined by a cylinder of the same metal. After the discovery of a number of these ornaments in Ohio, Putnam regarded them as earrings, and the later discoveries of several figures with similar disks has proved the accuracy of the conjecture. Copper plaques, richly ornamented, and pieces with two holes are equally numerous, special mention being made of those coming from the Sand Mounds of Florida. It is thought that they were meant to protect the chiefs' breasts in battle.

Copper axes have been found in similar abundance, varying greatly in weight and size, some weighing as much as 12 pounds, while others

are under two ounces. They were greatly prized by the men, as they had been wrapped in cloths the débris of which it is still possible to recognize. The axes which have been found deposited in the burying-places had in some instances never been in use, and we have in this a well-characterized funerary rite.

Among the ornamental motives the cross is frequently met with. Dr. Jones had observed it on shells and copper objects from Tennessee. A skeleton found at Madisonville had a cross-shaped copper ornament around the neck. Another, taken from a mound near Chillicothe, wore a cross on the breast, and an idol with a cross engraved on one of the shoulders has been discovered in a mound in Cumberland Valley. We must not attach more importance to these facts than to the crosses engraved on the monuments of Mexico, where it was the emblem of Tlaloc, the god of rain, or to those which may be seen at Palenque or Cuzco.

The copper used by the Mound Builders probably came from the Lake Superior mines. The workings of the ancient miners are scattered over a region now known as the Trap region, for a length of about 150, and a breadth varying from four to seven miles. Keweenaw Point forms a spur jutting 70 miles into the lake; minerals abound in it and mines have been worked there from the remotest periods. But every vestige had been effaced, even memory of the old miners lost, when the works of a mining company revealed them again in 1848. The pits from which metal was extracted in the northerly part of Wisconsin, Canada, and Minnesota varied in depth between 20 and 30 feet — the extreme limit which those inexperienced workers dared to risk. Copper was found in quantities varying from some grammes to thousands of kilogrammes. In one excavation a block of metal was found about 18 feet below the surface, measuring 2x3x2 feet; it was laid on wooden rollers, and the miners after moving it a few feet had given up their task, finding it above their strength and the mechanical means at their disposal.



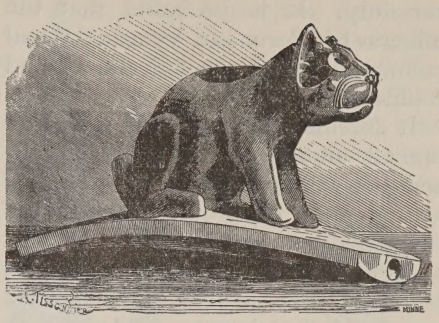
Handled Vase in the Shape of a Pig's Head.

The methods of working the mines were very simple; the miners kindled large fires under the rock until it became brittle and then broke it with mallet blows. A number of these mallets have been picked up near the hardest rocks, the heaviest of them weighing as much as 36 pounds. Small mallets of serpentine and porphyry have also been found. In one excavation deeper than the rest, an exceedingly primitive ladder was found consisting of a sapling, the lopped branches of which served as steps. In other places lay shovels, levers and tests made of cedarwood, preserved from decay by the water. Different analyses of the Lake Superior copper have shown its complete identity with that used by the Mound Builders. Both contain the same proportion of silver, and it is known that

this varies in the different copper mines.

The deposits in Isle Royal were perhaps even richer than those we have just spoken of. They extend over a length of 40 miles and the ground is covered with former excavations. The mica mines of North Carolina, the novaculite mines in Arkansas, the lead mines in Kentucky, and the serpentine quarries of the Alleghanies show signs of an antiquity equal to that of the Lake Superior mines. Even the immense petroleum deposits which have been restored to their prominence in our own days were worked probably about the same time. Old wells are known at Oil Creek, near Titusville (Pennsylvania), and at Enniskillen (Canada). In this latter were found some horn picks which had doubtless been used in digging it, and which are precisely similar to those employed for the same purpose by prehistoric miners in Europe. In another well a wooden ladder resembling the one found in the copper mine has been brought to light.

A new school would date the working of these mines from a comparatively recent epoch. Neither the age of the great trees nor of their predecessors, calculated from the number of concentric rings in the trunks, nor the accumulation of the débris about the parts excavated, seem to them sufficient proof of their antiquity. Whittlesey is of opinion that the wooden shovels found in the old wells could only have been made with steel or iron tools. But even admitting that these mines may have been worked in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, who can say how far back we have to go for the most ancient workings — those which gave the Mound Builders the copper they made use of? The Algonquins and the Iroquois certainly did not dig the pits we see, and they are to be regarded as barbarians who have destroyed a far higher civilization than their own.



Pipe Representing a Wild-Cat.

But if copper was the only metal in common use among the Mound Builders, they appear to have known gold, silver, and even iron. These metals were, however, rare among them. I have already spoken of objects covered with a thin coating of silver, with so much art that it is often impossible to recognize the smithwork. A vase holding about three quarts was taken from a cist near Warrensburg (Missouri), with a copper ring around the neck, and about the body a very thin band of silver some two inches wide. In a mound near the Grand Rapids lay some ornaments of silver obtained by hammering, and two fairly heavy ingots which had doubtless been about to be used. Rau mentions a small gold figure, probably of a woodpicker, and doubtless of foreign origin. We have long known of the gold mines of Peru, and Dr. Marcario announces the existence of one near San Juan de los Movios (Venezuela), which had been worked by the Precolumbians, but at what date we are unable to say with any

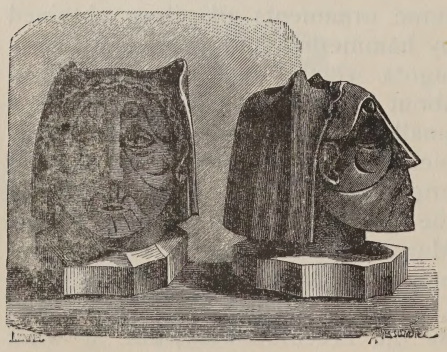
certainty. It is probable that the miners of Peru and Venezuela had commercial relations with the Mound Builders.

It seems strange to see iron ranked among the precious metals, and yet when we find a wooden disk with a plate of iron as thin as the silver platings, and like them worked by cold beating, we cannot doubt its scarcity. For a long time it was even held that iron was unknown to the Mound Builders; it has since been recognized that this affirmation was too sweeping. Cyrus Thomas has given an account of his numerous explorations under the auspices of the Washington Bureau of Ethnography. They resulted, he says, in the finding of 410 objects, among them being several iron implements which belonged neither to secondary excavations nor secondary interments. Under a large mound at Circleville, several skeletons were found lying, and with them numerous instruments made of stone, bone, and a silver-mounted handle of elk-horn; the blade of the instrument had disappeared, but a heap of brown dust indicated its form, and the metal it had been made of.

AGRICULTURE.

Traces of formerly tilled lands attributed to the Mound Builders are numerous in the Western States, especially in Michigan and Indiana. These are parallel terraces, often covering hundreds of acres, which the Americans have called by the expressive name *Garden Beds*. They are to be met with in Missouri and generally throughout the country west of the Mississippi, stretching along the valleys under the Ozark mountains from Pulaski County to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, on the west to the banks of the Colorado, and on the north to the territories which now form the State of Iowa. Their diameter varies from 10 to 60 feet, their elevation from two to 30 feet. Excavations have given no relics of bones or broken pottery, no heaps of ashes or charcoal to attest the dwelling or burial-place of man, and we are therefore forced to the conclusion that they are neither fortifications, sepulchral mounds, nor kjökkenmöddings. It is equally clear that we cannot imagine a population numerous and dense enough to raise the mounds, existing for centuries without asking the soil for the food which the soil alone could give it.

If we are to believe some of the archæologists, the Mound Builders cultivated maize, tobacco, beans, and perhaps even the vine.



PIPES. (Found at Mound City.)

BONES.

Until these latter years only a few isolated bones were known which could with certainty be connected with the Mound Builders. The greater number of the skulls were found to have a low forehead and projecting eyebrows, characteristics which we may easily regard as signs of inferiority. Those from Dubuque, from Dunleith Mound (Illinois), and

the numerous fragments found at Merom, may be compared with the celebrated Neanderthal skull which has been the subject of such keen controversy in Europe. The same characteristics in a minor degree are to be seen in some of the skulls of Missouri, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Dakota, but they are only isolated cases and do not permit of a general conclusion. Putnam's discoveries have happily filled up the gap, and to-day we are in possession of some positive data. The ossarium brought to light in the Little Miami Valley, at Madisonville, contained over 1,200 skeletons, the greater number in a good state of preservation. Since then some have thought that there were two different races in Ohio, one brachycephalic, the other dolichocephalic.

The brachycephalic people, to whom doubtless the fortifications found in the districts are due, formed the conquering race. The skulls are heavy, the forehead retreating, the visage short, the eyebrows and cheekbones prominent, the orbits square, and prognathism rather common. Their constitution was remarkably vigorous, but the stature was small — calculating from the length of the femur it varied from five feet four inches to five feet six inches. Nearly one-half the arms show the oleocranal perforation, and this is one of the largest proportions I know of. Columnar femurs and platiscnemic tibias are hardly less numerous. Since the observations of Dr. Manouvrier, however, this last peculiarity is shown not to have so much importance.

The dolichocephalic skulls — those of East Fork, for example — are lighter, the forehead narrow, the superciliary arches even more prominent than those of the former class, the teeth broader, the wormian bones less numerous, and the prognathism very marked; they were also shorter, their height rarely exceeding five feet two inches. No weapons or ornaments have been found beside these skeletons — everything tends to show that they were conquered prisoners to whom no funerary honors had been due.

COPPER WEAPONS.
(From Wisconsin.)

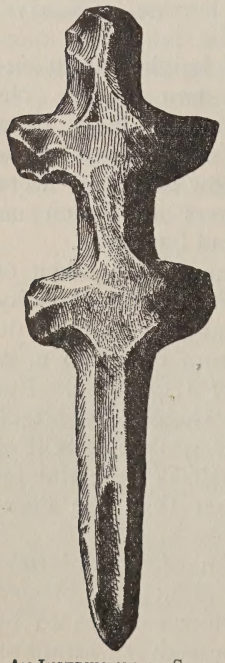
COPPER ORNAMENT.
(From Tennessee.)

Measurements have been taken of 25 crania. The variations in capacity are remarkable, ranging as they do between a maximum of 1,600 c. c. and a minimum of 1,118 c. c. For the advantage of those who attach importance to averages we state it as 1,341, lower than that of the Indians (1,376), and higher than the Peruvians (1,250).

Such is the sum of the information we possess about the Mound Builders, and it now remains to be seen what conclusions they warrant on the origin and migrations of the people.

ORIGIN OF THE MOUND BUILDERS.

If we sum up the preceding pages we find that during centuries, the duration of which may be measured by no known chronometer, the same race covered the vast region comprised between the Mississippi and the Alleghanies, between Ohio on the North and the Gulf of Mexico on the South. The populations were numerous, to judge from the constructions which have survived them; homogeneous, for everywhere we see the same funerary rites, the same arts, the same industry; sedentary — nomads could never have raised such mounds and entrenchments; agricultural — hunting or fishing could never have sufficed for their wants; under the rule of chiefs — a despotic authority was indispensable for the execution of the works which tell us about them; and finally commercial, for under the same mound we find the most diverse products, copper from Lake Superior, mica from the Alleghanies, obsidian from Mexico, pearls and shells from the Gulf. Everything testifies that this people had long been raised above the barbarism of primitive times, and had reached a state of comparative civilization. It is certain, too, that as in the case of all races whose evolution history has permitted us to follow, this civilization could only have been formed slowly and gradually.



An Instrument of Silex. (From New Jersey.)

Then the progress stood still, and the civilization became in a manner crystallized. The causes of this are easy to grasp; the Mound Builders had no domestic animals, copper was their only metal, they had no writing, and they therefore lacked the principal elements which might have allowed of their elevation. The cold imposed on them the necessity of wearing clothes, and so perhaps they had learnt the art of weaving the hair of the wild beasts that lived around them, or the textile plants which grew abundantly in their countries. The débris of cloth found now and then in the mounds fosters the idea. They made long and perilous journeys to get copper, but they knew neither how to melt or mould it; they believed in a future life — the objects deposited beside their bodies leave no room for doubt in this respect. From every point of view the study of the Mound Builders is of great interest, were it only because of the contrast they afford with the primitive peoples of Asia and Africa — those great initiators of humanity.

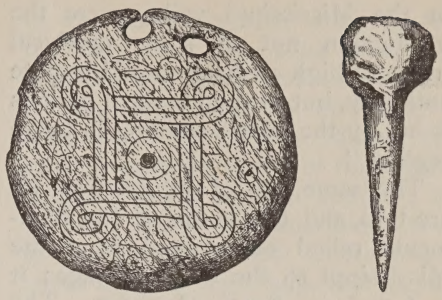
What were those people whose works justly excite our wonder to-day? How did these builders disappear? If they were autochthonous, whence did they derive their knowledge of architecture, the useful arts, and agriculture? If they immigrated thither from neighboring regions or from distant continents, what were these continents and these regions? To none of these questions have we an answer; science in its present state is powerless to solve these problems. All we can do is to put the state of the case and give an account of the

opinions which have been successively expressed.

Those who have devoted a special study to the old past of America are divided into two currents of opinion. For some the present-day Indians are the representatives of the Mound Builders, others hold that the race which raised the great mounds has disappeared and refuse to recognize the barbarian and nomadic redskins as its descendants. We shall briefly give the arguments in favor of each of these hypotheses and the objections which can be urged against them.

One observation must be made at the outset — we must recognize the immense gap which exists between this people, whatever be its origin or its term, and the contemporaries of the great pachydermata and edenta, the men whose traces we find at Trenton, for example, and many other places. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, to justify our connecting the Mound Builders with them. This is a point which as far as I know has never been discussed, and no discovery has been made which affords a basis for its discussion. We must therefore content ourselves with speaking of the after history of the Mound Builders, about which we have some data.

The new school, with such scholars at its head as Brinton, Cyrus Thomas, Powell, and Carr, hold that the present Indians are the descendants of the Mound Builders. When de Soto, they say, penetrated among the Apalachees who occupied a part of Florida, he saw cultivated fields, cereals, cucumbers, fruit trees (several kinds of plum trees for example). He also found villages protected by embankments. Prof. Cyrus Thomas has relied on this fact and



Shell Ornament and Pin.
(From Tennessee and Virginia.)

still further extended it by the results of a campaign of excavation conducted under the auspices of the Washington Bureau of Ethnology. The stone cists found in Tennessee and on the banks of the Delaware are, in his view, to be attributed to the Shawnees. These cists are met with often enough under earth hills which cannot be dated from later interments (*intrusive burials*). It must therefore be concluded that the people whose bones lie in the cists belonged to the race which raised the mounds. The Cherokees also erected them — those raised in some parts of North Carolina and in East Tennessee are due to them. The mounds which have been excavated in the Kanawa valley near Charleston contained, like those in Ohio, altars of baked earth, stone pipes, and curious hive-like vaults. All this was the work of the Indians, but of Indians belonging to different tribes and even different races. We shall not attempt to explain how the learned professor can reconcile this last assertion with the identity of construction and the identity of objects which the excavations show. Dr. Brinton is still more explicit: "I am inclined to assert," he says, "that the whole of the mounds in the Atlantic States and the majority

in the Mississippi valley were the production not of some mythical tribes of high civilization and remote antiquity, but of the identical nations found by the whites residing in those regions."

The same rite of inhumation we are told, and this is one of the arguments relied on, existed from the Mississippi to the St. Lawrence; it is found in South America. The bodies were interred, and when decomposition was complete the bones were taken out carefully, cleaned, and laid in places set apart for the purpose. Even to-day the *osarios* of the Cherokees harmonize with the same rite — a rite essentially Indian, and nothing of what we know of the Mound Builders can be connected with it. The argument thus recoils on those who bring it forward.

A host of other objections present themselves. How can it be that a people with fixed dwellings, household gods, burial-places where the bones of their forefathers lay, cultivated lands, and commerce, should have turned their backs forever on this life of comparative civilization. When conquered (if we suppose that such was the case of the Mound Builders), they might have been constrained to quit their hearths and carry their penates into other regions,— history at every page furnishes examples of this, but never of a sedentary population becoming nomadic.

Champlain, the Dutch historian Wassenaer, Cartier, Cadillac, and others besides, unite in describing the redskins as plunged in the completest barbarism. Where could such a people have found the resources necessary to raise mounds and entrenchments? How could they have planned them with mathematical accuracy? How could they have dug canals, worked mines, and mastered the difficulties of construction of the Chambered Mounds? The Mound Builders obtained silver and even iron films of extreme thinness by hammering. They made stone weapons comparable with the finest Danish weapons, a pottery often of remarkable workmanship. We see nothing similar among those who are maintained to be their descendants. The little we know of the costume of the Mound Builders shows no similarity with that of the redskins, and the same differences are evident in the bones of the two races. We cannot, therefore, accept the alleged identity of the Mound Builders and the redskins. Such is also the view taken by Mr. Putnam, by our lamented master M. de Quatrefages, and by Colonel Whittlesey.

There is perhaps a means of reconciling these contrary opinions, and Dr. Brinton seems to have had a glimpse of this. Under the general name of Indians — the legacy of their glorious godfather — races that are quite distinct are confounded. It is clear that at the arrival of the conquistadores, the Indians of Florida had made more progress than the tribes that roamed around the country of the Great Lakes or on the banks of the great rivers, who had no fixed abodes and for whom hunting and fishing were the only means of assuaging the hunger that decimated them. In the South, on the contrary, the *Council Houses* and the dwellings of the chiefs occupied broad, levelled terraces.

Perhaps we may find the ultimate traces of the Mound Builders in these people driven by the northern or northwestern barbarians to the shores of the Gulf. The invasion of

the barbarians could find no better parallel than in that which brought about the fall of the Roman empire and covered Europe with blood and ruins. No one has ever tried to connect the great Romans with the Huns and Goths, and it is quite as impossible that the Mound Builders should have left as their descendants the redskins of the sixteenth century.

The people whose traces we are seeking certainly lived for many centuries in Central America. There can be no doubt on this head; but as I have said we have no chronometrical scale to enable us to count these centuries, to estimate the duration of those times. The trees growing on the mounds are seldom more than 600 years old; in the valleys of Florida and on the shores of the Gulf they are less than that. The mounds were doubtless abandoned, we must repeat, when the seed from which the great tree grew, germinated. But have not these trees replaced others, and can we say how many forest generations have disappeared since the erection of the mounds?

The mounds themselves can tell us nothing about their age. "An impenetrable mystery hangs over their entire history," says an American archæologist. Thirty centuries can explain just as well as five the evolution of the civilization of which they are the last witnesses. Mr. Stronck, and his reasons are not without weight, estimates that the construction of the mounds belongs to the early days of our era and that they must have been abandoned between the sixth and twelfth centuries. The limit is obviously a wide one. Mr. Force dating the most flourishing epoch of the Mound Builders at the seventh century, and M. de Hellwald describing them as contemporary with Charlemagne, seem to give their adhesion to this hypothesis. Finally Mr. Short, in an excellent work on the North Americans, tells us that a thousand or at the outside two thousand years may have rolled by since the constructors of the mounds were forced to abandon the banks of the Ohio and its affluents, and from seven to eight centuries since they withdrew from the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. We shall not attempt to reconcile these divergences, contenting ourselves with adding that these dates, approximate though they be, enable us to form an idea of the antiquity which may be attributed to those unknown races.

Unknown races is indeed the sum total of our conclusions. As we have said more than once, the very name they bore is unknown to us. Conjectures and hypotheses can never be proofs. We must therefore leave to the future the solution the present cannot give. New discoveries may perhaps establish the affiliation of these interesting races, tell their origin, migrations, and even the duration of their sojourn in those regions where immense embankments remain their imperishable witnesses.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

The evils of bad literature upon American youth have ceased to be taken into sufficiently deep and effective consideration. We still, indeed, hear it denounced in the pulpit and Sunday school; the religious press now and then editorializes upon it; and, occasionally, when a youthful offender is convicted of a crime traceable to the influence of the dime novel or nickel weekly, the judge will descant upon the pernicious existence of such publications. But the condemnation, though sincere in all cases quoted, and in others which may be mentioned, is not made active in the radical suppression of this villainous literary trash. The agitation has become more or less conventional, and is carried on rather as a sop to the consciences of those whose duty it is to condemn it, than as a persistent working means to eradicate it from the paths of our growing boys and girls. Preachers rail against noxious reading, newspapers decry it, associations are formed to censorize it, and judges mechanically condemn its youthful victims to prescribed terms of imprisonment. Yet the news-stands of the country are allowed to groan beneath its accursed accumulations; and every periodical store exhibits with impunity the fascinations of its crudely illustrated pages to passing children, who may be seen 100 times daily with faces pressed against the window-panes, reading as much of the lurid stuff as the outspread page permits. It is only when the fearful result of this mental food is shown in such an appalling crime as that of the four youthful train-wreckers in New York state, whose distorted moral sense is responsible for two murders, the mutilation and crippling of several men, and the wholesale destruction of property, that the conviction is brought home that more radical action is necessary to keep our youth free from the contamination of vicious books and papers. The laws against the dissemination of bad reading are hopelessly elementary and impotent. Why is there no statute against the publishers of the flash-criminal kind of story? Why are newsdealers permitted to offer them for sale? There are laws to prevent dealers from selling boys liquor and tobacco; why not a statutory prohibition, rigidly enforced in every large city, against the sale of wicked accounts of brigandage and of murderous and plunderous adventure. The life story of Jesse James and his class, and the lying sequels thereby inspired in the minds of purveyors of that sort of literature, are ruining the lives and morals of thousands of our youth every day. With religion banished from the schools, with sensational tales of robbery, murder, and criminality of every description served up in the daily press, and bound in cheap leaflets for the temptation of the inexperienced and unwary, it is small wonder that moral monstrosities are to be found among our youth of 15 to 20 years of age. The state is largely responsible for it. Education is not a matter for the schoolroom alone; and if the state removes from the school training one of the prime elements in the thorough training of

the child — the teaching of religion, — it should at least follow up its course by legally protecting children against such influences as are to be encountered from the publishers and vendors of evil literature. If every state in the Union would enact a provision that no juvenile publication could be offered for sale which could not pass examination by say the Public Library censors, or a state board created for a like purpose, much temptation would be removed from Young America, and there would be fewer crimes among our youth of the kind that almost stagger belief in the advance of the human race or in the superiority of civilization over savagery.

Speaker Reed did much to commend himself to the sober business sense of the country in his address accepting his party's nomination to his old position of power in the House of Representatives. Referring to the revenue of the national Treasury, the most important thing to engage the immediate attention of the new Congress, he took a position notable for its conservatism and for the Speaker's radical departure from his former attitude towards the financial question. Mr. Reed very properly laid stress upon the duty of Congress to restore and retain business confidence in the country, and indicated, as a means to this end, the avoidance of all commercial legislation except such as told directly on the permanent improvement of business. He deprecated a rush in the framing of partisan measures, and pleaded for time until well-matured plans could be formed, making for the nation's solid commercial good. "Crude and hasty legislation is above all things to be shunned," said Mr. Reed.

This is an excellent motif for the erstwhile Czar to follow out in the important office that has returned to him in the speakership. It is likewise a principle to strengthen its enunciator as a presidental candidate before the people.

Archbishop Ireland's religious policy, if that prelate can be said to have any individual policy of religion different from the most intelligent conception of Catholic faith and doctrine the world over, has found a new and startling interpretation in a recent article by Emile Zola. The latter, in a screed on the Roman Catholic Church, directed, as all his latest published utterances have been, to the advance advertising of his forthcoming novel, "Rome," describes the Church as on the verge of a universal schism against the Pope and the Roman government of the Church. Of this schism Archbishop Ireland is set forth as the American leader; and as the revolt, in Zola's exuberant imagination, is likely to begin on this side of the Atlantic, under the American Archbishop's banner, His Grace of St. Paul stands revealed as the head and front of the insurrectionary movement throughout the world, a veritable end-of-the-century anti-pope. It was a shrewd dodge to work into his article so well known and popular a man as Doctor Ireland. Zola had an eye to the American reading public for the profits of his new book when he did so. He must be getting alarmed at the European prospect for his new venture. Discredited through his dirty work in "Lourdes," and disgraced by his exclusion from the

Vatican upon his visit to the Eternal City, it would be surprising if there were much demand for another product of his pen upon any subject remote from his literary forte in the demi-monde. Convinced of this, Zola is trying to create curiosity and interest, and has been publishing interviews and articles on Rome and the Church to whet the appetite of the reading public. America is to him an Eldorado of promise and profit, and hence Archbishop Ireland was selected as one of his latest whetstones. Not that this prelate will figure in the book at all, but that the author wishes people to think he will, or that a chapter or two will perhaps treat somewhat of the schism he is to lead. Zola is one of the greatest advertisers of the age, but there is reason to believe he has overstepped the limits in regard to his "Rome," and has killed it outright by dragging it too often and too violently into the public eye before its completion. Nowadays when we know beforehand all a book has to say, and the temper in which it is uttered, we are prone to spare ourselves the trouble of reading it. Pope Leo, according to Zola, is an opportunist, and is making every concession in his power to a spirit in the world at large, which threatens, unless acceded to, to subvert the Papacy and destroy the Roman Catholic religion from the face of the earth. In the article to which, for a particular reason, we call attention in another editorial, the world's most striking exemplar of the truth of Nordauism represents Leo as fearful of the growth of the "new religion patiently awaited by the democracy" (whatever kind of religion that may be), and as willing, on account of his apprehensions, to make the utmost concessions compatible with the temporal supremacy of the Church, which is all Zola pictures her as living for. All the Pope's graciousness to the republic of France, to the Catholics of the United States, and his benignant attitude toward other countries, are interpreted as foils to avert the alleged approaching Catholic revolt against the Church, which, however, in Zola's imagination, is inevitable. This is the "realistic" style as applied by Zola to writings about the Church. He can hardly be called as successful in gulling men's minds or inflaming their blood in this direction, as in others he has tried and worked out.

If recent press despatches are to be relied upon, England will soon have even more important concerns to occupy her mind and time than she now finds in her game of Turkey with the other European powers. The Japanese are evidently not going to permit the prestige acquired by them in the late war with China to smoulder away into nothing. Well-founded reports of a threatened Japanese anti-English alliance with Russia are among the daily news matter of metropolitan journals, and British statesmen are beginning to be alive to a situation in the far East which they claim to be more serious to English interests than the Constantinople imbroglio. England's security in her vast Indian possessions is not a thing assured. With an alliance effected on the part of Russia and Japan, hostile to her supremacy in trade and territory in India and the East in general, she would be confronted with such a problem affecting the integrity of her Eastern possessions and distinction, as would entail the concentration of all her

energy and power upon that quarter of her domain. That such an issue may obtain is among the imminent probabilities of the near future. The pro-Russian party in Japan is making constant advances to that end, and public sentiment is so far aroused on the subject in England that Lord Roberts, one of the greatest military authorities, and also one of the first students of the affairs of India in the whole British Empire, is strenuously advocating the strengthening of the army and navy at all points, in preparation for any sudden demand upon their resources. The Russo-Japanese movement is, however, not as yet one of war. It is a more deeply laid scheme than that, calling for the astutest political chess-playing and intrigue, and meant to redound to even greater benefit to the aggressors than could easily be attained through the hazard of war.

The confirmation of the rumor designating Rev. Wm. H. O'Connell, of Boston, rector of the American College in Rome, enables us to write with good grace of a gifted and lovable priest, whose mental attainments and deserving labors had long since marked him for some such enviable distinction as this of the Propaganda's bestowal. Father O'Connell has steadily grown in reputation and influence since his ordination, a little over 11 years ago. His natural talents have broadened and matured through practical contact with the affairs of life, in the pulpit and sacred ministry, and his habit of genial and friendly association with men in their every day social duties has tended to fit him well for a place where the knowledge of human nature and character will be tantamount to every other qualification necessary for the successful administration of his office. Father O'Connell's mind is a versatile one. As a preacher he is admitted to be one of the foremost in New England; as a lecturer, his success at the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburgh last summer was one of the notable features of the session; and as a writer he wields a flowing, picturesque, and eloquent pen. The readers of DONAHOE'S have had occasion to learn this phase of his talent in several articles during the past year, freely and generously contributed by him out of a desire to spread the influence of good Catholic literature. The American College is to be felicitated upon its acquisition, and we hope for Father O'Connell as bright and conspicuous a career in his new position of responsibility as were the labors he resigns as an active member of Boston's priesthood.

A sensible memorial is that petitioning Congress to fix the dates of presidential conventions so that not more than three months shall elapse between the dates of nominating candidates and the election. The protracted campaigns through which the American people pass every four years, coupled with the strain incident to intermediate state and municipal elections, are not conducive to the stability of the nation's industries or business, to say nothing of the injurious effect upon the national character, disturbed and excited by fast-following political haranguings and changes. With the press of the country daily chronicling the arguments and debates of rival parties for the people's suffrages, and laying bare every conceivable detail of the respective candidates' lives, charac-

ters, and records, three months are full long enough to spend over the choice even of the President of the Republic. If parties and candidates cannot completely exhaust their munitions of argument and discussion in that length of time, the task may be given up as hopeless. Long campaigns were meant for the nation's childhood, her days of meagre resource. Now that we have attained our years of phenomenal facility in transportation, news-getting, and every other means of quick inter-communication, the work of a campaign can be done in a comparatively short period, and the country saved alike from the agonies, the hippodrome, the unnecessary strife, and the accidents of a too protracted period of electioneering.

Heroism is natural in the Damien family, as is proved by the action of Father Pamphile, brother of the saintly martyr of Molokai, in taking up the spiritual care of the lepers in the mission consecrated by the labors and death of Father Joseph. Father Pamphile will follow in the footsteps of his brother, doing for the Hawaiian outcasts the same sacerdotal services, and like him, perhaps, will lay down his life in behalf of this afflicted people. He is now in his 59th year, and gives up the distinction and influence of a theological professorship in the University of Louvain, which he has held for many years, for the privations and appalling perils of a leper apostolate. His present journey to Molokai is his third attempt to reach it, the two previous efforts made by him having been frustrated by severe illness. He is now on his way out from San Francisco, accompanied by two other priests, four monks, and four sisters, all of whom were brought to their sublime task by Bishop Ropert on his return from a help-seeking mission in Europe, undertaken at the instance of the Hawaiian government. Father Pamphile is a famous scholar and linguist, apart from his eminence as a theologian, and his abandonment of all his intellectual gifts imply, is an added evidence that to the true priest, with a true vocation, the salvation of even the most abject human being is above all the attractions of worldly or ecclesiastical ease, learning, and preferment.

We have received the first number of the newly consolidated paper, the *Catholic Standard and Times* of Philadelphia, which is to combine under one management the two excellent journals hitherto conducted in that city under independent auspices. The consolidation of existing Catholic newspapers in all the great cities or dioceses in the country is a consummation earnestly to be desired. Catholic journalism would be a far greater, more influential, and more compelling force in America were its energies concentrated into a dozen powerful mediums in different sections of the country. In the rather lukewarm attitude of the 10,000,000 American Catholics towards their representative press, it were better for the cause of Catholicism to have, say, 10 powerful, wealthy, and progressive weeklies, than to continue the present well-known impotent existence of 25 times that number of sheetlets, whose issuance serves only to dissipate and render ineffective the patronage that, rightly placed, might build up a limited number of Catho-

lic papers, to rank in circulation and weight with some of the leading metropolitan dailies. Catholic journalism, to be worthy of its name and its mission in America, must eventually come to this, and we congratulate Philadelphia upon having taken a step in the right direction. The first issue of the new journal bespeaks a plan of Catholic breadth and progress, as well as a scheme of attractive literary provision independent of religious lines, which is to be commended in and to every Catholic periodical. The first page bears a facsimile autograph letter from His Grace Archbishop Ryan, recommending the paper, and announcing it as the future channel of his official communications. We hope, for the best interests of Catholicism in such an important area as the archdiocese of Philadelphia, as well as for the good of the journal's publishers, that the *Catholic Standard and Times* will be blessed with an immediate and ever-increasing success.

The President's Venezuelan message to Congress has sent a thrill of patriotic fervor throughout the country. It is difficult to imagine a more direct or more forceful document, or one better calculated to win for its author the plaudits of the nation. Mr. Cleveland is specially lucky in the facts, first, that his message is directed against England, the hereditary enemy of the American people, and secondly that it bears upon such a cardinal American principle as the Monroe doctrine, a principle to which England herself has given unqualified sanction in the past, as regards our dealings with other nations. England cannot legitimately complain if its present enforcement curtails her own ambitions. The doctrine as applied to the Venezuelan boundary question takes on a somewhat novel and more extended aspect than heretofore; but as Mr. Cleveland explains it in his message, the application is entirely within the scope of its general intention, and the President will be sustained in his views by every patriotic American. The message has solidified his popularity with the people, and there can be no question that if it had come at a nearer date to the presidential convention, it would not only carry him into an unanimous nomination as his party's candidate, but bear him back triumphantly to Washington as his own successor. It would even be hazardous to predict that anything *can* happen between now and the convention to discount the sentiment in that direction evoked in his favor by this popular proclamation.

As to its effect upon England, it may reasonably be opined that Great Britain cannot afford to accept the ultimatum in any way but one modifying her pretensions, and conducive to her submitting to the arbitration as proposed. With her hands full of the Turkish situation, and with her interests in India and the far East in a critical condition (to say nothing of the threatening aspect of the Chicago Irish National Alliance, and the gathering of the Clans-na-Gael), Great Britain can ill afford to tempt any further a declaration of war on the part of the United States. The jingo British newspapers will probably bawl and brawl for awhile, but it is not within the bounds of belief that Lord Salisbury will be fatuous enough to permit the opening of hostilities be-

tween his country and this. The President has made a master stroke, one that in no event can do other than redound to his own and his country's prestige.

If the Liberal party in Great Britain drop from their political creed the principle of Home Rule, on account of Mr. McCarthy's support of the Tory denominational education policy, it will be difficult not to question the sincerity of the professed Liberal adhesion to the demands of Ireland since Lord Rosebery's succession to the party leadership. This sincerity has already been questioned by certain factions of the Nationalist members, and by a large section of the Irish and Irish-American people, but there had been only too much cause for Liberal faint-heartedness in the quarrels of the Irish members themselves, to permit the charge of absolute treachery on the part of the Liberals to be hitherto universally accepted as true. The dilemma in which Mr. McCarthy found himself on the Education bill, with his action in upholding the Tory scheme for its passage, has, however, brought out pretty conclusively that many Liberal members had grown tired of their Irish alliance, and were glad of a chance to abandon it openly. This action is, to the extent to which the Liberal party as a whole is implicated in it, a breach of political faith and honor. Home Rule was adopted by the party as a principle of justice and right, not simply as a barter for Irish allegiance to Liberal party measures, and its retention as a feature of party policy should have been held sacred and inviolable. While at the present writing it seems that the Greeks bearing gifts have lured the Nationalist leader into a pitfall, and tempted him to an act of mistaken party leadership, for a benefit which might have been temporarily subordinated to his country's more important and more pressing national concerns, it is none the less evident that the defection of his party's quondam allies on account of this action is in reality a proof that there was little real hope of securing Home Rule by continuing the alliance of 1886. A greater leader than McCarthy would have found a surer way out of the dilemma; but he cannot be judged severely under all the conditions if he has become impaled on one horn of it.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Problem.

Florence Hunt gives in the *American Kitchen Magazine* of November, 1895, a paper on the Intelligence Office full of painful details which concern us all. If it is a duty to hear the horrible story of misery in Armenia, it is even more a duty to know of the dangers which beset youths in our own country and in our immediate neighborhood. Mrs. Hunt says: "Thus, it will be seen that the ignorant girl from 'over the sea' soon learns to think every man's hand is against her, and so her hand becomes against every man. . . What should become one of the pleasantest relations becomes almost a war between employer and employed." The tricks played to get young girls to pay repeated fees by sending them to places unsuited to their skill and strength are enough to arouse indignation. But worse remains behind; these same low offices are traps for unsuspecting youth, snares so hidden that even the police and agents of charitable societies find difficulty in fixing the blame where it belongs. The poor girls are too timid to use the aid of the law, and shrink from telling their stories to any but friends as helpless as themselves.

Turning to the report of the Watch and Ward Society for 1894–95, we come upon these ominous words in an article on the Social Evil by the Rev. F. B. Allen: "Such is the sacrifice for which our good city of Boston demands the annual offering of a thousand such victims."

In our schooldays we shuddered over the story of the monster, Minotaur, who devoured in the labyrinth of Crete, at stated intervals, seven youths and seven maidens, as a tribute from Athens. In the labyrinth of our civilization there dwells a monster less moderate in its demands than the Minotaur.

The Three Sisters of Tarente.

More than 600 years ago there lived in Dorsetshire three sisters of noble family who gave their lives to God as anchoresses, following a modified form of the Cistercian rule. A certain holy man wrote for their guidance a book called "Ancren Riwle," a guide for anchoresses. The author is not known, the sisters are nameless, but the book is still a living proof of the unchangeable nature of the Church while all else changes — language, customs, and races.

A glance at the time will help us to understand the position of the sisters. The 13th century embraced the mature life of St. Dominic and St. Francis, the whole career of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Louis of France, the early life of Dante and Giotto. But it was a turbulent age, and Europe was torn to shreds with feuds. In Italy Guelphs and Ghibellines, in Spain Jews and Christians, in England the barons fighting against the king, in Germany the emperor opposing papal authority, made for common mortals a life strangely in contrast with the lofty thought of ascetics, philosophers, and artists.

It was in a spirit of reparation

that these sisters dwelt apart from the agitations of the world at Tarente or Tarrant-Kaines. Their little convent was as secure a refuge as the shell of the nautilus in a raging sea. If ever they looked out from their upper lattices, or windows of oiled paper, they saw wide heaths, the rapid Stour hastening to the sea, or chalk downs covered with nibbling sheep. But their spiritual father urged them not to look out over the disturbed and disturbing world, and "to love their windows as little as possible."

The parlor casements were securely covered with black cloth with a white cross sewn upon it.

It is easy to imagine the convent built of oak or chestnut, with a chapel, a few cells, and a refectory. In the middle of the refectory was the rere-dosse, or fire-iron with burning fagots heaped against it on the stone floor, the smoke passing out of an opening in the roof or hanging in clouds below the ceiling. So small a house would not have had a chimney, which was a novel luxury at that time, and not a safe one, if we may judge by the fact that Queen Eleanor and the royal children were twice startled by the downfall of a chimney which warmed their private apartments. But the climate was mild and our nuns were warmly dressed in garments of common fur or cloth with a long, fleecy nap, and they wore capes with hoods.

The convent was founded by Ralph de Kahaines, whose father came over with the Conqueror. His son William enlarged the house and settled upon the community certain gifts, among others a tithe of bread, cattle, and salt pork. These last two gifts must have been bartered for articles needed in the house, for the nuns ate no meat except in case of sickness. "The sickness which God sends," says the book, "but not that which some catch by their own foolhardiness; and this displeaseth God."

Though the holy man allows the necessity of conformity of clothing in a large community, he lays small stress on the shape or color of garments for these three recluses, "whether white or black, as foolish people ask you, who think that order consists in the kirtle or the cowl. . . . Ye take no thought for food or clothing, neither for yourselves nor for your maidens. Each of you hath from one friend all that she needeth; nor need that maiden seek bread or that which is eaten with bread further than his hall. . . . There is much talk of you. Now, gentlewomen, you are for your gentleness and nobleness beloved of many; daughters of one father and mother, having in the bloom of your youth forsaken all the pleasures of the world and become anchoresses."

It is probable that "Ancren Riwle" was written by the saintly Richard Poor, who was successively bishop of Chichester, Salisbury, and Durham. He died much beloved in the year 1237, with these words upon his lips: "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep." "Ancren Riwle," if it is his work, reflects his serene and cheerful spirit.

"My dear sisters," it says, "see that your dear faces be always turned to each other with kind affection, a cheerful countenance, and gentle courtesy, that ye be always with unity of heart and one will united together, as it is written of our Lord's disciples, 'the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul.'"

Against incautious speech we find

this warning: "Very foolish were he who, when he might choose for his own behoof whether he would grind grit or grind wheat, ground the grit and left the wheat. 'Wheat is holy conversation,' as St. Anselm says. She grinds grit who prates idly. . . I will that you speak seldom and then but little. But many keep in their words to let more out, as men do water at the mill-dam." And the writer cites Job's friends, who sat silent full seven nights and then all talked at once.

On various points of holy poverty, forbidding the giving or taking of presents, and the possession of unnecessary wealth, the book gives good advice. "For no invitation take anything without need, lest ye get the name of gathering anchoresses." . . . "Make no purses to gain friends therewith, nor blodbendes * of silk." "Ye shall not possess any beast, my dear sisters, except only a cat. An anchoress that hath cattle must think of the cow's fodder and of the herdsman's hire, flatter the heyward (a sort of policeman), defend herself when her cattle is shut up in the pinfold, and moreover pay the damage. Christ knoweth it is an odious thing when people in the town complain of anchoresses' cattle.

"Noblemen and gentlemen do not carry packs nor go about trussed with bundles nor with purses. It belongs to beggars to bear bag on back, and to burglars to bear purses, and not to God's spouse, who is the lady of Heaven. . . . Noblemen and women give larger alms than others. . . . 'Lord, to follow thee we have left all things'; is not this large alms? Is not this leaving much? My dear sisters, kings and emperors have their nourishment out of your large alms which you have left."

"Ancren Riwle" is written in Semi-Saxon, and we find the influence of the Normans in words ending in *tion* spelt *ciun*, and in the use of a few French nouns, as *semblaunt* for likeness, and *croiz* for cross instead of *rode* or *rood*. The edition published by the Camden Society has a good translation on alternate pages. Those who read the book once will wish to read it many times, for it is witty, wise, full of noble, spiritual teaching and of information upon the life in England 700 years ago.

EMMA FORBES CARY.

* Probably a silken bandage to be worn on the arm at the quarterly blood-letting usual at that time.

Where the Buskin Pinches.

It is a mistake to think that life on the stage is all play and no work. In the days when stock companies flourished and travelling companies were few, the work of studying and rehearsing new plays was greater than it is now. To-day travelling makes the hard work of an actor's life, and is the cause of much grumbling. The constant progress on the rails impedes artistic progress, and is even worse for an artist than the enforced necessity of playing the same part over and over again, varying it at best with only one or two others.

When an actor receives his call to rehearsals in August or September, the envelope usually contains a prospectus of the tour ahead of him. Unless he is very young, he does not stop to see what parts have been allotted to him, but eagerly scans the paper to find out how many "week stands" he will have, and to groan over the preponderance of "one-night stands." He is also anxious to know how many weeks he is to have in or near New York.

This city is the actor's Mecca, the beginning and end of all his dreams.

Any city where a theatre can be secured is selected for rehearsals if it also makes a good starting-point. The choice may fall on New York, Chicago, Kansas City, or San Francisco. The actor pays his own fare; or if he is out of funds, as is usually the case at that time of year, he telegraphs to his manager for an advance of salary or for a ticket to be paid for later. He squeezes all he can into the number of trunks allowed to him, and is off for a long season of travelling in all sorts of weather and at any time of day or night. Most actors keep hotel books for reference, each name marked good, bad, or indifferent, with the price added to the epithet, so that there is little indecision as to the choice of lodging when the company arrives at a town.

Different parts of the country have their own especial set of evils. The South has poor hotels and ill-kept theatres, where the dressing-rooms are often under the stage and apparently cut out of solid rock. The walls drip with moisture, the floors are dirty, and by way of furniture a dressing-room for three persons has perhaps one rickety chair or a three-legged stool and a cracked mirror. In one southern theatre built in an unfinished exposition building, the dressing-rooms were a block away from the stage and connected by a covered passage. One night when Mr. Booth was acting King Lear, a young man forgot the peculiarities of this theatre and let the usual time elapse between his call and his cue. He reached the stage so late that the scene had been spoiled and the curtain rung down. Mr. Booth forgave him. The same thing happened the next night; and although Mr. Booth's best scene was ruined, and he was accused by unkind people in the audience of having forgotten his lines, yet again the offender was forgiven, such was the forbearance of this gentleman.

The West, this side of Denver, has many discomforts. The distances between "stands" are long, and trains are often delayed four or five hours, with perhaps no refuge for the passengers but a small, open station. There always seems to be snow on the ground or in the air when the hours between two and seven A.M. are to be passed in an open station; and when the train comes it often brings neither warmth nor comfort, only cold cars crowded with emigrants.

Sometimes a stop of five minutes is made at a lunch counter, but one must often carry a luncheon or go hungry for hours. On the long trips through the flat, unpicturesque country this side of Denver, there is nothing to look at and nothing to do but sit with folded hands or try to sleep. Once in a while a cow is run over and that makes a stir; or the train "slows up" and word is sent round that a train with another company aboard is about to pass. Ah, then there is a general rush to doors and windows, messages are exchanged, hands waved, farewells shouted, and the company settles down patiently to await its destination.

It may be so late when the happy moment of release comes that there is only time to engage a room and take dinner before going to the theatre, possibly to be met there by the announcement that you are to leave just after the performance, or worse still, at one o'clock in the morning. I know of one company

that had ten weeks of one night stands, the average trip lasting from five to ten hours, with two changes of cars in the night and hours of delay as a matter of frequent occurrence. It is often impossible to get "sleepers," and occasionally it is necessary to make up time on engines and freight cars chartered for the purpose.

Travelling is uncomfortable in the Southwest, going through Texas to California, because the hotels are poor and because the roadbeds are in so bad a condition that the train rocks from side to side, threatening disaster at every moment. The alkali from the desert sticks in one's throat and eyes, and the passengers delight in telling each other that Chinamen were employed to build the roads because white men cannot live in these deserts.

The far West, Northwest, and Canada all have their evils, and, in truth, constant travelling, which is wearisome under pleasant circumstances, becomes hard labor when combined with all sorts of inconvenience and with nightly work at the theatre.

Is there no compensation? Yes, there are pleasant times, pleasant people, and red-letter days, which, as one looks back, seem worth the long, weary months when life seemed to be made up of trains, lunch counters, muddy coffee, cold and sleepless nights, and dreary morning hours. JANET DUFF.

Jean Francois Millet.

Humanity revealed in the artist, God revealed in humanity.

The one characteristic theme of Millet's pictures is the curse pronounced upon Adam, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," the curse of the human race. We all feel the pressure and the sting of it, but we cannot all, like Millet, bear witness to its reality in painted poems, nor appeal to the world accursed in words to move its sympathy even in its own behalf.

The peasant painter, himself suffering untold agonies of heart and mind, knows how to touch hearts with the stroke of his brush, and to give us food for meditation and a motive for action, the proper office of all great souls.

As an artist, no one will dare now to speak of him disparagingly, although there may be those who would gladly ignore the lesson his canvases bring home to us so vividly. The sensitiveness of genius naturally hides its suffering from the outside world, and the world, for that very reason, is not so rich in art as it might be to-day. It is not among the well-to-do that we must look for genius. It is among those who lead solitary lives, souls forced back upon themselves, seeking sympathy and fellowship amid sounds which only their ears can hear and sights which only their eyes can see. Is it not strange that the cultured should have to turn to the peasant to learn the meaning of life? that in our humblest dwellings we must look for the "wisdom that passeth show?" that from the mind forced by its isolation to live in communion with things not of this world, we of the world must find our higher education? We do not realize that the weary, toilsome steps trodden for us and for our comfort, often for our luxury, may be at the expense of a nature far superior to our own, struggling to keep life within it, apparently for no other purpose than that

our own earthly joy may be the more complete. But, fortunately, the genius and the suffering are for a higher purpose; and he who bravely pursues his lofty calling in spite of hunger and poverty, cultivating the talent God gave him and for the purpose for which God gave it to him, will sooner or later find his satisfaction in the life of his choice and a joy in his conscientious devotion to his work, beyond the conception of lesser souls.

If Millet was not a happy man, how much more unhappy would he have been had he slighted his God-given genius and sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, as he was often tempted to do. We all owe a debt to him, and to those in whose behalf he labored so faithfully.

All his pictures teach the same lesson. We need not dwell at length upon his many canvases, now made familiar to us by the pen of the critic, nor upon the few on this side of the water it has been our good fortune to see. But we will speak of one, to us always marvellously fascinating for the power and truth with which the artist's one absorbing theme is exemplified. We allude to the "Sower." Twilight is settling down upon the scene, and the sower, in haste to accomplish his task before he can no longer discern the furrows beneath his hand, moves on with a brisk, swinging gait. His step is elastic and firm, his face thoughtful but calm, the whole bearing of the man a fitting and vivid representation of the text, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Is it the curse alone we feel in this masterpiece? To those capable of appreciating the work of this artist, there is a grander, nobler thought underlying this fact so truly portrayed: the thought towards which the fact tends, upon which it leans for its sustaining strength; the thought of the life to come, when the curse, heroically endured in reverential, loving submission to the hand that laid it upon us, shall be turned into joy at the sound of other words which only those can hear who have kept the faith and persevered to the end: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; as thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

CHARLOTTE C. JOHNSON.

Music.

S. CECILIA COTTER.

I.

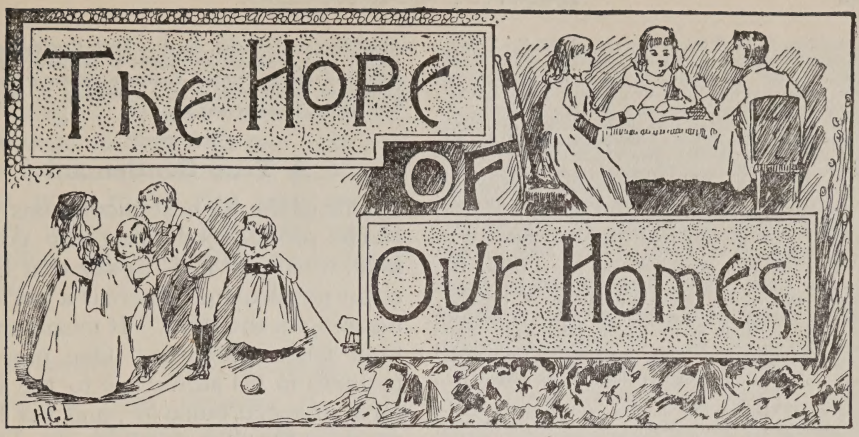
When trumpets are sounding,
When chargers are bounding,
And drawn swords fast flash for country;
When shields brightly burnished
Guard strong hearts, well furnished,
While hopes proudly presage vict'ry;
We have movement in metre,
We have rhythm, — yes, epic;
To be set to dread music
In battle's melee.

II.

When the organ is pealing,
And runs every feeling,
That nature gives voice to with tongues milliard
From dull sounds of earth
To the skylark's timed mirth,
And the prayer winged with thought that soars out heavenward,
We've a song strangely soulful,
From singer all soulless,
We've mystical measure
From tongue-bereft bard.

III.

Such martial notes maddening,
Such anthems heart gladdening,
Give poetic sense to a prosaic line;
But a heart that sends winging
Its thoughts forth in singing,
From a soul nigh seraphic with pulse beats divine;
Makes earth, in truth, Heaven,
And its full choirs of seven
Most rapturous applause,
To the singer consign.



WINNERS OF THE PRIZE STORY CONTEST.

Joseph Bardsley, St. John, N. B.
Bridget McArdle, Omaha, Neb.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our little writers. They responded excellently to our invitation, and in most cases followed the conditions of the competition with remarkable accuracy, and with credit to their scholarship and industry. Of course, there could be but two winners of the prizes offered, and they have proved to be the boy and girl whose names are at the top of this column; but the others need feel no regrets that they entered the lists. The compositions are, as a rule, very good, and the writing, spelling, and punctuation greatly improved over the same children's efforts in former contests. This is something to be proud of, even if the prize did not fall to every boy or girl who would have liked to secure it. We would like to say one thing to the boys, however. They have allowed themselves to be far outdone by the girls, both in the numbers entering the competition, and in the general merit of their efforts. This should not be the case. We want our young readers of both sexes to take advantage of every competitive opportunity offered them. It is done with a view to helping them in their schoolwork, and, therefore, should not be neglected. We have a special word of praise for the very young contestants, the boys and girls under 12 and even under 10, who were handicapped by the maturer intelligences and longer study of the older competitors. The efforts of the little ones were, in many cases, better and more worthy of them than those of the boys and girls nearest the 15-year limit. In our next competition, which will be announced in due time, we will provide for the younger children by a division of the reward according to the ages of the contestants. Be on the lookout for this announcement, as it will be a pleasant one, and the conditions will be easier than those of the Christmas story. We give below the name of every boy and girl whose competitive story was deserving of commendation:

Annie Morrison, Valley Jct.; Maggie McCarthy, 511 Pelican Ave., Algiers, La.; Annie J. Sullivan, 33 Walnut

St., Nashua, N. H.; Kittie E. Kavanaugh, Medford, Mass.; Minnie J. Cassidy, 37 Bradford St., Plymouth, Mass.; Cecilia Coholan, 360 Dudley St., Roxbury, Mass.; Annie Beale, Thornton St., Clare Co., Mich.; Ethel Keefe, 1 Worcester St., Cambridgeport, Mass.; Catherine C. Reade, Waltham, Mass.; Nellie M. Kelley, 48 Liberty St., Hartford, Conn.; Teresa Isabel Quinn, 12 Wilton St., Hyde Park, Mass.; Rose Bradley, 1504 S. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Jennie E. Cook, Torrington, Conn.; Nora Hasty, Walkerville, Mon.; Augusta M. Neville, 579 Main St., Little Falls, N.Y.; Jennie Manley, Ackley, Ia.; Elizabeth T. Quinlan, 289 W. San Carlo St., San Jose, Cal.; Grace M. Kennedy, 246 Derby Ave., Derby, Conn.; Elizabeth M. Kelley, 101 Conant St., Roxbury; Lizzie Brady, 147 Park Ave., Austin, Ill.; Mary Dowling, Perry, Dallas Co., Ia.; May Agnes Delaney, Bryant St., Dedham, Mass.; Mary Power, 195 So. Park St., Halifax, N. S.; Mary Kathleen Slattery, 146 Ottawa St., Montreal, P. Q.; Constance de Bury, Main St. (N. E.), St. John, N. B.; Katie Doyle, Westbrook, Me.; ——— McDermott, Clontarf, Minn.; Michael M. Kane, 23 Waterford St., W. Lynn, Mass., John R. Green, Boston College, Mass.; Frank J. L. Rooney, 1 Lincoln St., Worcester, Mass.; Joseph Bardsley, 55 Elmouth St., St. John, N. B.; Leo A. Dore, 374 Dudley St., Roxbury, Mass.; James Patrick Slattery, 146 Ottawa St., Montreal, P. Q.; Joseph Cogan, 37 Springfield St., Somerville, Mass.; Bridget McArdle, 2515 Hamilton St., Omaha, Neb.; Anna G. Hughes, 812 E. Main St., Little Falls, N. Y.; Josephine O'Regan, Church Our Lady Perpetual Help, Roxbury; Rose A. Kelly, Brewer, Me.; Annie Agnes Kenney, 111 Smith St., Roxbury; Katie C. Clark, Council Grove, Morris Co., Kan.; Mary T. A. Sinnott, 47 Walnut St., Hartford, Conn.; Katherine W. Meade, 615 Adams St., Dorchester; Mary Josephine Skelly, East Arcade, N. Y.; Dora A. Foley, 131 Forest Ave., Brockton, Mass.; Katie Marshall, 1911 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kan.; Annie C. McGrogan, 147 N. Park Ave., Austin, Ill.; Julia Gavin, Anamosa, Ia.; Nellie Marshall, 1911 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kan.; Katie Walter, Wapello Co., Eldon, Ia.; Annie C. MacDonald, 4 Mercer St., So. Boston; Josie Dwyer, Parsons, Kan.; Gertrude M. Carey, 13 Gibbon St., Marlboro, Mass.; Rena B. Kelley, 52 First St., Bangor, Me.; Mary Morrisey, 335 Lake St., Topeka, Kan.; Mary Frances Hayes, 441 Shawmut Ave., Boston; Augustus Obage, 59 Irvine Pk., St. Paul, Minn.; May E. Macpherson, 795 Prospect Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; Anna D. McCormack, Sterling, Col.; Agnes McCloskey, 41 Grant Ave., Dubuque, Ia.; Mary Coursey, 156 No. Main St., Ansonia, Conn.; Anna Frazer, 47 Austin St., Rochester, N. Y.; Frances L. Keating, 79 Maple St., Melrose, Mass.; May T. Sheehan, 31 Amory St., Springfield, Mass.; Cornelia Shields, 631 Fairmount Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; Maggie May Veale, 256 Central Ave., Decatur, Ill.; Grace Roche, Wallingford, Conn.; Chas. Cunningham, 540 W. Williams St., Springfield, Ill.; Grover Cleveland Cunningham, 307 W. Cap Ave., Springfield, Ill.; J. J. Smith, Great Falls, Mon.; James O'Hara, 376 W. Main St., Peru, Ind.; James Brewin, 12 Liberty St., Marlboro, Mass.; Thos. J. Burke, 8 Dover St., Roxbury, Mass.; Frederic Murphy, W. Stoughton, Mass.; Charlie Connor, Belleville, Wis.; Richard Redmann, 4621 Magazine St., New Orleans, La.; Edward Howe, New Hampton, Ia.; Joseph S. Taaffe, 42 W. 66th St., New York; John H. O'Brien, Clinton, Mass.; John Lynch, Iroquois, S. Dakota; Paul H. Stone, 215 W. Third St., Grand Forks, N. Dakota; Philip W. McMahon, 310 W. 14th St., Kansas City, Mo.; John J. Leahy, Medford, Mass.; Patrick J. Mullen, 2 Leonard Pl., Dorchester, Mass.; Leafy Palmer, Houlton, Me.; Edwina B. Parker, Bedford, Ky.; Helena Travis, P. O. Box 406, Rensselaer, Ind.; Bertha M. Burke, 10 Washington St., Marlboro, Mass.; Alice Mahoney, St. John, N. B.; May Sharkey, 130 Eliot Row, St. John, N. B.; Mary Wilson, St. John, N.B.; Alice Finnegan, 69 Franklin St., Stoneham, Mass.; Katie A. O'Neill, Oakland, Me.; Marion Skinner, 38 Fayette St., Binghampton, N. Y.; Mary Irene Courtney, Jonesville, Wis.; May C. Feeley, 847 Marshall Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; Katie C. McNamara, Dover, Mass.; Bell Weadick, 591 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.; Bessie M. O'Neill, Oakland, Me.; Mary Schwam, No. 224 1st St., Rockford, Ill.; Mamie A. Lynch, Naugatuck, Conn.; Blanche Ward, 25 Spruce St., Worcester, Mass.; Colette Supple, Chelsea Station, Mass. (Fr. McGlew, St. Rose School); Mary MacLane, Great Falls, Mon.; Nellie Nagle, 129 Walnut St., Brookline, Mass.; Ellen M. Burns, 357 Meeting St., Charleston, S. C.; Sara Scanlon, Fort Hunter, N. Y.; Agnes C. Tannay, Connellsville, Fayette Co., Pa.; Abby Colgan, St. John, N. B.; Lizzie Cassidy, 6712 La Fayette Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Mollie C. Moriarty, Malden, Mass.; Nellie J. Strunk, Shakopee, Minn.; Margaret McDonald, South Denver, Col.; William S. Hayes, 9 Trenton St., Charlestown, Mass.

A True Gentleman.

One of the highest encomiums that can be pronounced upon any young man, worthy of it, is to say that he is a true gentleman. There is a world of meaning in the term. It means more than true politeness. One may be faultless in his adherence to the best form of social behavior, and yet lack much of the true gentleman.

The true gentleman is the soul of honor, is beautifully candid, deeply considerate of the rights of others, quick to acknowledge his own faults rather than lay them on others, and consults the good of others rather than his own preferment. The true gentleman is known by his strict sense of honor; by his sympathy, his gentleness, his forbearance and his generosity. He is essentially a man of truth, speaking and doing right at all times, not merely in private behavior. Truthfulness is moral transparency. Hence, the true gentleman promises nothing he has not the means of performing. He never breaks his word, for he scorns to lie, in word or deed, and is ready to brave all consequences rather than debase himself by falsehood. No dishonest man is a true gentleman, nor is he who purposely takes advantage of another, whether the latter be a foe or a friend. The true gentleman does by others as he would have others do by him.—*Exchange.*

Here is a dog story, which you can believe or not as you please. A gentleman remarked of a friend's dog that the two eyes of the animal were

remarkably different in size. "Yes," was the reply, "and he takes a mean advantage of the fact whenever I have a stranger to dine with me. He first gets fed at one side of my guest, and then goes round the table to his other side, and pretends to be another dog." — *Harper's Round Table.*

Twelfth Night in Italy.

Italians give presents to each other on the 5th and 6th of January as we give them on the eve and day of Our Lord's birth. If you were in the streets of Rome after dark at the time of Epiphany, you might be startled by the sight of a gaunt, dark old woman carrying in one hand a lantern and in the other a long staff. If you showed signs of fear, the old dame would be glad, for probably she would be a boy dressed up as the Befana. This name comes from the Italian word for Epiphany, and the Befana is to Italian boys and girls what dear old Santa Claus is among us, but she is more stern and unforgiving to naughty children than our old friend. The Befana has bags of ashes for unruly children, and baskets full of toys and sweetmeats to put in the stockings of good boys and girls. She has a dark face and rather an awful look, and the children tremble with fear and joy mingled when they hear the sound of the Befana's bell. I must confess to having been quite terrified when she appeared before me at dusk, coming suddenly out of a dark corner.

One of the stories about the Befana is the following: She was busy sweeping her house when the three kings passed by on their way to carry gifts to the Child Jesus. She was called to the door to look out and see the procession, but she said she was too busy and she could see the kings as they came back. But they did not go home by the same road, and so the worldly old woman has been watching for them, broom in hand, ever since. Hundreds of years ago there were splendid shows in Milan — the Magi led by a golden star through the streets and followed by throngs of people. Later on, as a corruption of this custom, the Befana was carried in procession, and her followers bore burning brooms and bundles of straw and blew horns.

In Rome, on the eve of Twelfth Night, the people meet in a great square and buy toys of all sorts at the booths that line the streets. It is the festival of noise, one would think, for tambourines, drums, trumpets, and whistles vie with each other in making a din. For days afterwards outbreaks of squeaking, drumming, and jingling are to be heard in the streets.

We like our Santa Claus best and the Italians like their Befana best, so we must agree to differ. I like the story of the busy old woman who lost the sight of the three glorious kings rather than stop sweeping. How is it with you, young people? I have more than once missed a great chance, thinking it would come back by the same road, but, alas! it never returned. The best things come but once.

One custom for Epiphany is as wide as the world. The Twelfth Night cake is found in all lands where Christians live and keep Christmas. Sometimes it is a bean, again it is a ring that is hidden in the cake and makes a king of him who finds the treasure. This is no doubt in honor of the Magi

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

M. A. F. inquires: 1. Is it any harm to skate or ride a bicycle on Sundays? 2. If at the end of the world there are only heaven and hell, where will a soul go that dies in venial sin at that time?

1. When you have attended to your religious duties on Sunday, there is no harm in honest recreation which is not noisy nor a source of disorder to yourself or others. To substitute recreation for Mass, as some do, is very bad. To defy the laws made for the general good and for the sanctity of the Sunday is not commendable. There are two errors to be avoided: the old, over-strict prohibitions and blue laws of the early Puritans, and the over-lax and unrestrained liberties of some desecrators of the Lord's Day, and their number is growing. The Catholic Church has spoken vehemently against the sale of liquors on Sunday, as being the surest means of bringing on countless evils against the holiness of the day. Always mingle common sense with religion. These two elements combine most harmoniously.

2. St. Augustine, in his excellent work, "The City of God," has this wise passage: "In that final judgment, or about that judgment, we have learned these things will be: Elias the Thesbite, the faith of the Jews, Antichrist the persecutor, Christ the Judge, the resurrection of the dead, the separation of the good and the bad, the conflagration of the world, and its renewal. Now we must believe that all these things will take place; but as regards the method and order of these things, experience will then teach what the intellect of man cannot now perfectly fathom." So, we would say, that these points are certain, that each one then living shall die, and each one that has ever lived shall rise again, and come to judgment; and that after this, there shall be no more purgatory, but only heaven and hell. Those who die in venial sins may have considerable time to have their stains cleansed in purgatory, they may have only an instant; but God can supply for duration by intensity of suffering. Our correspondent's difficulty seems to come from imagining that souls are to pass from out this life directly into the general judgment. Has he not lost sight of death, particular judgment, and the general resurrection? And as St. Augustine says, we know nothing of the order in which will come the death of those who will then be living and the transformation of the world.

J. A. D. asks: How shall we explain the words of St. Paul, 1 Timothy, ii, 12, "But I suffer not a woman to teach, but to be in silence," whereas women do teach, and with the Church's approbation, both in religious and secular schools?

2. What is to be said of the taking of oaths on the Bible in courts of justice?

3. Where can I learn particulars regarding the third order of St. Francis?

1. In 1 Cor. xiv, 34, St. Paul says: "Let women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted them to speak, but to be subject, as also the law saith." And the Catholic Church has regarded that the preaching of the gospel and the teaching of theology belong to men, while women rightfully and successfully impart knowledge to children. John Ruskin, one of the most chivalrous admirers and defenders of true womanhood, writes: "There is one dangerous science for women — one which let them indeed beware how they profanely touch — that of theology." There are few St. Catharines or St. Teresas. But woman has the God-given faculty to instruct the mind and the heart of youth; and while she is man's equal in intelligence, she may lack the essential qualities to be a teacher from the pulpit. Say what we will, we recognize woman's place to be the home. And to this the school is analogous. That here and there a woman of exceptional attainments and character may speak in public only proves the general rule. The Catholic woman whose abilities win for her an audience in other directions ever follows St. Paul's doctrine of silence in the church.

2. It is generally recognized now that the raising of the right hand and the calling of God to witness the truth of what is said, are sufficient. If the Bible is still used, you may follow the custom; and if a Catholic Bible be in the court room, use that. Many Catholics would prefer to raise the right hand rather than swear on a Protestant Bible.

3. Address Franciscan Fathers, Prince Street, Boston, Mass.

To C. M.: Should we undertake to refute one half of the slanders uttered against the Catholic religion, we would be unable to do anything else, and have only our labor for our pains. No fact of history is considered well authenticated unless it supply dates, names, locality, and other circumstances. Any professional liar can manufacture his statements by the mile, and if you try to keep up with him you must have a fancy equal to his. The devil from the beginning is the father of lies. No historian is credited, unless he gives authority for his words; nor should any lecturer be otherwise credited, nor receive even a passing notice. To refute one lie of these men is only to give them leisure for manufacturing a dozen.

To J. L.: Regarding books forbidden to be read, consult your confessor. He can give you practical advice, whereas ours would be only theoretical.

To St. Cloud Reader: A Catholic priest can perform a marriage ceremony between a Catholic and a non-believer who is not baptized, if the bishop have given the necessary dispensation. The Catholic party states the case to the priest, who then applies to his bishop for a dispensation. If that is granted, the priest can perform the ceremony.

William writes: 1. What position does the Catholic Church hold in regard to political parties in the United States? Some members of the A. P. A. who work with me say that the Catholic Church is in alliance with the Democrats.

2. Do priests vote, and can they take an active part in political meetings?

3. Can priests discuss politics in their pulpits?

1. William should never take an A. P. A. seriously when such an one talks about the Catholic Church.

An A. P. A. does not speak from knowledge, but from prejudiced or lying statements. The Church has no interest in parties. Her interest is in good laws, in good government, and in the training of the people to the service of God; and her children belong to any party or to none. She requires them to obey God's law, and to obey the law of the state, because all power is from God, and she exacts the same obedience, no matter which party is in power. Some of her bishops and archbishops are Democrats, some Republicans. That is their own affair, not hers. The church that has survived the vicissitudes of nations has too much wisdom to be shackled in the traces of any party. Even she will not be under the discipline of any party. Italy makes promises to win her subjection, but in vain, because the Church must be above party in the independence of her spiritual action. Her children who are true to her will vote as they please, for whom they please, and then stand by the government in lawful control.

2. Certainly priests vote, and none esteem higher the value of the franchise and its power for good or evil. Like in other stations of life, some may stay at home on election day, but others value too much their privilege to absent themselves from the polls.

As regards political meetings, they are hardly considered the place for priests. The priest cannot appear in such public gatherings without being considered more or less in his official capacity; and in the hurly-burly, the rough debates, the personalities that characterize many of our caucuses, he would be out of place. Again, in party demonstrations, whatever his private views may be, prudence dictates to him silence. He is a leader in a congregation whose members are affiliated, some to one, some to another party; and where many are so sensitive about the bringing of religion into politics, he finds it wisest to stay away. But when there is no question of party, nor of mere political demonstration, but of law and general order, the priest takes his place upon the public platform, and his voice is gladly hailed as the voice of one familiar with the needs of the people, and experienced to suggest the remedies for evils.

3. The general practice is that priests do not discuss politics in their pulpits. They are content to echo the words of the Divine Teacher, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God, the things that are God's." They inculcate the necessity on all the men of their congregation to be good citizens, and to exercise their rights as free men. But if here and there an individual should try to influence his people in favor of one candidate or party to the prejudice of another, he would learn that none so readily resent interference or dictation as these very people, and that the surest way to defeat his aim would be to endeavor to use his influence over his congregation.

Anxious Reader says: If the Church never changes, how comes it that she sometimes makes changes in her laws and teachings? Was it not something new when Pius IX declared the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility? And is not the action of Leo XIII in abolishing the days of abstinence a radical change, as well as that of the last Council of Baltimore in doing away with some of our holydays of obligation?

The Church of God cannot change in her faith and morals. What she taught as belief and morality in the beginning, she still teaches. The

creed which the Apostles formulated before separating into the various sections of the world is the creed of the Church to-day. That creed has been explained; the tree has grown into larger proportions; the trunk has expanded, the limbs have flourished, the leaves have multiplied, but the tree is still what it was in the beginning. Infallibility is no new doctrine; it is the legitimate conclusion to be drawn from the establishment by Christ of an unerring Teacher. That Teacher speaks through Christ's vicar to an expectant, truth-seeking people, and the instrument, that is the Pope, can ring out but the utterances of truth. The Immaculate Conception is deduced as the natural favor to her whom the Scripture declares the Mother of God. These doctrines, new in their mode of statement or of presentation, have been always practically received in all the ages of the Church.

In morality, the Church inculcates the Ten Commandments. She explains the meaning of their short words, and embodies these explanations at times in mandates of her own.

In matters of ceremony, she studies the requirements of times, places, and peoples. The manner of the doing of things may vary, while the thing itself remains in its substance unaltered. When the child is brought to the baptismal font, the Church surrounds him with all the beauty of her ritual, and by prayer and action, each one a lesson and a blessing, leads him up to the cleansing of sin in the waters of Baptism. But when death is near, and time fails for ceremonies, she simply baptizes, content with the essential and the necessary. The ceremonies that come down from the days of the Apostles and her early martyrs, she clings to as to treasured riches. She is loath to change in any ceremony she has once adopted. But she never mistakes the shell for the kernel, nor the ceremony for the law. She never forgets the denunciation of the Pharisees by her Master, because they so erred.

And so for her discipline. The severity of past penance would frighten people to-day. And as her mission is to save, she will win the people to her, not repel them. She teaches now as strongly as ever the need of penance. "Do penance, lest you perish," is her unvarying doctrine. The manner of that penance may change. Abstinence is a penance, and the Church believes in it. But she believes, too, that men and women in their hard work, in the shops, on the farm, above ground and under ground, need substantial food for their physical strength. She knows how difficult it is for the poor, and for those at a distance from the cities or the sea, to secure substitutes for meat, and so she exempts them, in view of these facts, from the law of abstinence in this country. It is the mother providing for her children. And still she says to them that there are other practices of penance. If they cannot fast or abstain in matters of food, they can abstain from sin; they can pray more and more fervently; they can be more faithful in attendance at church; and they can manifest more kindness and generosity to the poor. No, the Church does not change. She is still the mother who watches the development and growth of her children, and gives to them according to their wants: milk to the little ones, meat to the adults.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Religious.

"VENITE ADOREMUS" is a manual of the Forty Hours' Adoration, compiled by Simon J. Orf, D. D. It contains all that the priest needs to know for the ceremonies and Masses of this devotion, and prayers in English, Latin, and German for public and private devotions. It is a well-prepared, neat, convenient, and cheap little handbook. St. Louis: B. Herder.

"SUFFERING SOULS" is a Purgatorian manual by Mgr. Preston and the Sisters of the Divine Compassion. The pious faithful who practise this most Catholic and consoling devotion will find in this manual many different ways and prayers by which they may gain indulgences to be applied to the expectant ones in the Church suffering. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

Every priest who will disseminate among his people "POPULAR INSTRUCTIONS ON MARRIAGE," by the Redemptorist Father, Very Rev. F. Girardey, will do for them a vast good. It is surprising what an amount of doctrine and of practical rules of living the reverend writer has put within a little book that you can carry in your pocket. This is the kind of book that is needed. The priest will hail it as a great help in his ministry, and the people will find it a mine of information made really available to them. The book should meet with a ready and extensive sale, and the publishers, Benziger Bros., should stimulate the demand by making the price the lowest possible. Paper covers might help.

"THOUGHTS AND COUNSELS FOR WOMEN OF THE WORLD" is a translation by Marie Clotilde Redfern, from the French of Mgr. Le Courtier. The author of these "Counsels" spoke from a wide and varied experience, and it is evident he had something to say, and knew how to say it in plain, vigorous language, which no hearer or reader could fail to understand. Some of the practical reflections are more in keeping with the needs of his French hearers than with those of American readers. But the advice and observations conveyed are of much practical value, and the woman who seeks for wisdom and right rules of living in true Christian piety will profit from these "Counsels." The translator in places shows that she has not rightly conceived the value of French idioms, and this especially when she uses the word "God." Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

A Catholic would scarcely know what to make of "THE PROPHETS OF ISRAEL," by Carl H. Coruill. There is much information and interesting reading, indicative of research and thought by the author, but it seeks to shatter our old and well-grounded ideas of Israel's religion and of its revelation by God through His prophets. It may be that this is the natural outcome of a too studious regard for the scientific phases of religion. The believer who takes the Testaments, Old and New, for God's word moves along with a sure and easy step. He is not always looking for difficulties and shortcomings. When obstacles arise, his faith surmounts them. He is no less a scientist than the critical agnostic who would submit all to the test of hammer or crucible. The spiritual always escapes these latter tests. A careful investigation of every document brought to light, an accurate study of manners and of men, is most laudable; but still God is greater than all, and His word above all testimony. The effort to bring revelation down to the level of merely natural events is working incalculable injury to religion. Without doubt, Professor Coruill has respect for the prophets and reverence for God. But his trend of thought seems to be in the line of removing divine inspiration and direction from the men whom God raised up to teach other men the truth hidden from the foundation of the world. Grand and heroic the Professor may make some of the prophets, and recount in fervid strains their influence over their own time, and lasting even till ours; but, withal, they are still only men following their own natural bent of leadership. A Catholic who holds to his faith in inspiration and to the teachings of his church regarding the Bible can read this book with much enjoyment because of the learning displayed and of the author's enthusiasm. Perhaps not the least advantage he will receive will be in his renewed conviction of the necessity of a safe and infallible teacher. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company.

Science.

From the same company comes "ON MEMORY AND THE SPECIFIC ENERGIES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM," by Prof. Ewald Hering. The author has sought to treat of abstruse matters in a manner to reach the popular set. In the second of his treatises, he has been more successful than in the first. This is due partly to his subject, partly to his similes and analogies. He seems to lack, at least in his exposition of theories, the definite knowledge of the soul that is of such satisfaction to the student of Catholic philosophy. The phenomena of memory and of the nervous system are clearly and simply presented, but the writer seems too willing to linger in the material brain, and to forget the spiritual nature behind the material and superior to it. This may be only in lack of

words, but we would like to read a belief from the scientist in the immaterial, a positive, settled belief, bearing along his own convictions to his readers. Much that he attributes to "memory" has been often accredited to other faculties. But we would not quarrel with him in this, as there would be only a difference of words, not of meanings. But a sentence like this staggers us: "It is not long that the nervous system has been adorned with the ornament of a rich and grand brain." These evolutionists have strange notions. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company.

Educational.

We are not conscious of the development of Catholic higher education in remote places until something out of the ordinary arrests our attention. From St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas, has come to our table, "ELEMENTS OF EXPRESSION," vocal and physical. The authors are two of the teachers of the college, Fathers Williams and Sullivan. They write for the every-day work in the schools, where reading and elocution form a part only of the curriculum. They embody in their book the results of their own practical work, and present a manual that is admirable both in matter and manner. Catholic teachers who are seeking for a practical book on elocution can find none more useful to them than this. The selections are well chosen, and the child who learns them will not be wasting his time in frivolities.

From the Cathedral Library Association of New York we have received the compilation of Father Heuser's lectures, delivered in 1895, at the Plattsburgh Summer School, entitled "CHAPTERS OF BIBLE STUDY." There is such delight in reading these beautiful and fascinating essays, that we can readily understand their enthusiastic reception by the privileged auditors of the reverend lecturer. The Bible is too much an unknown book, and Father Heuser is doing a work of practical benefit in sending forth these lectures. Reading circles, especially, should make this book known and appreciated. The Bible stands at the head of all literature, and in the days of revised editions, of the Woman's Bible, of the discussion of inspiration and its limits, the Catholic who aspires to culture should have a ready knowledge of the origin, development, meaning, interpretation, and care of the Sacred Books. All these and other subjects of value Father Heuser has treated. The lectures are beautiful, absorbing, pithy, and enlightening.

The Jesuits, who are ever to the fore for the spreading of the light, having accomplished a good purpose in their "Stonyhurst Volumes of Philosophy," have recognized also a need of the people in regard to theology. Father Hunter, one of their number, has therefore sought to convey, from out the Latin text books and sealed tomes into easily approached and intelligible English, the truths of Catholic teaching.

The author aims at no more than the presentation of a mere outline of dogmatic discipline. He lays no claim to originality of method or of matter. He has taken the material at hand in the Latin and Greek authors, in the Fathers, and in the Bible. He has arranged it as have others before him, but he has done a vast service to the student and to the general reader in his clear, simple statement in English words of those truths so long hidden from the majority under a foreign veil. There can be no doubt that the work will prove of benefit to many. The seminarian will profit by reading in the vernacular the ideas he finds so difficult to comprehend under the guise of the Latin tongue; the preacher will more readily turn to an English than to a Latin book, and will present more intelligibly to the people the truths he has grasped in his tongue and theirs, than in a foreign idiom and with foreign phrases; while the layman who has been here and there seeking a scrap of detached information will find in these three volumes a system of knowledge and a chain of reasoning, and will realize the interdependence of dogma upon dogma. He will know that his Church is built with order and regularity from foundation-stone to turret, and that reason has guided the laying of every stone in the noble edifice. He will rejoice in the beauty and the solidity of the structure, and he will view with fearless eye the futile attempts of those who would batter here a wall and there an angle, knowing that all parts of the building have become cemented and solidified into one perfect, irresistible and resisting mass. Outlines of Dogmatic Theology, Vols. I and II, Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J. New York: Benziger Bros.

History.

The A. P. A.'s are being dragged rather too frequently out of their cellars and sub-cellars. What a pity they cannot be allowed to green mould in their subterranean darkness! But even in the sunlight the slime is on them, and its trail is wherever they have been. Honest and fair-minded Protestants like Rev. Washington Gladden, President Capen of Tufts College, Senator Hoar, detest and excoriate the hideous, un-American product of ignorance and prejudice. Now comes another, Patrick Henry Winston, to add his voice for its extermination — nothing less will do in this free land. Mr. Winston tells us he is a "native-born American citizen — of English descent — a Protestant in religion, and in politics a Republican of the school of Abraham Lincoln." His little book is entitled "AMERICAN CATHOLICS AND THE A. P. A." Catholics owe him a debt of gratitude for his short, strong presentation of their position and deeds in this country. And with his pages near them, they can find ready matter to refute their slanderers. His review of the

"Meaning, methods, and men"—bless the mark, of the A. P. A. is short and crushing. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.

Drama.

"EUTROPIUS," a Greek drama presented recently at Holy Cross College, Worcester, has been published in book form by Harrigan & King of that city. In binding, illustrations, and printing it makes a handsome volume, and will meet with favor from the scholars and alumni of the famous college.

Poetry.

William Butler Yeats is still a young writer, being about 30 years of age. Ireland is his birthplace and his home. His theme is Ireland in her heroes and her patriots, in her stories of legendary fame, and in her historical pride. His longer poems are romantic, while some of his shorter ones are pathetic. The mystical has for him great charms. The tone of the Irish people pervades his writings. The present volume contains all the writer cares to preserve out of his previous volumes of verse.

The Irish mother is thus portrayed in "A "Cradle Song": —

> "The angels are bending
> Above your white bed;
> They weary of tending
> The souls of the dead.
>
> "God smiles in high heaven
> To see you so good;
> The old planets seven
> Grow gay with His mood.
>
> "I kiss you and kiss you,
> With arms round my own;
> Ah, how shall I miss you,
> When, dear, you have grown."

The publishers have given the poems a beautiful setting. The cover, especially, is rich and ornamental. Boston: Copeland & Day.

Fiction.

"THE STICKIT MINISTER" made the reputation of S. R. Crockett, and justly so. From Estes & Lauriat we have received a new and popular edition of this volume. It consists of a series of pen pictures that are more than photographs or etchings. You read the character behind the face; you look into the soul of the man or woman presented. The work is done by a strong hand, and Mr. Crockett in most of these sketches writes as one at home with his subjects. He is especially powerful in the saddest phases of human life. He is never wantonly cruel, but when he exposes guilt, meanness, and sin, he is still tender and merciful. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

"THE POCKET MAGAZINE," published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, aims to present stories by—we were going to say the "best" authors; but after reading some of their recent contributions to literature in various magazines, we can only call them well-known authors. The form and size are indicated by the name, and the magazine promises to be popular, especially with travellers.

Wm. Le Queux found himself at one bound on the high wave of popularity with lovers of the romantic. But he must not trifle too much with popular favor. It is fickle. It wearies of the same dish. In his volume "STOLEN SOULS" he gives some good stories, but he repeats and exhausts himself. What difference if the scene be laid in London or St. Petersburg, or the Sahara, if there is only a change of name and not of incident or of cause and effect. All his women are intensely beautiful, and his lovers, maddened at sight of this beauty, are afflicted with spasms of kissing, publicly and privately, continually and rhapsodically. It all wearies you in a short while. A little moderation and attention to probabilities will help this writer to develop his talents of invention, and to present stories that will charm and entice a large following. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

That the author of "A Yellow Aster" has improved an "Iota," we really doubt. If love and marriage, that to woman should be ever sacred themes, seem to her but subjects of spasmodic ridicule, she had better at once become a Mormon or a follower of Mahomet. The sooner she and her ilk reach their level, the happier will be those who escape their degradation. "A COMEDY IN SPASMS" has nothing to recommend it, either as literature, or as a study of character. If it has stopped a little short of a woman's worst degradation, some may find this a subject of thankfulness and of surprise, when they recollect who wrote it. What a reflection that there are women writing to-day from whom the reader expects only unholiness, and whose escape from abhorrent filth is a subject of praise. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"BEETZEN MANOR" makes a strong appeal to those who treat with neglect, if not with cruelty, a timid and reserved child. There may be within a true heart, capable of the warmest love. The author, W. Heimburg, has well portrayed this in "Poor Ditschee." This title of the opening chapter indicates the deep and unrelieved sadness of the whole story. There are some improbabilities, some lack of finish in the delineating of characters, but we will not dwell on these. No one of heart, after reading this book, but will determine to be uniformly kind and forgiving to all, lest he be unwittingly unkind to some. New York: International News Co.

False Economy

Is practised by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

FOR IRRITATION OF THE THROAT caused by Cold or use of the voice "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are exceedingly beneficial.

Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XXXV. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1896. No. 2

SHOULD IMMIGRATION BE FURTHER RESTRICTED?

A SYMPOSIUM.

ROBERT DE C. WARD, Secretary Immigration Restriction League.
CONGRESSMAN SAMUEL W. MCCALL.
EDW. F. MCSWEENEY, Commissioner of Immigration.

NO demand for the further restriction of immigration will ever have the hearty support of the majority of Americans, native and foreign-born, if that demand is based simply on the desire to keep "America for Americans," or if those who make the demand are actuated by religious or race prejudices, or by the selfish motives arising from the wish to exclude certain definite classes of foreigners because they compete in some special trades with our native workmen.

On the other hand, if a careful and impartial study of immigration and its economic, political, and social effects makes it plain that some of our immigrants are lowering our high standards of living; are exposing our workingmen to unjust and ruinous competition; are tending to degrade the American race; are disinclined to become Americanized and to assimilate with our people; if, in short, it becomes necessary, in order to preserve the American Republic and the high standard of American citizenship, that something should be done in the way of further restriction, then the demand for this restriction will have the support of the country at large, and will be met by the passage of more stringent laws by Congress.

It is this broad, rational, moderate and thoroughly American attitude that the Immigration Restriction League takes. It is not a secret nor a religious organization. It is non-sectarian and non-partisan. It does not advocate exclusion or proscription of any immigrant on the ground of race, religion, or creed, and deprecates any attempt to debar

the worthy and industrious who come to our shores with the honest and deep-seated intention, and with the capacity to justify that intention, of assuming the full duty as well as the privilege of American citizenship.

The question is this: Are we at present justified in demanding of Congress the further restriction of immigration? The answer seems to me very plain, and I shall try to give it in a few words. Until recently our immigrants have been almost entirely people from Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, France, and Scandinavia, belonging to the best races in Europe, akin to us in language or in origin, of one race with ourselves, capable of ready and rapid assimilation, and eager to become Americans and to amalgamate with our people. Against any such desirable immigration from the better peoples of Europe there is not, and should not be, any outcry. But if we examine the statistics of the nationalities of our immigrants during the past fifteen or twenty years, we are at once struck with a very important fact; viz., that the numbers of immigrants from certain countries in Europe which had up to that time sent us very few immigrants, have been rapidly increasing. In 1869, for instance, the total immigration from Austria-Hungary, Italy, Poland, and Russia was only 3,515; in 1880 it was 36,812; in 1887, 124,781; in 1890, 154,873; in 1891, 222,020; in 1892, 259,967.

If we put the general results in another form, in 1869 the immigrants from Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia, and Poland were about one hundredth of the number from Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, France, and Scandinavia; in 1880 they were about one tenth, and in 1894, nearly equal to it. Now, if these immigrants from the first-named countries were of as high a quality as those from the countries last named, there would be little need of any opposition to the inflow of this vast tide. When, however, we come to examine these people, their habits of living, their relations to our national and social life, their occupations, etc., we find ample reason for some protest on our part against their continued practically unrestricted immigration.

This immigration of the last few years has brought us hundreds of thousands of aliens who are foreign not only in race, language, and customs, but in habits of thought, traditions, and ways of living. It is the immigrants from these countries who are crowding the foreign quarters of our cities, and are making "Little Italys," "Little Polands," and "Little Russias" in the midst of the higher American civilization around them. Living thus in colonies by themselves, speaking their own language, and keeping all their own customs, the process of assimilation of these people with the American race is very slow and difficult. The result is that they remain, for the most part, unassimilated and un-Americanized, a menace to our institutions by reason of their foreign language, habits, customs, and political beliefs.

There is no need to detail here the evils of the "sweating system" in the tailoring trade of our large cities, especially in New York, where the condition of things as regards filth, unhealthy surroundings, overcrowding, long hours, and low pay was shown by a recent investigation conducted by the British Board of Trade to be even worse than in Lon-

don. The "sweaters" are recent immigrants from Russia and Poland, who are willing to work anywhere from twelve to eighteen hours out of twenty-four, and for wages on which an American could not begin to keep body and soul together.

In the mine regions of Pennsylvania, where there has been a large introduction of Hungarians and Poles, to work as miners, the conditions as to ways of living, habits, and general unsanitary surroundings are of the worst possible description.

The competition of these lower classes of Europeans with our native labor is very sharp, and very undesirable for our workingmen. The free competition of honest, industrious, healthy, and fit immigrants from Europe should not be feared. It is desirable rather than otherwise; but the practically unlimited freedom of immigration of classes of laborers who come here with lower standards, lower aims, lower desires, and lower morals tends to depress wages and to degrade the high standards of living and character of the American citizen.

It is not right that our workingmen should have to compete with foreigners whose standards of living are so low that we should not want to see our workingmen reduced to the same level. The large immigration of these people adds to the numbers of our unemployed, and imposes heavy burdens on our charitable societies. A commission appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts in 1894, to report upon the unemployed, said, in this connection; "A large number of these (recent) immigrants also are illiterate, and consequently cannot rise into the ranks of skilled labor. They have become congested in our large cities, and not only find themselves repeatedly in need of relief, but also depriving the rank and file of our more permanently established industrial classes of opportunities of working at unskilled employments, when there is a temporary interruption in skilled occupations."

It is regarding these classes of recent immigrants that Bishop J. L. Spalding, of Peoria, wrote not many months ago: "The reckless greed of our great money-getters has led them to induce thousands of the poorest and most ignorant laborers of Europe to come here to supplant more intelligent and consequently more costly workers. These people, many of whom are Catholics, neither understand our language nor have any right conception of our civil and political life. . . . Far from desiring this kind of immigration, the American bishops and priests would be glad to have it cease."

If these people scattered themselves all over the United States, instead of herding together in cities as they do, the problem would not be so serious. Experience shows, however, that they do not and will not thus scatter, but prefer, for religious, racial, and other reasons, to live with their own people in colonies.

What can be done to check the immigration of these undesirable immigrants? The answer is simple, and is found in the illiteracy of the aliens who have been and are coming to us from Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia, and Poland. Statistics show that of the immigrants who came from Russia in the year ending June 30, 1895, twenty-six in every one hundred could not read or write; of those from Poland, twenty-nine in one hundred were illiterate; of those from Austria-Hungary, thirty

in one hundred, and of those from Italy, forty-four in one hundred. On the other hand, of the immigrants from Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany, and Scandinavia, only four in one hundred could not read or write. It is seen, then, at a glance, that the least desirable immigrants are also the most illiterate. If, therefore, we exclude persons who cannot read and write their own language we shall at once cut off a considerable number of the most undesirable people.

A bill (H. R. 9) has recently been introduced into the House of Representatives by Hon. Samuel W. McCall, of Massachusetts, which embodies the educational test just referred to. This bill adds to the classes at present excluded from this country (i. e., those who are mentally and physically unsound, criminals, paupers, polygamists, contract laborers) "all persons between fourteen and sixty years of age who cannot both read and write the English language or some other language." This test would, as has been seen, debar a considerable proportion of the least desirable immigrants, those who are most alien to us in race, habits, and standards of living. If we admitted only those with at least a rudimentary education we should have a body of aliens much more likely to develop into intelligent citizens and to assimilate with us than if they were all absolutely illiterate.

The educational test is a moderate, rational, effective, and simple means of further restricting immigration. It is moderate, because it will not cut down our total immigration as much as twenty-five per cent. It is rational, because "the Commonwealth requires the education of the people as the safeguard of order and liberty"; and if we admit a large number of adult aliens who are absolutely illiterate, as we are now doing, we are endangering the safety of the Commonwealth. It is effective, because it will debar the majority of the undesirable immigrants. It is simple, because it can be applied without any change in existing methods of inspection. Further, it is preëminently American; for as we insist on the careful education of all our children, is it not right and reasonable that we should require of all who come to live among us at least the ability to read and write their own language? The educational test would not debar any professional men; it would exclude very few skilled laborers. The persons whom it would debar would be those who are the least beneficial economically, and the most injurious politically and socially.

I am very strongly of the opinion that the bill introduced by Mr. McCall will, if it becomes law, go a very long way towards satisfactorily settling our much-vexed immigration question.

Robert DeC. Ward.

From Congressman Samuel W. McCall.

The bill which I have introduced in Congress to amend the immigration laws of the United States is as follows: —

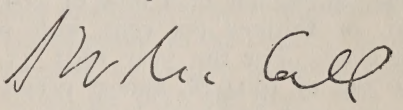
Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That section one of the act of March third, eighteen hundred and ninety-one, in amendment of the immigration and contract labor acts, be, and hereby is, amended by adding to the classes of aliens thereby excluded from admission to the United States the following: All persons between fourteen and sixty years of age who cannot both read and write the English language or some other language.

SEC. 2. That the provisions of the act of March third, eighteen hundred and ninety-three, to facilitate the enforcement of the immigration and contract labor laws, shall apply to the persons mentioned in section one of this Act.

SEC. 3. That this Act shall take effect three months after its passage.

It was prepared by the Immigration Restriction League, whose headquarters are in Boston, and which is a very liberal and intelligent organization. It has a great many of the best men of both parties in its membership.

The bill is not drawn on any proscriptive or race lines, but undoubtedly the effect will be to exclude a great many emigrants from Mediterranean ports. The idea of the bill, however, is to lay down a broad principle. Citizens born in this country we require to be educated, and it is only right that those brought into our country from foreign nations, and who come here when they are past the school age, should be required to be educated.



From Edw. F. McSweeney, U. S. Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York.

The question of restriction of immigration is comparatively of very recent date. Beginning with 1850, when the first real flood of Irish and German immigrants commenced to come to this country, until about 1890, very little was heard of the immigration question except to acknowledge the wonderful debt the country owed to sturdy, honest aliens who, flying from persecution or privation, sought the haven of protection that was offered them by America, and gave in return, by their industry and labor, an impetus to our material wealth and prosperity, which enables us to-day to point with pride to the result of our policy in this regard.

Since 1890 a feeling has been gaining ground that no further benefit is to be gained by allowing foreigners to come to this country; and as a result of that feeling, we have the assuming of control by the Federal Government of the machinery of the Immigration Bureau, which, up to 1890, had been under the control of the various states, and the passage of the restrictive measures of 1891, which was followed by the present act, known as the "Stump Law," of 1893. So little is known of the laws governing immigration and the manner of their enforcement, that it would be interesting to give the history of immigration from the beginning down to the present, but space forbids.

It is unfortunate that the statistics of immigration from which most writers of this question have based their arguments have, up to within the last ten months, been entirely

inaccurate and misleading. No statistics at all were kept until 1820; from that time to 1856 no distinction was made in the returns between settlers and travellers; and until the present administration, no statistics showing the number of European immigrants coming via Canada were kept. In addition to this, it was only last year that Dr. Senner, United States Commissioner of Immigration at the port of New York, discovered that no account had ever been taken of previous residence in this country in enumerating arrivals, allowing the certain class of migratory laborers to be counted over and over again. During the fiscal year 1894, 29,782 out of a total of 219,946, or thirteen per cent, were of this class. For the year 1895, 45,280 out of 190,928, almost twenty-five per cent, had been in this country before. It can be readily seen that if these percentages were applied to the total immigration of 17,000,000, which is supposed to represent the actual immigration from Europe up to this time, whatever conclusions were based upon these figures were false and misleading.

However inaccurate these statistics may be, it must be admitted that a change in the character of immigration has taken place during recent years. The tide which for so many years sought our shores was composed of sturdy, industrious people who came to make homes for themselves, assumed the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, and cast their lot permanently with us. It was this class that has contributed so largely to the development of the country, particularly our Western States, and to such there is to-day no objection. As a rule, they were of such a character as to adjust themselves easily and quickly to our standards of life, political and otherwise, and they were not only welcomed but sought; and it is further true that a great number of those now coming are of this unexceptional class, and they will receive a warm welcome and find steady employment.

During the past few years, however, some immigrants of a far different type have been coming. Among this class ignorance and illiteracy prevail. The low standards and modes of life to which they have been accustomed in their native land still cling to them here. With very little interest in our institutions, they do not affiliate in any way with us, and their presence not only does us no good, but leads to inevitable harm. In this class are to be found the anarchistic elements. They have come here because of stress of adverse conditions in their native lands, with the object of getting all they can and giving as little as possible in return, and with no apparent desire to rise in the scale of intelligence and morality.

Admitting these facts, — and I now address myself to the advocates of the measures calculated to restrict immigration — the important point in this connection is, what manner of restriction will accomplish the purpose desired? The labor organizations, who are the real sufferers from immigration, are not favorable to the laws proposed, such as the educational qualification and the consular inspection bills, but, on the contrary, have emphatically put themselves on record as rather desiring a strengthening of the present laws, in order that they may be more fully carried out, and the purpose for which they were intended reached.

The commission recently appointed by Secretary Carlisle to examine into this question says in its report:

> Immigration must be considered apart from naturalization and the suffrage. It may be unwise to accord the privileges of American citizenship to any but the enlightened and completely assimilated foreigner; but it would be equally unwise to close our ports to the comparatively uneducated but strong, industrious, and frugal manual laborer on that account. Immigration is essentially an economic question; naturalization a political one. It is true that only immigrants may be naturalized; but it does not by any means follow that every immigrant should be given the elective franchise. And while it may be desirable that the Bureau of Immigration act as a clearing-house for naturalization, that action should be considered an incidental convenience and not a necessary function. Owing to a strange and inexcusable mixing of ideas, much of the apparent hostility to immigration is really hostility to the easy naturalization allowed in many states.

The educational qualification, if put into effect, would not protect the workmen of Boston and vicinity from the tide of migratory Canadians who flock into New England yearly, returning in the fall with their earnings. They not only can read and write but can speak the English language as well as Americans; the expenses of living in their native country, however, being so much lower than here, they can afford to come here and work for less than our laborers, and the result has been that in the trades in which they have come into competition, direct and extensive reductions in wages have followed. Being able to read and write in their own language will not stop the padrone system, nor will it affect the "birds of passage," so called, who come and go between this country and Europe, finding it cheaper to return to their native country during the dull season than to live here.

It is not with any desire to antagonize the measures which are honestly proposed for the amelioration of the country, or to impugn the motives of those who are advocating these measures, that the above suggestions are offered; for knowing the parties presenting them, I believe that they are actuated by only the highest and most patriotic motives, but with the sincere belief that, if real restriction is contemplated, measures of this sort will not give the desired relief. Any law that is passed and must be burdened with exceptions would, in my opinion, soon become practically a dead letter, and laws of the nature cited are of such a character that they must be so burdened if placed in effect at all.

For instance, if we were to put an educational qualification as a condition precedent to an immigrant's being admitted to the country, to what number of people would it apply? Could we shut out those who have already been in the country, the number of whom for the last two years has been already stated? They have some alien residency rights which cannot be disregarded. Can we shut the doors on the fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters of those who are already in the country, settled here permanently and regarding this country as their home?

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, out of 219,046 immigrants who were landed at the port of New York, 90,887 were coming to join their immediate families, so that, adding the 29,782 who had been here before, the balance, 98,377, is the real immigration at the port named for that year. For 1895, out of 190,928 immigrants landing at the port of New York, 69,637 were coming to join their families, which number, added to the 42,280 who had been in the United States previously, deducted from the total im-

migration leaves a balance of 79,011, the real immigration for that year.

The facts of the matter are that these measures aim to exclude certain classes of people, because they are undesirable, and try to do this without naming them. In my opinion this is an evasion, and is wrong. An educational qualification would not exclude the Russian, Polish, or Austrian Hebrews, who, on coming here, immediately flock together in industrial centres for the reason that they can, as a rule, read and write in their own language or jargon. It would exclude the southern Italian, the Pole and Hungarian, Syrians, and other Oriental races. Would it not be more honest and straightforward if we were to say that certain nationalities or certain classes of a people as a whole, meaning the undesirable classes mentioned previously, were undesirable, because they did not meet our standard of civilization; to protest respectfully to the governments of these people against their coming here; to give them fair warning that we do not want them; and then enact legislation against them in due course of time?

The strangest feature of the whole matter is that the people who should be the most interested in the restriction of immigration are opposed to it. The labor organizations, through their chosen representatives, have gone on record again and again against the further restriction of immigration, because it is true, and none know it better than they, that the large majority of foreigners who have entered trades in this country have, as soon as possible, joined the labor organizations of their trade, and have proven to be the staunchest and strongest fighters for higher wages and better conditions; and it is a fact accepted by leaders of labor organizations that, but for this foreign influence, the labor organizations, which had done so much to keep wages to their present standards, would not be what they are. The influence of the transient or migratory laborer has, of course, been adverse to labor, and they have recognized this fact.

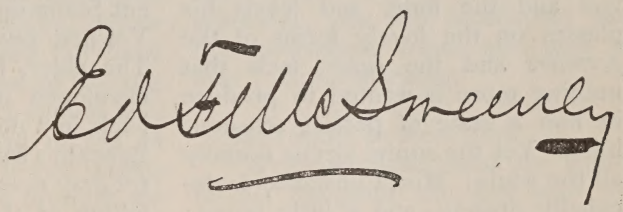
If we will examine the population statistics, we will find that the increase of population has been on the down grade all through our immense immigration, and, as a recent writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* says, our population is now smaller by millions than if our eighteenth-century birth-rate had been maintained and immigration never set in. By the next census it is estimated that we will have about 75,000,000 souls, with room and ample facilities to maintain four or five times that number.

The real question which presents itself, therefore, is, What must be done? and I fully believe that the present immigration laws, which are founded on the practical experience of the past ten years, and especially the "Stump Law," so called, under which we are now working, together with the suggestions which practical experience have found necessary, and which have been submitted in the form of amendments, now before the present Congress for consideration, will accomplish all the ends desired, unless it is wished to shut the doors of the country to foreigners. The present laws keep out the pauper, the idiot, the convict, the contract laborer, the polygamist, the person suffering from a dangerous, loathsome, or contagious disease, and those likely to become a public

charge. There are admittedly defects in the law, but it is founded on the right principle and in the hands of honest officials, and affords full protection to all the interests of the country.

It is hoped, however, not only by the large number of people who are foreigners themselves, or are the children of foreigners, but by a large class of Americans whose forefathers were natives, that this country is large enough, broad enough, and charitable enough to open its doors to the oppressed of the earth. We need their brains and their hands to help us further to develop the immense resources of the country; and if a proper scheme of distribution, whereby the government, in its wisdom, could direct the stream of aliens to those portions of the country where they are needed, taking them away from the congested industrial centres, were to be put into effect, the problem would soon solve itself, and these poor, uneducated people would be brought to a knowledge of a higher civilization and a better standard of living.

The present laws are being strictly enforced; and while they are weak and faulty in many respects, they can be remedied; and to shut the doors of the only haven of refuge and hope which the world holds out for the oppressed, would mean a setting back of civilization.



AN APOLOGY AND THE REPLY.

EDWARD PAYSON JACKSON.

I.

WITH cruel words thy tender heart I stung;
Remorsefully I heard thy patient sighs;
'Twas not my self that chided, but my tongue,
'Twas not my soul that kindled, but my eyes.

The fiercest storm that on the ocean raves
Is only on the surface. In the deeps
That lie below the foaming, lashing waves,
Near Earth's warm bosom, peace eternal sleeps.

II.

O Love, thy penitence is sweet to me;
But yet to reach the peaceful depths that lie
Below the angry surface of the sea,
A ship must founder, and its crew must die.

Full well I know the constant love beneath
Thy often angry eyes and stormy speech;
But must I *die* to escape the waves that seethe
Upon the surface, those calm depths to reach?

BUNCOED.

IT is the opera in New York. The ballet is in full swing. In one of the stage boxes are Mr. Brandon, a well-to-do Yorkshire squire, his only daughter, Constance, and Mr. Morton, a local financier. "Things of beauty," in clouds of gauze, float silently hither and thither in a blaze of light across the stage. The local "dude" in the stalls, as he listens to the lively strains of the viol and the flute, and levels his glasses on the lovely forms of the *première* and the *super*, feels that nothing more is wanted to produce in him a state of perfect sensuous bliss. Yet the squire sleeps soundly all the while; Miss Constance is decidedly drowsy, and a little bored; the financier alone is wide awake, though his eyes are not on the stage. Presently, the first act closes. Mr. Brandon still sleeps on; Mr. Morton disappears. Miss Brandon thereupon heaves a gentle sigh of relief. Suddenly, she starts, leans forward, and fixes her glasses upon a man who for some time past has been steadfastly regarding the box. When she removes them, her eyes sparkle and her face glows. She is not bored nor drowsy now. Finally, the curtain falls. Mr. Morton goes for the carriage. Mr. Brandon wakes up, and leaves also, followed by Miss Constance. At the door, she suddenly halts, quickly turns, advances to the front of the box, takes a bunch of carnations from her breast, throws it far into the middle of the orchestra, and then rejoins her father — all in a moment. It falls at the feet of the first fiddle, who bows low, and instantly picks it up.

. . . . . .

Put back now, the dial on the clock two years; change the scene from New York to Yorkshire; look out from the study window of Staunton Castle over a fair demesne, glowing in the glory of an August sun. Turn again, then, and give ear to the last words of Sir Clement Staunton and his only nephew, Captain Clement Staunton of the ——th Lancers. Yet first take stock of the two men. The elder, his once powerful limbs enveloped in a long robe, is lying back in a deep chair, idly quiescent. Beneath a black skull-cap gleam deep-set gray eyes, restless and suspicious, telling of the existence of a volcano behind them still far from extinct. The other, standing in riding costume, with a hunting-crop in his hand, is a fair *replica* of the old man as to physique, a certain bold, defiant look being also common to both. But the suggestion of an evil heart, impressed on the countenance of the baronet, is not to be seen on the bright, sunny face of the debonair captain.

"I hear, Clement, that you are again deeply in debt. Is that true?"

"Quite true, sir. I do owe a few hundreds."

"And pray, Captain Staunton, how do you propose to liquidate these debts, and when?"

"With your kind assistance, sir, at your earliest convenience."

"This is the third time within

three years that you have become involved. Your extravagance is shameful."

"On the contrary, I consider myself deserving of great credit for the moderation of my expenditure."

"Are you aware, sir, that you are a blackguard for incurring debts you cannot yourself discharge?"

"Before I reply to such an impudent question, favor me, sir, if you please, with your attention for a few moments. At my father's death I became, as you know, heir-presumptive to the baronetcy, though not to the estates. I was then eleven. You were my guardian. Two courses were open to you. You might have given me a middle-class education in a commercial atmosphere, where there would have been perhaps opportunities afforded me of making money; in which case I should not, of course, have regarded myself as heir to your estates. Or you might, on the other hand, have brought me up at a fashionable school, along with those born with silver spoons in their mouths, under which conditions I should have been justified in considering myself your heir. You were pleased to choose the latter course; and accordingly I did consider myself as heir-presumptive to the family estates, which are said, by the way, to be worth some fifteen thousand a year. Now comes the point. Did you, sir, under these circumstances, allow me a sufficient income to keep up the credit of the family? I say emphatically that you did not — that, on the contrary, you gave me — the prospective representative of the family, chosen as such by you — the wages, in the shape of an allowance, of your butler; and when I failed, as of course I did, to sustain creditably my status in society on that dole, you now ask me if I am aware that I am a blackguard. In return for one question, let me put to you another. What shall I say to a man who deliberately and of set purpose places his chosen heir in such a position that he cannot avoid coming to grief, and then, when he does so, instead of throwing him a life-buoy, applies to him opprobrious epithets?"

"I shall not condescend to reply to your insolence further than to recommend you to consider at your leisure this, my ultimatum. If you think proper to throw up your commission and leave the country, your debts will be paid once more, and an allowance of fifty pounds per annum made you. Should you determine otherwise, you will receive no further assistance from me, now or ever. Good morning."

. . . . .

Back again to New York.

"Well, my dear," said the squire to his daughter the day after the opera, "you know Mr. Morton is expecting his answer to-day; what am I to say to him?"

"Father, dear, you must tell him no — that it cannot be."

"But are you wise? He is a good fellow."

"Yes, I know, father. But I prefer to remain Constance Brandon than to be the wife of Mr. Morton. Don't be angry with me. Read this letter, and you will understand why it is now impossible."

The squire took the letter. Thus it ran:—

DEAR CONSTANCE — I noticed your name this morning, in some paper, among the lists of those staying at the Clarendon, and was therefore not very much surprised to see you last night. When we parted two years ago I expected never to have seen your dear face again. Perhaps it would be wiser, under the circumstances, still to keep away from you. If you think so, you will not be at home to me

at two o'clock to-morrow, when I shall call at the Clarendon.

Yours ever,
JOHN CLEMENTS, First Fiddle,
alias CLEMENT STAUNTON.

"Well, and what do you propose to do, my dear?" said the squire. "Clement Staunton, a first fiddle! Dear me."

"Do, father? How can you ask? Dear Clement!"

At two o'clock on the following day Miss Constance sat in the salon of the Clarendon, waiting confidently the arrival of the captain. At three o'clock she still waited hopefully — at four o'clock anxiously; and at six o'clock she gave him up for the day. "Of course he will write or come to-morrow," she said to herself encouragingly. But he came not the next day, nor the next to that. Nor did any letter of explanation arrive. By the end of the third day the patience of the lady became exhausted, and the squire was ordered at once to make inquiries at the opera. He did so; but received only the unsatisfactory intelligence that the first fiddle had been absent from the orchestra for two days, and, moreover, that he had not been at his home during that period. It was the opinion of the authorities that he had been kidnapped, or otherwise made way with. The proper course for him now was to proceed to the police, report the disappearance, and ask for advice and assistance.

On announcing his business to the inspector, that functionary quietly observed, "I guess your friend has got among the buncoes."

"Excuse me, sir. Got among the buncoes? Pray, what are the buncoes?"

"As a Britisher," he replied, "you may well be ignorant of the name given here to a number of scoundrels who infest this city — a gang whose business it is to entrap or decoy into their toils those whom they consider worth being robbed or held to ransom; their prey usually being foreigners. Yes, sir," he continued, "we call them buncoes here, though they are classified in Sicily and Asia Minor as brigands."

"This is indeed serious," said the squire. "But what is to be done? This gentleman is a relation of my family. It will be terrible if your suspicions are correct, and he is in the hands of these miscreants."

"There is nothing to be done, sir, but to leave the case in our hands. It will be necessary in the first instance to offer a handsome reward. Should Mr. Clements have got — as is most likely the case — among these rascals, they will soon find means of letting us know the fact and their terms. Favor me now, sir, if you please, with your address. Should any news come to us, you will be duly advised. Good morning."

. . . . .

"Constance, my dear, I am the bearer of bad news. Clement Staunton has mysteriously disappeared. They know nothing of his whereabouts either at the opera or his home. On the way home I saw the inspector of police, told him all the particulars of the case, and asked his advice. He recommended me to offer a reward, and leave the case in his hands. I have done so."

. . . . .

Constance Brandon and Clement Staunton were very old friends. As children they had been neighbors. Later on, they came to be something more. Then came the day of wrath, when, in an evil hour, his prospects were blighted; and he went to join

the grand army of those who, through crime, misfortune, or folly, have gone under. In writing to bid her farewell, he told her the story of his folly, and that he was on his way to America with a changed name. So was she left lamenting but free.

"Father," said Miss Brandon, as soon as she had grasped the situation, "we can do nothing, as the inspector says, but wait for the result of the offered reward. The suspense, though, will be terrible."

And they did wait, hour after hour, and day after day, for more than a fortnight. But no tidings came of the lost one. Nevertheless, the police had not been idle. They felt satisfied that Clements had got among the buncoes, but could hear nothing whatever of him. Though, however, their investigations failed to obtain any intelligence of the particular man they wanted, yet, strange to say, they led to the discovery of the captivity among them of another Englishman whom their spies reported to be a nobleman of large possessions. The inspector, in reporting to the squire his ill success with regard to Clements, incidentally mentioned in his letter this curious discovery. Perhaps, he added, the squire might know something of this individual. Would he oblige by calling at the station?

"I 'll look round to-morrow," said the squire. "The man may have no friends here, and we may be able to assist him."

The next day at breakfast the squire, who was reading a paper, suddenly exclaimed: "Listen, Constance. 'At Staunton Castle, on the 30th ult., aged eighty, Sir Clement Staunton, Bart.' This is news indeed; and observe, it is dated more than a fortnight ago. I suppose the lawyers have continued advertising the death after the usual time, in order to apprise Clement, of whose whereabouts they are probably ignorant, of his succession."

"Go down at once, dear, and see the inspector," broke in Miss Constance. "He must be found. Double the reward, if necessary—treble it!"

. . . . .

"We have still no news of the missing man," said the inspector, when the squire appeared—"none whatever. But perhaps you can tell me about another of your countrymen, whom we believe they 've got hidden away somewhere—a baronet, Sir Clement Staunton."

"Of course I can. Why, he is this same man. Less than three weeks ago he succeeded to the baronetcy of his uncle. He was then living here under the assumed name of John Clements. But how did they know that he was now Sir Clement Staunton? That beats me. Does it not surprise you?"

"I do not wonder, sir, at your being surprised," replied the inspector; "but I am not, for I happen to have made a special study of these buncoes, and can tell you all about their ways and means. In the first place, they make it their chief business to find out, through servants and others, who strangers from abroad living at hotels and elsewhere really are. In the second place, should their investigations result in the creation of a suspicion that a certain person might be worth running in, he is persistently 'shadowed.' In the third place—but what you want to know is how it came about that they identified this John Clements with Sir Clement Staunton. I take it for granted that

John Clements has all the ways and manners of an Englishman of good position. Now, it is not usual for Englishmen of his class to gain their living as musicians in a New York orchestra. Therefore, those about him place him as a man who has seen better days in England — a refugee, social or otherwise, who, under a false name, is lying low for a time out of the way. Again, it is nearly certain that by some accident or other it was ascertained by those whose minds were exercised about him, that your missing friend was not only not John Clements, but that he was Clement Staunton, late ——th Lancers. You will naturally ask of what value to them would be, if entrapped, the body of a broken-down British captain? I reply, none whatever, so long as the captain was only Clement Staunton; but when he suddenly becomes, as they suspect, Sir Clement Staunton of Staunton Castle, Baronet, his value in their market shoots upward like a sky-rocket. You tell me that it was only yesterday you knew of the death of Sir Clement, though it happened more than a fortnight ago. But what was there to prevent the buncoes learning the fact as soon as it was announced, and to perceive by the identity of names the extreme probability of the captain being the relation — perhaps the heir — of the deceased baronet? If they did not run him in on this chance, they would not be the buncoes I know."

"Very well, then," said the squire, "the only question now remaining is the amount of the ransom. The present reward does not seem to be sufficient; it must therefore be doubled or trebled."

"I will see to that at once," said the inspector.

The offer of an increased reward had happily the desired effect. At two o'clock on the afternoon of the third day, Clement, to the great delight of the squire and his daughter, appeared at the Clarendon. After endless congratulations and requests to relate his experiences, he thus began: —

"On my way here one day, just as I entered Broadway, a man sidled up to me and attempted to draw me into conversation. He was not a bad-looking fellow; but as he was an utter stranger, I cold-shouldered him. Nevertheless, he continued talking; and at last, as I did not reply, said, 'I see you're offended, sir, at my addressing you.'

"'Not at all,' I replied.

"'Well, to prove that's so,' he went on, 'come round to my place and have a cocktail. If you're fond of books, I can show you some curious ones.'

"Not being at the moment in want of either a cocktail or a book, I declined his offers, and he presently departed. Continuing my stroll, I was soon again accosted by another man. 'Ah, captain,' he said, 'how are you? You don't remember me?'

"'Indeed, I do not,' I replied.

"'Surely you haven't forgotten that day at Sandown, when I laid you six to four in fivers on the field, and lost it? I was a bookey then.'

"Now, I happened to be myself betting a good deal at one time there; it was therefore possible I might have had some dealing of the sort with this man. Still, I did not recollect him at all, and said so. Nevertheless, to be civil, I inquired what he was about.

"'I am in the curio line now over here,' he answered; 'got a

ripping store down town full of pretty things. Will you come and see them, sir?'

"'Not now,' I answered.

"'Come, then, to my house and see some lovely bits which I haven't the heart to part with. There is a Stradivarius worth ten times its weight in gold. I won't keep you five minutes.'

"I don't think any other fly in the world but a Stradivarius would have risen me, but I did rise to this one. A quarter of an hour later, we were standing opposite a door in a quiet street. He opened the door with a latch-key; we passed in, and mounted to the first floor. Opposite the staircase was the opening to a large room.

"'In here, sir,' said my friend, as he passed the threshhold. I followed unsuspiciously. A man was standing looking out of the window. As I reached the centre of the room, he turned. In him I recognized at once the fellow who had offered me the cocktail. I turned round quickly. My guide was standing quietly with his back to the door, the key thereof in one hand, a big revolver in the other.

"'What is the meaning of this?' I asked him angrily.

"'It means, Sir Clement, that you are buncoed. You were hard to get, though, wasn't he, Charlie?' turning to the other blackguard; 'but buncoed you are and no mistake.'

"Furious, but powerless, I exclaimed: 'You called me just now Sir Clement. That is not my name. It is John Clements.'

"'It is quite true,' he replied, 'that your name the other day was John Clements — to be accurate — your assumed name; but it is now Sir Clement Staunton, Baronet. If you doubt me, look at the deaths in the *Times* there.'

"I took up the paper; and, sure enough, there appeared the announcement of my uncle's death.

"'Now, look at the top of the second column, and I think you will find an advertisement there to this effect: "It is requested that the nephew and heir of Sir Clement Staunton, of Staunton Castle, Yorkshire, who is believed to be living in New York under an assumed name, will communicate at once with Messrs. Jones & Co. of London." Probably you did not see either the announcement or the advertisement, but we noticed both, and, putting them together, could come to no other conclusion than that John Clements, *alias* Clement Staunton, is identical with Sir Clement Staunton. Come, Sir Clement; there is no use whatever your denying this. The easiest way for you to get out of your difficulties is to accept the situation and play fair with us, cards on the table. What, then, will you give to be free? Shall we say five thousand pounds?'

"I laughed aloud at the absurd idea of my finding such an amount. 'I am quite willing to admit,' I answered, 'that I have succeeded to my uncle's title, but have every reason to believe that I shall not benefit by his will; for although I am his next of kin, I am certainly, as you will find, disinherited.'

"'Well, sir, the truth of the matter on that point can easily be ascertained by reference to our friends in England. Meanwhile, we shall have to detain you till we receive their answers to our inquiries. You will find here everything necessary, as far as is possible under the circumstances, to your comfort. But, remember, the key of the door is al-

ways in one of my hands, and this article here [he lifted the revolver] in the other.'

"I will spare you any description of the weary days of my imprisonment, and only tell of what passed this morning. It would seem, then, from the conversation of my jailer, that soon after I was missed, some good Samaritan offered a reward for me, but that they had determined to await the report of their correspondents in England on the will before considering the question of its acceptance. This report came yesterday, and was to the effect that I was actually disinherited in favor of some distant relative. There being now no doubt of the fact, and considering the amount of the reward, which appears to have been doubled within the last three days, they determined last night to release me as soon as the money was secured. It came to hand this morning, and here I am."

. . . . . .

Let six months now pass away; change the scene once more from New York to Yorkshire. Look out again from the study window of Staunton Castle, and watch the wandering sunshine stealing silently from the stream to the hill, from the forest to the flowers on the lawn. Turn again and note the occupants of the room. You have seen them both before — one as Constance Brandon, boldly casting a bunch of carnations far into an orchestra, the other as John Clements, fiddling to a ballet; or, as Clements Staunton, uttering words of high disdain to a venerable relative. But how came they there? you naturally ask; for, in fact, the disinherited looks as if the place belonged to him, and Constance seems equally at home. "Yes; how came they there? That is what I want to know too," repeats a hollow, sepulchral voice. In an instant I recognize the imperious tones of the late baronet, and perceive the dim outline of his imposing figure. "Look at that blackguard!" it began, as with uplifted finger he pointed to the living baronet. "I cast him out, it was but yesterday, forever from Staunton Castle; and lo, here he is back again, seated in my own chair! What, sir," he asked, "is the meaning of his presence here?"

"His presence here, sir," I reply, "would seem to be accounted for by the fact that he owns the castle — or, to be accurate, the lady over there with the pug in her lap, Constance Staunton, *née* Constance Brandon, inherited it from you, and he owns her."

The Ghost — "And that is Constance Brandon, my next of kin after that scoundrel there — my heiress, sole possessor of all my wealth! It is well for her I suspected not that it would have come to this. Confound her! But tell me, sir, how it came to pass that in marrying this man she made the only marriage that could have defeated my plans?"

"It happened," I reply, "in this wise. Miss Brandon and her father were travelling in the States. In New York she met a certain prominent citizen, Mr. Morton, who loved her; and she might have been 'the happiest in the land'; but it appears that 'she fancied a cove who played the fiddle in a German'"—

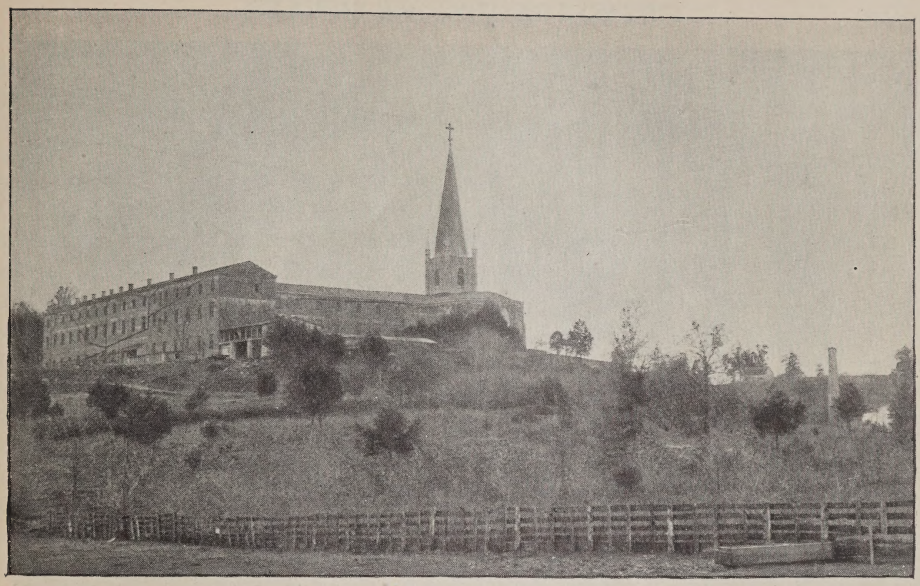
Here I suddenly stop, for the ghost, who had been listening attentively, suddenly vanished — and I rubbed my eyes.

Had I been dreaming? Perhaps. And yet this story is not altogether a romance.

Cupid's Libation.

AN ORGAN FANTASY.

From the picture by Von Hesselin.



Gethsemani Abbey.

A GUEST OF THE TRAPPISTS.

Aloysius Frederick Thiele.

THE tourist who goes south by rail from Louisville, Kentucky, glides on and on through a beautiful country, over hills and through valleys, through sleepy towns and quiet villages, with here and there a rude log cabin—reminder of the "long, long ago." After crossing half a hundred miles of the landscape, his attention is attracted by a pile of low buildings, much on the order of old-time castles, nestling among the hills in the far distance. Instead of a castle tower, there rises from one corner a spire surmounted by a golden cross. It is soon lost to view, but thus, on every train that passes this point every day in the year, passengers get a glimpse of Gethsemani Abbey, the home of the Trappist monks.

Perhaps these tired world wanderers gaze at that glittering cross with something more than idle curiosity; perhaps there is many a heart that longs for the quiet and peace within the walls of that haven for weary souls. Situated in a most picturesque spot, surrounded by hills in the distance, and fields of grain, vineyards, gardens, and woods in the foreground, it affords a magnificent panorama. In fact, a traveller who had been all through Europe and the sunny South told me that the landscape from the hills of Gethsemani was only equalled by the scenery in Switzerland.

Standing on one of the hills on a clear day, with the monastery buildings at your feet, you feel in this

ENTRANCE TO GETHSEMANI ABBEY.

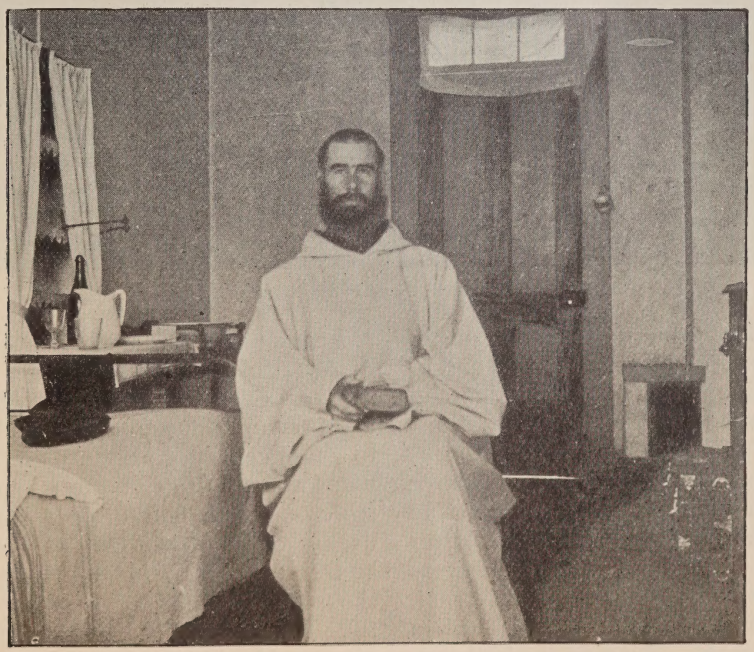
place a real isolation from the rest of the world. There is nothing to break the peacefulness of the scene, and the few scattered homes of the farmers only add to its picturesque beauty. Off to the south in the distance, where two hills seem to have parted company, allowing a beautiful low valley to glimmer between, you see the towers of a church and the roofs of buildings which make up the little town of Good Hope. The wind is still, and you hear a chorus of feathery songsters carolling a vesper to the harmonious accompaniment of the deep, mellow-toned bell in the monastery tower, as it tells the hour or calls the monks to their devotions.

This is the home of the Trappist monks, the followers of St. Benedict, the most austere order of cloistered monks in the Roman Catholic Church. Men who discard the world and all its glitter and glare, retire to this secluded spot to spend their lives in following the meek and lowly One who came into the world to save mankind. They practise the virtues of poverty, obedience, and chastity, and live in silence; for the Trappist monk is allowed to speak only when necessary, and then by permission. Of course they work, doing all the manual labor about the place, except tilling the soil, which is done by family brothers, men who live as celibates at the monastery under the rule of the Abbot, but do not join the community; working in the gardens and fields, when not in the church saying the office. Here dwells in harmony a community of more than sixty men, living a life of patient penance and piety, and adhering to the laws which govern every community of the Cistercian Monks of La Trappe throughout the world.

It is nearly fifty years since four

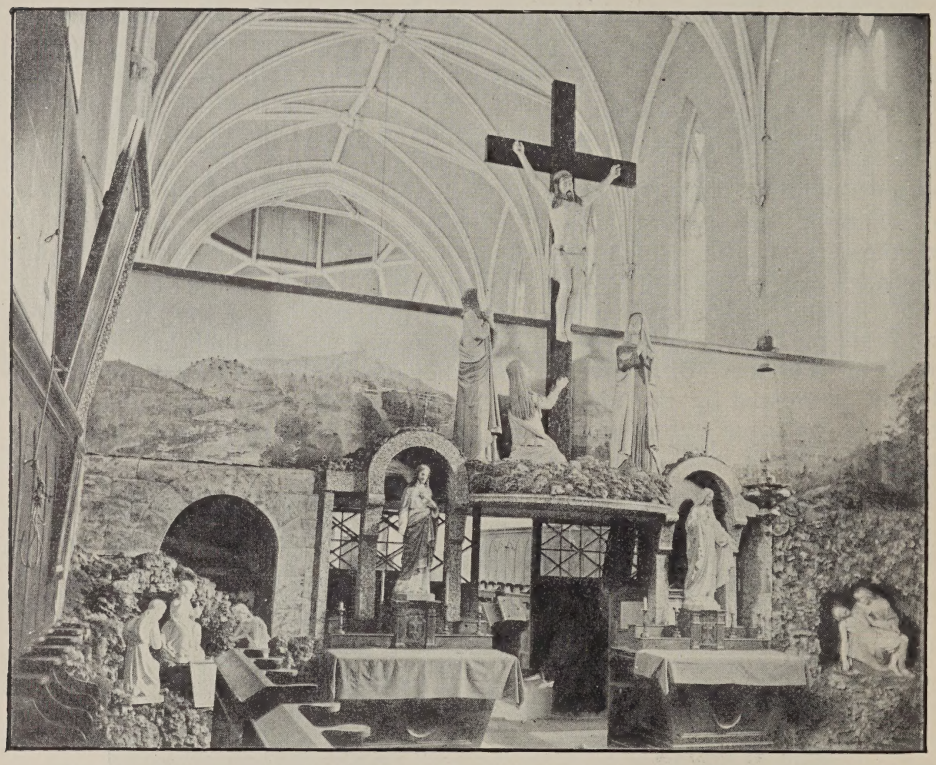
venerable members of the community of La Meilleraye of the department of the Loire-Inferieure, France, left their native land and came to this country to found a monastery. They journeyed to Kentucky, which is one of the oldest Catholic settlements in the West, and established Gethsemani Abbey, which from a very small beginning has grown to its present large dimensions. From their first abode here, even during the most troublous times of the past half-century, the good monks have been held in the highest veneration by Catholic and Protestant alike, whether from the North or the South.

The visitor, as he steps from the train at the little station, which is right in the heart of the woods, is deeply impressed by the simple yet gracious welcome extended by the kind-faced monk, who, in the absence of the regular driver, meets him with the old-fashioned, roomy carry-all which has done service for many years in carrying passengers and their effects to and from the Abbey. When you are comfortably seated, and all traps and effects are stowed away, the driver calls to "Pete," the old mule; and the latter, putting up his ears, trots off at the same gait he has taken over the same road many hundred times before. For about a mile and a half the route lies between fields of corn, with here and there a cottage. Perhaps you meet men or boys, or a troop of country maidens on well-bred horses, going in the opposite direction, and you are impressed with the profound respect and kind politeness with which they greet the brother who is with you, and the cheerful, smiling manner with which he returns their salutation.



THE FATHER CONFESSOR IN A GUEST CHAMBER.

Soon you come to a turn in the road, and on a little hill to your right lies the College of Gethsemani, a boarding-school for boys in charge of the monks. On your left, just past the school, is a gate leading into a beautiful avenue lined on each side by double rows of English elms, are admitted and, in charge of the porter, Brother Patrick, you are conducted through a garden beautifully laid out with flowers and plants, and walks here and there, past a large white statue of the Immaculate Conception in a vine-covered bower of morning-glories and trailing arbutus.



LAY BROTHERS' CHOIR IN THE CHURCH.

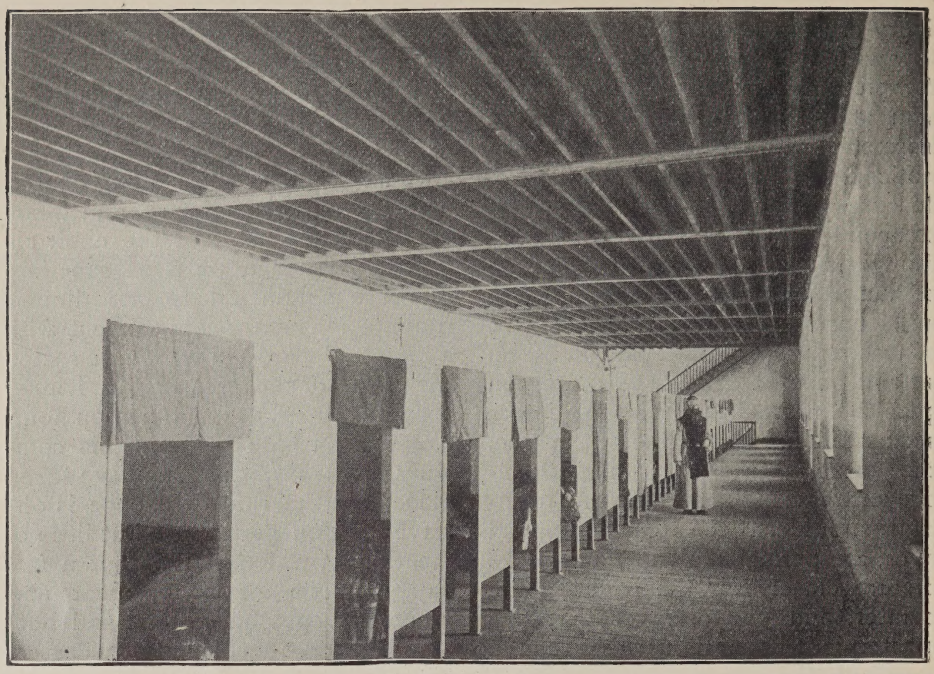
which rise proudly to a height of eighty feet or more. At the end of this avenue is the porter's lodge and the entrance to the Abbey. Above the gate, in gold letters, is the inscription "*Pax Intrantibus*," and above this in a niche is a beautiful statue of the Virgin and Child, the latter with its little arms outstretched, as if to welcome you to Gethsemani. Above this, over the arch, is a plain wooden cross. Ringing the bell, you

Reaching the monastery proper, or that part of it called the Hotel, which is given over to the guests who remain several days, you are conducted to the reception-room, a plain apartment with high ceiling, containing a table on which is a Bible worn with use, a copy of Thomas à Kempis, and some chairs. Everything is of the plainest, quite in harmony with the poverty practised by the community. Above the door hangs an

ivory crucifix which has turned yellow with age, and on the walls are a few pictures of saints. Right opposite you is a masterpiece, quite out of harmony with what you have just noticed. It is an oil painting of Mary of Egypt, who left the world to spend her days in the wilderness doing penance, hiding from the gaze of human eyes that face whose beauty and charms could be transferred to canvas only by a master-hand. You sit and gaze at it, and the more you gaze the more beautiful the picture seems to be. Every line of the face, the curve of the lips, the golden-brown tresses falling over the beautiful shoulders, the tear-bedimmed eyes, are perfect. You examine the picture closely for the name of the painter, and you discover that this masterpiece is nothing less than a work of the great Vandyke, presented to the monks by some friends from Germany.

While you are admiring this beautiful work the porter returns, and with him the guest-master, Father Joseph, a man of medium height, with flowing black beard, and wearing the white habit of the choir religious. After a pleasant greeting, you are conducted to the dining-room, a long narrow apartment with a long table, around which are seated the guests of the monastery. Dinner is being served, as it is the noon hour. You feel a trifle strange in this company, as no introductions have taken place, and the rule of silence is observed. You partake of but little of the dinner, which, if it is not a fast day, consists of soup, meat and potatoes, vegetables, bread and butter, milk or coffee, and for dessert apples, or sometimes pie.

A Morning Walk on the Avenue. Monk and Guest.

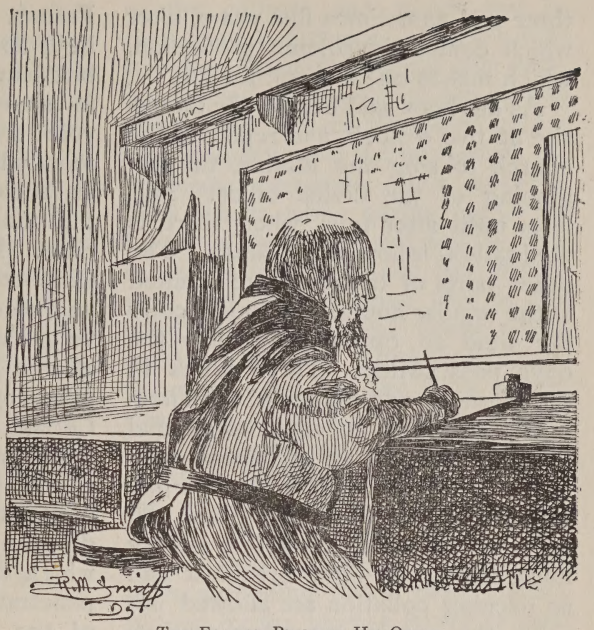


MONKS' DORMITORY.

After dinner you are shown the room prepared for you on the second floor, and leading off from a long corridor which extends the length of the building and overlooks the inner court or garden. Your room is small and plainly furnished with a comfortable, clean bed, washstand, bookcase, table, and chairs. It has old-time casement windows which overlook the front garden, the avenue and a great stretch of peaceful country. When you are installed, you are made acquainted with the rules governing the guests, and are then presented to the Father Prior, who, in the absence of the Abbot, is the head of the community. He is some seventy-four years of age, but does not look sixty. In a manner that betokens the deepest sincerity he welcomes you, and after a pleasant half-hour talk he gives you the freedom of the place. Taking a walk on the avenue, you meet the other guests, and soon feel at home, as it does not take one long to learn all about the life of the Trappist monks.

The building itself is a great quadrangular pile of brick, three stories high, heated by furnaces and lighted by gas. Within the quadrangle is a green inner court or garden, beautifully laid out, in the centre of which is a spring covered by a picturesque pavilion. One side of the quadrangle consists of two chapels — one appropriated to the ordinary services of the church, and entered from without the Abbey wall by all who desire, the other, consecrated to the offices of the Trappist order, entered only from within, and accessible exclusively to men. Around the high altar of the monks' church are many small chapels where the divine offices of the church are solemnized by the priests of the community.

On the north side is the chapter-room, where the monks assemble every morning; and above this is the dormitory, where, upon straw mattresses that are anything but soft, the monks retire at seven or eight o'clock, according to the season, to rise again at two to begin the day. On the south side are the refectory and kitchen, where the humble meals are prepared and served. Here also are the tailor shop, pharmacy, and other necessary offices. Scattered about this building, at some distance, are the saw-mill and flour-mill, the shops and factories where the articles for the use of the community are made, the stables for the horses and cows, and the pens for the swine. There are three kitchens, one for the guests, the other for the community, and a third for the infirmary. Cheese and butter are made, as well as the rough shoes worn by the members of the community.



THE FATHER PRIOR IN HIS OFFICE.

Outside of the monks' church, and beneath the shadow of the cross from the church spire, is the cemetery, where, side by side, rest the remains of the dead of the community, beneath beds of myrtle, and with only plain wooden crosses to mark their last resting-place.

In this order there are two classes of Religious — the choir religious and the lay brothers. The former take their name from their principal obligation, which is to perform their duty in the choir. They wear a white woollen habit and cowl, the fully professed members wearing besides a black scapular. The lay brothers wear the same kind of a habit, but brown in color, and are more especially occupied in the material labors, the doing of which would prevent the choir members from being able to perform the choir duties. As it often happens that some do not wish to assume all the responsibilities of a Trappist, the order makes provisions to receive such as "Oblates." These can make selection regarding the class they wish to join. They have to follow the rules laid down for the daily work of the Trappist, but, taking no vows, they are at liberty to leave whenever they choose to do so. Any one entering this monastery with the intention of becoming a monk must pass through the novitiate, which lasts two years. During this time if he finds that he does not like the life, he can leave at any time. Following the novitiate is the simple profession, which lasts for

three and sometimes five years, after which comes the solemn profession, which makes one a monk for life.

As has been said before, the monks rise at two o'clock, and repair to the church to sing the Matins, the beginning of the divine office. This lasts until after four, when there is meditation, followed by Mass. The other parts of the office are chanted at the regular hours, and they occupy the time so opportunely that the days pass swiftly. Three hours in the morning and three in the afternoon are usually devoted to manual labor. There is an erroneous idea abroad that the monks eat but one meal a day, dig their own grave, and never speak, which altogether is very nonsensical. A light breakfast and an evening collation are allowed besides the regular noonday meal — excepting on fast days. Graves are never dug until there is a necessity for one, and the monks speak when they have permission, and always to their superiors. Meat is never partaken of; the products of the field and dairy make up the simple fare of the Trappist. Cider of their own making, barley, coffee, and water are their only beverages — very hard for a man of the world; but to look at these clear-skinned, bright-eyed, and healthy looking men, one cannot but think there are many people in the world worse off who have more luxuries of the table. The lives of these men are as calm as a summer sea. One day is like another, and passes away swiftly and smoothly.

Perhaps the evening devotions are the most impressive of the day's services. The church is lighted only by a half-dozen tall candles on the altar, beside a beautiful statue of the Immaculate Conception — recently presented to the church by friends in France. The candles throw a soft light about the altar and sanctuary, but leave the balance of the church in almost total darkness. Then a voice from the choir of white-robed monks begins the *Salve Regina*, and at its close there is a solemn silence, the monks bowing low before the altar. From the darkness glides a white-robed figure to the sanctuary, and, reaching the bell-rope, gives out very slowly twelve strokes. Then, after a pause, the voice of the subprior repeats the words of the *Anima Christi*, after which the lights are extinguished, and the monks leave the church to retire for the night. The lights are all extinguished except the dim red light of the sanctuary lamp, which casts a lurid gleam only half penetrating the gloom. The footfalls of the retiring monks echo to the vaulted roof and dome of the church, and still you linger in the sacred place, loath to leave.

This service, which is the climax of the monks' life every day, has made an impression upon you which can never be forgotten: the religious light from the tall candles; the awful stillness as the monks bend before the altar; the brown-cowled brothers, looking like so many spectres in the distant gloom; the solemn tones of the great bell which fill the church with quivering, mournful sound; and right before you that awful crucifixion scene, which makes a tremor pass over you whenever you gaze at it. The blue lips and partly open mouth of the dead Christ, the ashen hue of the divine face, the thorn-crowned head, the streams of blood on the face and body, the hands and feet pierced by the rough nails, and the wound in the side, all combine to make a picture of the most abject misery; and as you gaze you long to

throw yourself at the feet of this cross, and with Mary Magdalene to caress the sacred feet of the Christ, or mingle your tears with those of the Virgin Mother or St. John who, standing beneath the cross, reveal the most poignant grief and sorrow over the death of their beloved. As you are lost in contemplation of this awful scene, you hear from somewhere in the church a voice rich yet mournful, pouring forth with deep pathos the words of that tender petition: —

"Soul of Christ, sanctify me!
Body of Christ, save me!
Blood of Christ, inebriate me!
Water from the side of Christ, wash me!
Passion of Christ, strengthen me!
O! good Jesus, hear me!
Within Thy Wounds hide me!
Permit me not to be separated from Thee!
From the malignant enemy defend me!
In the hour of my death call me!
And bid me to come to Thee!
That with Thy Saints I may praise Thee
Forever and ever. Amen."

At last you leave the church and go to your room to ponder over what you have seen and heard. You seem, indeed, to have stepped out of one world into another, leaving behind you all bustle, excitement, and care, and you find in this enclosure a peaceful, tranquil world where strife and discord seem to be unknown.

It is a warm night, and, the lights being extinguished, you open the casement and gaze out upon the beautiful landscape. The moon has arisen and sheds a pale light over the scene. A stray beam, finding its way through the thick foliage of an elm, rests lovingly on the white statue of the Virgin in the garden, illuminating the figure with a halo which makes it appear even more heavenly. You see no lights except the two wax tapers which burn every night before the shrine of the Virgin just in front of the college, and which can be seen from a distance. Many a lone traveller, passing this road after dark, is consoled by this shrine and its wax lights, and blesses the good monks whose devotion to the mother of the Redeemer prompts their keeping. You ponder, while gazing out at the long row of stately trees and the hills in the distance, on the life around you, and how it must feel to live apart from the great world which seems so far away. Finally you take to your couch and are soon asleep, dreaming perhaps of home and loved ones, or, more likely, of monks. You see them, with their white cowls, moving gracefully about, some smiling, others, perhaps, with solemn and saintly faces kneeling in prayer, with tears streaming down their cheeks, bidden by the intense fervor of their devotion. You see yourself in the assemblage wearing a white cowl, your hair shorn close, the heavy shoes on your feet, and you have been fasting, oh! so long. Now there is one offering you meat and wine— delicacies which you have not tasted for years, and dare not do so now without committing a grave sin; and yet you are so hungry, that, overcome with the temptation, you yield, and, stretching out your hand to seize the viands, you suddenly wake up to find yourself in bed with your civilian garments by your side. The dawn is just breaking, and from the church comes like low music the sound of the monks' voices chanting the office. The birds, too, have already begun their early morning carols; and while in the far-off city your friends are just beginning to enjoy their night's rest, you arise refreshed and begin another day, to end as the one gone before.

And so the days pass one after

the other. As you meet the members of the community you wonder what the history of this or that one is, and why one so brilliant in intellect should choose the life of a Trappist. You meet Father Gregory, the sub-prior, a bright man, with kindly eyes. He is very kind, and tells you much that is of interest. You see him very often, and he shows you about the place. How pleasant every one is, and how happy they all are — even to Father Henry, who has recently become blind, and yet is happy in his terrible affliction, and bears his cross with silent patience. These men are surely blessed in their peculiar and very severe life, and their smiling faces seem to speak of the peace which passes all understanding. They would not change places with any one in the world, because their vocation tended to the very life they are leading, and consequently they are content. To them this life is but a preparation for the spiritual one to come.

I met one day another guest who is also a newspaper man, no less a personage than Colonel J. J. Haggerty, the "Snap-Shot" of a New York daily, and editor of the now defunct *Arizona Kicker*. He was sojourning at the monastery for some time, visiting some of his friends who are members of the community. He is a native-born Irishman and a genius, and made life at the Abbey more interesting by his good nature. I was invited to attend the monthly exercises at the college one afternoon, and of course accepted the invitation. There were many distinguished guests present from Bardstown, New Haven, New Hope, and other parts of that section of the country. There are some seventy scholars at the college — which, by the way, is an excellent one. Father Cyprian has had charge of the school ever since the so-called "Lord" Beaufort caused so much trouble for the good monks who had befriended him. It was surprising to see how well the boys carried out their part of the programme. There were addresses by the mayor of New Hope, Father Gregory, and, yes, one by Colonel Haggerty, who created much merriment by a very clever impromptu speech.

You of course visit the cemetery; and reading over the names on the little wooden crosses, you will see the name of Father Joseph, and upon further inquiry you will find that in the world he was known as Lucien Marius Colliere. Really, can it be the same one? Back in the sixties Lucien Marius Colliere was known throughout the world of art and music, and many persons yet living were thrilled by the glorious baritone voice of this man, as he trod the boards of the grand opera, singing the works of the great masters. His life reads like a romance. He was, while very young, a designer in Berne, Switzerland, but poetry and music soon drew him from the more prosaic art. Next he shone in the salons of the Faubourg St. Germain, and later he was the principal star in the Grand Opera House, Paris — his native city, where he was first baritone. During the revolution of 1848 his songs and music were on inspection, but the political turmoil compelled him to leave France, and he came to Louisiana. In New Orleans he sang in French opera. In Cincinnati, Louisville, and New York he taught drawing and music. One of his pupils in music was no less a personage than Miss Nellie Grant,

now Mrs. Sartoris. His wife died, and his two daughters entered a convent, and while still in the zenith of his glory he left the world, and sought refuge at Gethsemani. The glorious voice which had thrilled thousands was forever hushed, save when chanting with the choir the divine office.

Many a time in later years when his turn came to sing the "Salve" his voice would ring out with all its old-time fire and pathos, and the passionate tenderness expressed in softest cadences would touch the hearts of the monks and visitors with a strange, pathetic thrill.

He was not the only great character among the members of this silent community. If the curtain could be lifted and you could look into the past lives of these religious, what would not be revealed — the trials, the sufferings, the temptations, the strife, and the heroic sacrifices made, which, alas! will never be known until the day when the leaves of the judgment book are unfolded.

It is said that the present abbot, Reverend Father Edward, comes from the house of "Bourbon," and that royal blood flows in his veins. However, he is but a poor monk now, and never speaks of his ancestors or his position in the world. And there are many more. Do you remember that humble but bright-faced brother who greeted you at the station? Look at him again and see if you cannot trace fine lines in his face. His life was very romantic. He is the son of a wealthy distiller, and when a young man was very wild, and always getting into mischief, much to the grief of his fond parents. On one occasion, being refused a request for a large sum of money by his father, he burned down one of his father's distilleries valued at thousands of dollars; then flying west he became a cowboy, and served as such for some seven years. And now this same lad is a professed Trappist monk, leading a quiet, serene life away from the world.

In the little cemetery garth you will see a marble tomb on which is inscribed the following: "John Lambert Emmanuel Amor Constant, Baron de Horiamont de Neau; born in the Castle de Merots, Walhorn, then Duchy of Limberg, Belgium, April 22, 1789, and died October 22, 1879, at the Abbey of Gethsemani." He was not a member of the order, but a great benefactor of the monks. He ended his life at the Abbey, and now his remains rest with those of the monks whom in life he had befriended.

There is another little burying-ground just outside of the Abbey wall where those who so desire may be buried. Among the poor and rich here interred you find the grave of Mrs. Amanda Davis Bradford, sister of Jefferson Davis, who, before her death in 1881, requested to be buried in the shadow of the monastery. In life she was a benefactress of the monks, and many are the prayers they offer for her soul and the souls of the other dead who lie buried near her.

Each new day brings to a visitor more content and enjoyment of the peaceful life within these Abbey walls, and you are loath to think of the time when you must leave the good monks and the secure shelter of the monastery, to take your place again in the outer world to battle with the cares and the business of every-day life.

However, the day comes. This is your last night in the monastery.

You retire at eight o'clock as usual, and get up at three in the morning, attend Mass at four, after which you take a stroll to the hills, to watch the sunrise, which in this section of the country is more than beautiful. After breakfast you pack your effects, perhaps write a few letters, and visit the old haunts where you have spent so many peaceful hours, — the Virgin's shrine, the lodge where you enjoy a little chat with the porter, the garden with its palms and flowers, the farm, the old mill, the cemetery, and lastly the chapels and the church. You hear again for the last time the monks chanting the office. You pass into the Lourdes chapel, with its privileged altar, and the chapel in which is the magnificent picture of the stoning of St. Stephen, by Rubens. You gaze long at this fine work, especially at the face of the saint, which is the only part of the picture not fading from age; and after going once more to the monks' church to make a farewell visit to the Blessed Sacrament and look again upon the beautiful statue of the Virgin and the vivid crucifixion scene, you bid good by to those of the community whom you have met, and kneel to receive the blessings of dear Father Gregory and the Father Prior. With many promises to return in the near future, you pass out of the Abbey, through the winding walks to the porter's lodge, where the "carry-all" is in waiting for you. You take your place in the conveyance, and with many farewells from the monks who see you off, you pass down the avenue of stately elms and out of the gate, not, however, without a feeling of sad regret.

In writing about this order and its Kentucky home, some journalists have said that no American ever becomes a Trappist; that the community is entirely made up of foreigners. This, however, is not true. The monks are mostly Germans, but there are a few Americans, and also some Irishmen and some Frenchmen in the community.

As the train rolls away you take a last glance at the spire and cross through the trees. What thoughts crowd into your mind as you are once more in the world of life, of business, with its strange mixture of sorrow, happiness, affection, hatred, truth, and deception. As you are whirled along your thoughts go back again and again, and you half regret having come away.

A MEMORY.

John A. Joyce.

Adown the vanished years where memory lingers,
There comes to me a picture from the past,
And round her brow I see fond fairy fingers
Entwining rarest roses to the last.
Her laughing voice could banish every sorrow;
Her sunny smile was all the world to me —
Yet vainly from the past I try to borrow
Her presence from that dark eternity.

It must be that beyond the stars now shining
She waits and watches for my coming call;
For oft in dreams, my weary head, reclining
Upon her bosom, finds its sweet enthrall

HOW SUGAR IS REFINED.

THOMAS D. BOLGER.

VERY few people have even the faintest idea of the labor attendant upon the production of sugar. The amount of labor expended upon it before it reaches the refiners' wharves as "raw material" is, in itself, enormous, but it is of the subsequent process, which reduces this foul-smelling product to the clear bright crystals which fill our morning sugar-bowls, that this paper will treat. It would be impossible to give any account of the process which would convey a full and exhaustive idea of the labor and care expended. To be fully understood it should be seen, but I will endeavor to give a slight idea of it gathered from a recent visit to one of our large eastern refineries.

Leaving the open air, my guide and I entered one of the large houses where we found the process sufficiently complete for the objects of this paper. The first sensation apt to suggest itself is the heavy, syrupy smell, which at first is not by any means pleasant, but which you become accustomed to as you proceed. You are first shown the "melter." There are many in the various buildings, but we followed the work from this one. You cannot see much of it except the great metal lid, level with the floor, and flanked by two large gratings. It consists, however, of a large circular tank sunk into the earth, and a shaft which you see descend into its centre is fitted with revolving arms and rollers, and is worked by a powerful engine close by. This shaft with its arms is known as the agitator. The raw sugar is dumped through the gratings, already mentioned, into this great tank, and either hot or sweet water is added until the whole is reduced, with the help of the agitator, to a liquid state, which when ready is pumped by powerful engines to the top of the building. Before leaving the ground floor to take the elevator and follow the liquor — as it is now called — in its ascent, I asked why hot or sweet water was mentioned. I was told that sweet water was that which had already gone the round of the buildings, acting in various capacities, but which was considered too full of saccharine matter to be yet discharged into the sewer. In the sugar refining business nothing goes to waste, as other matters will go to show; and this water is used until all the sugar which it may have collected on its rounds, and at present holds in a dissolved state, has been taken from it. Should none of this sweet water be on hand, the hot water is added.

Now, having taken the steam-lift and followed the liquor in its ascent, we found ourselves upon a floor on which were ranged a number of circular tanks filled with as dirty-looking a liquid as one would care to see. Its surface was covered with a dirty scum such as might be seen where a mountain stream empties itself into some quiet pool after a few days' hard rain. There was not much to be learned here beyond the fact that steam or hot air was being pumped into those tanks, that the

liquor might be kept at a proper temperature until such time as it commenced its downward journey again. Whilst in those tanks a slight solution of lime is added to the liquor, in order to prevent acidity, as raw sugar when subjected to heat is very apt to ferment quickly.

From this floor the liquor descends to the next below, where the first stage of separation between itself and its impurities commences. On this floor you see nothing but a number of long iron troughs pierced by holes of about one inch in diameter. These holes extend through this floor, and lead into filter bags hung directly beneath them. Descending another story, I was shown how these bags were made use of. A large closet with heavy iron doors was opened to my inspection, and inside I saw a number of steaming bags, apparently only about one foot in diameter and six or seven feet long, suspended from the ceiling. In reality those bags are much larger than they appear to be, having a surface of about twenty-five square feet, but they are cased in a "sleeve," much narrower than the bag itself, whose property it is to help the bag sustain the weight of the heavy liquid mass. These bags retain all solid matter which may have been contained in the liquor, and my attention was called to some of them which were being gotten ready for cleansing after use. As each bag was turned inside out, I was surprised at the quantity of dirt exposed. The men were covered with filth to the shoulders, and the bags themselves were literally lined with slimy mud. I asked how many of these bags were brought into service during one day's melt; and on my expressing astonishment on learning that fourteen thousand were necessary, I was told that the sticky nature of the impurities necessitates the use of such a number, as the bags become useless — through the pores becoming clogged up — after the passage of a few gallons of liquor. When I next saw the liquor on the floor beneath, my surprise at the amount of dirt I saw above was somewhat lessened, as its former muddy appearance had given way to an almost bright color.

On the next floor I was shown the bone-black filters, or rather the openings of them, for the filters themselves extend to the depth of almost two stories. As I looked through the opening of one of these immense cylindrical vessels, I saw a man with a lantern at the opening at the other end engaged in digging out the bone-black which had just done service. There were about fifty of those immense cylinders on this floor, each capable of holding about fifty tons of bone-black, so that, if all those cylinders were filled at the same time, the combined weight of their contents would equal twenty-five hundred tons. This may give an idea of the immensity of the business transacted, as also of the necessary strength of the building, which has additional thousands of tons to support. It would be well to remember, too, that this is only one of the various buildings which go to make up a whole refinery, and each of the other buildings equals this one in capacity and size.

While I was examining one of those filters my attention was called to the fact that one of its companions was being filled with bone-black; and as I saw the black stream pouring in I made some inquiries regarding it, and was informed that it is extremely porous and is carefully sifted before

being used. It is also almost entirely free from dirt or impurities of any kind. Over each of these filters copper pipes are fixed, communicating with the room above, where I last saw the liquor after its passage through the filter bags. When sufficient bone-black has been passed into one of these filters, the top is closed and connection made between it and one of the copper pipes above mentioned. The stop-cock is then turned on, and the liquor flows into the heart of the bone-black, which seems to absorb it without the filter getting any fuller. When a sufficient quantity of the liquor has been allowed to flow in, it is forced through the bone-black by added pressure, and it appears at the other end in a state which you can scarcely credit. This is explained by the fact that the bone-black has absorbed all the dirt and retains it in its pores in the retort above.

Before following the liquor, let us see what subsequently becomes of the bone-black. When the liquor has all passed away, the lower end of the retort is opened, and the bone-black is dug out and carted away in hand trolleys, to be again purified by the action of heat. The refiner is very careful not to force the bone-black to perform more than he thinks it capable of, as should he overwork it he would be apt to spoil a whole melt. It will only retain a certain amount of impurity; and if its porosity is overworked or overestimated, the liquor would only come through in a mediocre state of cleanliness, and the whole process would have to be gone through again. Such occurrences, however, are extremely rare. Twenty-four hours are allowed for the whole process of refining; and as the men are thus working against time, they are very careful of what they do. As the bone-black is carted away it is dumped in readiness to be washed, dried, and again burnt until rid of all its impurities, when it is redistributed — by perfect mechanical arrangements — to the various filters.

Before using again, a quantity of hitherto unused material is added, and perhaps some of the old stock is discarded. This is done with the object of preventing a too great variation in its qualities at different times. It is possible to keep the bone-black in use for six months or so. The discarded bone-black, however, has not yet lost all its utility, for it is sold to the syrup refiner; and after he has used it in his business — which does not call for such excellence of quality as the other — he in turn sells it to the manufacturers of fertilizers, whence it finds its way into the fields again, and from them into the bodies of the animals which feed on the produce it helps to produce, and by this means perhaps back to bone-black again; so you see it keeps in one continuous round of utility.

Now let us find the liquor again. We had to leave this building, as the balance of it is devoted to the revivification of the bone-black. After its escape from the bone-black filters, the liquor, having gravity alone for its motive power, flows over to the floor on which the vacuum pans are situated. Here the first of the process of boiling for sugar takes place. When one first sees these vacuum pans he is reminded of the bulb and part of the neck, just a little beyond the turn of a retort on an immense scale. These vessels are about twelve feet in diameter, and are made entirely of copper. They

have sight-holes at different heights, on the sides, covered by a heavy glass something like a port-light aboard ship, but not nearly so large.

Against these holes you can see the liquor splash angrily as it is pumped into the retort. The interior of these vacuum pans is furnished with a mass of copper coils which produce the heat necessary for the boiling. The function of the large copper pipe leading from the pan is to carry away the steam formed by the process of evaporation. Connected with each pan is a powerful air-pump, which creates a complete vacuum in that portion of the pan unfilled by liquor. The material of which the pans are composed has consequently to be very powerful in order to withstand the atmospheric pressure from without. The objects sought after by boiling in vacuum pans are, first, that the sugar may be boiled at the lowest possible temperature; second, evaporation is effected very rapidly under such reduced pressure. The lower the temperature at which the sugar is boiled the brighter the color.

When the sugar has been boiled to a proper degree of thickness, it makes its way, as a thick mass of syrup and crystals, by means of an inclined plane, to a large trough or channel on the next floor, where it is kept from crystallizing, and filling up the holes by which this channel is pierced, by the action of a large agitator. Through these holes it passes into small vats situated directly above what are known as the centrifugal machines.

Now comes, perhaps, the most interesting part of the whole process, the separation of the syrup from the crystals by means of centrifugal force. These machines hang on great pivots, connected with powerful machines, which supply their motive power. They consist of a copper basket, about three feet in diameter and three and a half feet in depth, perforated by numberless minute holes. This basket is enclosed within an outer drum, whose property it is to catch the syrup disengaged by the rotatory motion. When the operator is ready to proceed with his work, he opens the lower end of the vat directly over his machine and allows a sufficient quantity of the thick mass to pass through. When the basket is about one-fourth full he sets the machine in motion; and as I watched the process I saw the mass first become level and then gradually rise at the outer edges, as the movement becomes more rapid, until finally it creeps up along the whole inner surface of the basket.

It retains its dull color for some time, but soon you hear the swish of the syrup against the outer drum, and the mass lining the walls of the basket gradually becomes white and whiter, until eventually it seems as though the basket were lined with a smooth coat of japanning. The holes by which the basket is perforated are too small to allow of the passage of the crystals, but are sufficiently large to enable the syrup to pass into the outer drum. As the swish of the escaping syrup grows less distinct, the operator pours a little blue-water upon the walls of the rotating drum; and this, besides giving the necessary bright color to the sugar, helps to carry away any syrup which may still adhere to the crystals. When the process is complete the motion is stopped, and the sugar is dislodged from its position on the sides by

means of wooden paddles. It falls easily in an almost dry mass to the bottom of the drum.

When all the sugar has been dislodged, the operator rings a bell, and the sugar is passed on elevators or conducting belts to the warehouse, where the process of packing for the market takes place. The syrup which has been disengaged by this centrifugal process is still too full of saccharine matter to be packed as refiners' molasses, and it is again boiled over a number of times, each time producing a lower grade of sugar, until finally when it has yielded up all its crystallizing matter it is filled into hogsheads and sold to the syrup refiner, who again refines it before selling it to the public.

After leaving the centrifugal machines, the sugar, as mentioned, is placed upon elevators and conducting belts, carried to another floor, and poured into a bin which is fitted up with suitable machinery for cooling it and breaking up the lumps. From this bin it passes to other separators and from them into the packers. These are automatic machines, and it is only necessary for the men to place the barrels in position in order that they may be filled. These, however, are used only for soft sugars. Before the granulated sugar is packed it is first conveyed from the bin to what are known as the granulating machines. These consist of a large cylinder, rotating horizontally, fitted with flanges upon its inner surface, and built around another heated metal cylinder. As the rotation proceeds these flanges catch up the sugar at the lowest portion of the drum and carry it round a half rotation, when they drop it upon the heated cylinder in the centre. This has the effect of both drying the sugar and breaking up any lumps which it may contain. When this drying process is completed, the sugar is passed through screening machines which separate the standard granulated from the fine grain, and also separate any crystals which are too large to be included in either of these brands. The powdered sugars are made from such of the clear crystals as belong to neither of the granulated classes. They are passed into suitable machines, furnished with what the refiners call knives, which rotate with a terrible velocity. By these knives the sugar is reduced to an almost flour-like appearance, and then packed in barrels.

All that now remains to be described is the process by which cube sugar is produced. The machinery consists of a copper drum filled with spaces the exact size of a cube. The sugar, reduced to a sticky state by the addition of a thick syrup, is forced into these spaces by machinery. This drum revolves continuously, and by the action of plunges operated by a cam is forced to disgorge its contents on metal plates carried forward beneath it by an endless belt. As these plates with their symmetrical burdens reach their destination, they are lifted off and placed in closets, where their contents are allowed to dry.

Were one to allow himself to be led away into an account of the hundreds of small but interesting details which present themselves during a visit to a refinery, as also into a description of all the ponderous machinery used, a closely printed book of one hundred pages or so would be the result. The present paper gives only a faint idea of the whole process.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "STABAT MATER."

Rev. P. A. Wright, S. M.

IN the old episcopal city of Todi, toward the middle of the thirteenth century, the noble family of the Benedetti celebrated the baptism of their infant son Giacomo. Great were the rejoicings on the occasion, and many were the pleasing augurs the interested gossips deemed it right and praiseworthy to predict in favor of the youthful heir. He himself tells us with what care and solicitude his mother watched over his infant cradle; how patiently and lovingly she kept her vigils over his boyish couch. But his father, he assures us, was a man severe and stern, and easily disposed to use the rod. Having mastered the profound sciences of grammar and rhetoric, and grown to adolescence, he was sent to Bologna, to qualify himself for a forensic career.

Alas! let the truth be known—the University was by no means a school of virtue; and besides the study of law, Jacopone soon became versed in many of the vices wherein the youth of that celebrated establishment were only too proficient. Yet he did not neglect his studies, and in a short time obtained the dignity and onus of doctor. When he donned the red robe of his order, thoughts of a serious though still worldly nature induced him to quit his life of disorder, and repair, as much as possible, the breach made in his once opulent patrimony. He returned to his native city, gave himself body and soul to the practice of his profession, obtained great success, and was soon looked up to as the richest and most honorable of the good citizens of Todi. His happiness was complete when he espoused, of all the fair dames of that noble city, the richest, the fairest, and above all the most virtuous. Alas! Giacomo, the hand of God is raised to strike thee! Hold thyself ready to support the heavy blow, and know, moreover, that the Lord loveth whom He severely chastiseth.

It happened that in the year 1268 the whole city of Todi was in a state of public rejoicing, and young and old shared in the gay festivities. A great entertainment was given, and the young wife of our noble citizen was invited, with many other great dames, to be present at the spectacle. But lo! the gallery gives way, and cries of terror, mingled with the shrieks of the wounded and the dying, are heard on all sides. Giacomo, wild with fear and apprehension, rushes forward, but only to bear his expiring wife to a place of retirement. At the moment he receives the last sigh of his beloved, he discovers, concealed beneath her jewelled robes, the dread spectacle of a rude and painful hair-shirt!

He is overcome. The cruel death of her whom he so tenderly loved; the manifestation of her sanctity and mortification in the discovery of the hair-shirt, and the thought that this penance had been endured for his

own sins, produced strange emotions in the heart of that worldly man. He is touched by grace, and in the fervor of his conversion sells all he has, and distributes the money to the poor and needy. He dons ignoble gear, and, wending his way through the streets of the city, is pursued by the jeering laughter and the mocking cries of the populace. "Behold the madman! Behold Jacopone!" is heard on all sides. But Jacopone's folly is the folly of the cross, and he is happy, indeed, to be treated thus ignominiously.

Erstwhile, Jacopone had prided himself upon his worldly wisdom and great skill in forensic debate. Now this rare talent is purified of all that is earthly, and shall be henceforward the two-edged sword with which to wage war against the vices and corruptions of his fellow-citizens, and exhort them to the practice of virtue. Like the prophets of old, he threatens with fearful menace in his tones; and then, with tears in his eyes and the softest accents of persuasion on his lips, he invites them, implores them, to leave their iniquities and return to their Maker. To those that hearken, he points out the way of salvation; but to those that turn the deaf ear or, with scornful raillery, make light of his exhortations, he predicts dire calamity, and in the ardor of his zeal pronounces against them the threefold woe of the Apocalypse. Yet, withal, many shook their heads and mournfully complained that genius such as Jacopone's should have thus been led astray. "Alas! poor Jacopone," they would say, "we pity thy folly."

For the space of ten years the holy mendicant went about exhorting, menacing, and, in the impassioned language of saintly ardor, upbraiding his fellow-citizens of Todi for their hardness of heart and long endurance in sin. In the meanwhile he gave himself up to the study of theology, so that he might be able, when pointing out the wound that sin had made, at the same time to supply the remedy. Aware that he had not as yet any mission to teach or to preach, he sought admission into the order of the blessed Father Francis; but the brethren thought that their applicant was only a half-witted beggar, and they refused to receive him. "Then," quoth Jacopone, "I shall offer them these verses, and they shall judge for themselves if I be whole or half witted."

The good brothers read the beggar's composition; and far from finding him the simpleton people supposed, they discerned in him a most skilful and learned poet. "'Tis the folly of Father Francis," they said, and truly did they speak. Like the seraphic bard, Jacopone was ever wrapt up in the contemplations of the sufferings and death of Christ. They inspired his muse, so that many of his most touching strophes dwell upon the passion of his Saviour. To love that crucified Lord as Father Francis loved him! to be united with the Divine Sufferer as Father Francis was! to love men as Jesus loved them — to die for them if possible, was the secret of the tears, the humiliations, and degrading insults to which he so gladly exposed himself. He spent long hours before the Tabernacle, and there, with heart-felt sobs, he would confess his wickedness and his ingratitude, that rendered him incapable of loving a Master so good and merciful. Then suddenly his soul would burst forth into melodious song, and his counte-

nance would light up with the rays of his ecstatic communings with God.

Oft he would roam through the forests, and in the ardor of a saintly enthusiasm would call upon the birds of the air to mingle their soft notes with his humble lays, so as meetly to praise his Maker. Frequently the flowers of the field and the mighty oaks of the forest reproached him that he did not love God as they did; and then, with tears and great anguish of soul, he would, in some fair canticle, acknowledge the reproach and declare his great unworthiness.

To know himself, so as to despise himself, was his chief study. To bring into subjection his passions and natural inclinations, he gave himself up to the practice of the rudest austerities. So perfectly did he succeed in submitting his passions to reason, that he seemed to be altogether emancipated from their thrall. By leading his five senses into captivity, and binding them down with the strong gyves of self-abnegation and penance, he undid the fetters that held his soul pinioned to earth, so that it could soar aloft to seek new delights in the blest regions of divine contemplation. Jacopone was an ascetic of the school of St. Teresa, and St. John of the Cross. Yet notwithstanding the celestial favors wherewith he was rewarded, like the Apostle of the Gentiles, he still feared he might become a castaway.

It must not be supposed that Jacopone's life was exempt from crosses other than those of his own seeking. On the contrary, at the latter period of his life he had to endure many rude and bitter trials which circumstances imposed upon him. The evils of the times were numerous and wide-scattered. Even the sanctuary itself was not sacred enough to intimidate the sacrilegious hirelings that dared enter its enclosure. Abuses were visible on all sides, while the ravages caused by the relaxation of discipline were deplorable. What more natural than that such an unfortunate state of society should inspire, with more than ordinary zeal, a mind vehement in its emotions. Jacopone, ardent and impulsive in his zeal, impetuous as the torrent in his homely yet terrible eloquence, would not spare the scandal-monger, be he frocked or lay. Woe to the sinner that brazened forth his crimes! woe to the worldly churchman or the heartless simoniac that intruded himself uncalled and unqualified into Christ's flock! Indeed, it must be confessed that Jacopone's zeal was betimes bereft of its necessary companion, prudence; yet if we reproach him for a want of delicacy and tact, for the violence of his language, the purity of his intentions will most undoubtedly excuse him.

Some of his most elegant verses were produced at this period of struggle and disorder, and were inspired, as we might naturally expect, by his zeal to correct the abuses of the day. Betimes he is elegiac in his grief, when he depicts in flowing stanzas the sufferings of the spouse of Christ. But when he inveighs against those that caused them, how bitter his irony! how biting his satire! Indeed, had it been less bitter, Jacopone might have succeeded better in convincing his opponents and in reforming the abuses he attacked.

At this same period may be dated his famous satire to Boniface VIII, which, did we not know the exalted motives of its author, we would naturally attribute to the pen of some fanatical Hussite. However,

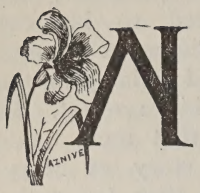
the saint, in his simplicity, was fully assured that he was abusing a usurper, and by no means Christ's Vicar. His good faith and honest conviction abundantly excuse the violence of his language, and such has ever been the judgment of Rome's Pontiffs in regard to the humble Fra Jacopone. Had there ever arisen the slightest doubt of his supernatural disinterestedness in attacking the head of the Church, never would the public veneration of the trangressor have been permitted.

Great as was the fault of Jacopone, his atonement was terrible. Imprisoned by order of Boniface, and already under the ban of excommunication for his complicity in the schism of Longhezza, he was cast into a deep dungeon, there to lament his fault, and "sing to the sad Muse of new sufferings." In vain he tried to appease the vengeance of the inexorable Pontiff. It was only five years later that he was released, and absolved from his sentence of excommunication by Boniface's successor, Benedict XI.

But Jacopone had now grown old, and was spent with fatigue and suffering. Desirous to finish the few years left him in the solitude of the cloister, he betook himself to Collazone, where there was a convent of his order. Here a tender friendship sprang up between himself and the good friar, John d'Alvernia, who, as the brethren said, approached nearer than any other to the sanctity of the Seraphic Father. None but these two friends could understand their mutual communications of supernatural things. They sang and prayed together, and it was in compliance with his friend's request that he composed his stanzas on the divine Mother's sufferings. "Sing me a song of what befell Christ's Mother when she beheld the dolors of her Son, and stood grieving beneath the rood," said Friar John to him one day. "That will I do, brother," and forthwith he retired to his cell, whence, after remaining some time, he returned and told Friar John that he had fulfilled his request. He then sang to him that most tender and most doleful story of Mary's passion — a hymn that for pathos and beauty is incomparable, and which the Church has inscribed in her liturgy — the "Stabat Mater."

When the hour of mortal separation drew nigh, Fra Jacopone refused to receive the Body of Christ from other hands than those of Friar John. The brethren assembled around the dying man's couch were greatly alarmed, for it happened that Friar John was then in another monastery, which would take several days to reach. But Jacopone reassured his companions; and raising himself slightly on his couch, he intoned with sentiments of faith the beautiful valedictory prayer of the Church, *Anima benedetta*. Scarcely had he finished when Friar John entered the chamber. With tears of mingled joy and grief they embraced each other; and after having given the kiss of peace, Friar John administered to the dying man, and fortified his soul for his last journey. The supreme hour arrived, and with joy and gladness of heart Jacopone sang his favorite canticle: *Jesu, nostra speranza*, after which he exhorted his brethren to live in peace and union for Christ's sake. Then, just as Fra Andrea intoned the *Gloria in Excelsis* of the Midnight Mass of Christ's Nativity, Jacopone's pure soul betook itself from its mortal tenement.

A CHANCE FOR MOLIÈRE.



NOW that a great effort is to be made for the revival of the drama, why not give Molière a chance? It is more than two hundred years since he used to exhort, advise, and instruct his company and make graceful little speeches for them,—just as Irving does to-day,—but a skilful adaptation of some of his comedies would take the world by storm again, and tickle a public palate jaded with the morbid melodrama, prurient "society" plays, and flimsy variety shows.

It is no argument to say that Molière is French. Molière is no more French than Shakespere is English or Dante Italian—geniuses were given for the whole world, and Molière is certainly the genius of comedy. Besides, many of Molière's plays, like many of Shakespere's, were not new creations—he took them, body as well as bones, from Terence, who copied them from the Greeks, who probably imported them from India. Plots and quips that could bring a chuckle from the solemn Hindoo could hardly fail if tried on the risibility of the modern American. We humbly beg pardon of the French people for saying so, but Molière has more of the modern American than of the modern Frenchman in him, and would probably be more popular here than in France.

Adaptation, of course, there would have to be, and a copious elimination of nastiness, but with these conditions what a field there is for say "L'Amour Medecin" or "Le Malade Imaginaire!" Things were doubtless bad enough two centuries ago in France, when the prince of comedians scourged the whole tribe of quacks and charlatans, and painted with such delicious ridicule the condition of the unfortunate man who nearly died of a disease he had not. It would be interesting to know how many hundreds of healthy individuals in America find that they have heart disease or liver complaint by reading the symptoms in newspaper advertisements. What a bad time Molière would have given our hydra-headed quack, and what a tonic are his plays against the shams of every kind which flourish among us!

Molière in his own age did even more than Boileau himself to kill bad taste by giving comedy its true character—the imitation of society, and its true end—the criticism of our foibles and the chastisement of our vices. He was very far indeed from being immaculate himself, but his faults were the faults of his genius and his profession rather than of his heart. He left us a touching proof of this on the day he died. He was to play d'Argan in "Le Malade Imaginaire," but looked so ill that his friends tried to dissuade him. "What can I do?" he answered. "There are fifty poor players who have to live on their wages. What's to become of them if we don't play?" He went through his part like a hero and was taken home to die between two poor Sisters of Charity whose order he had often befriended.

Molière and His Troupe.

From the painting by G. Melingue.

Beata Beatrix. (Page 168.)

THE POET PAINTER.

BERNARD MORGAN.

N the history of art and letters there have been many artists who wrote verse and poets who painted pictures, but Dante Gabriel Rossetti is perhaps the only one in whom the two gifts were so blended that the expression of one is hardly complete without that of the other. It is certain that the artist looked upon himself as a painter who wrote rather than a poet who painted. Many of his admirers and critics would change the order, but most will agree that Rossetti was most himself during that middle period of his working life when one faculty balanced the other. For the rest it would seem as if the artist's estimate of himself were to be held true of the early, and untrue of the later part of his life — and this despite the fact that the "Blessed Damozel," perhaps the most characteristic of his poems, was written when he was only nineteen.

So far, Rossetti's poetry has been appreciated by a comparatively limited and select class of readers, though there are signs that the circle is every day growing wider. It has been well said of his masterly versions from the Italian entitled "Dante and his Circle," that they at once breathe the spirit of the originals and are original in spirit. His original poetry reproduces all the poetic diction and methods, all the mystic lore, and all the symbolic solemnity of Dante's lyrics. His influence on contemporary writers is less marked on the substance than on the form of poetical thought. The adoption by Swinburne, Andrew Lang and Gosse, of many forms of old verse, notably the French, is mainly due to the initiative of Rossetti, who first brought home to them the beauty of the Romance metres; but beyond this, for the present, the impress of his mind has not left its mark.

Very different is the case with Rossetti's influence on art. Ruskin, who was the first to see and encourage the genius of the founder of the new school, says of him: "I believe his name should be placed first on the list of men within my own range of knowledge who have raised and changed the spirit of modern art," a verdict that has since been indorsed by men like Middleton, Stephens, and Comyns Carr, and which is slowly but surely being accepted by the artistic public. It may be safely said that the two causes which have most contributed to retard its acceptance hitherto have been a misconception of "Pre-Raphaelitism" and a misappreciation of its founder. The brotherhood had no intention, as many have supposed, of copying or even following the artists who preceded Raphael, or of rejecting anything because it came after him — it was, as Stephens admirably expresses it,

a League of Sincerity to nature, with loftier aims than artists generally cared for, and in its purely positive principle was not only a blessing, but a crying necessity. Then, too, Rossetti's most ardent admirers have been the worst enemies of his reputation, by admiring only his latest and least characteristic work, in which he sought to mate the imaginings which were poetic to the last, with an increasingly morbid devotion to a particular type of beauty. The young archangel of art who painted the Girlhood and Annunciation of Mary Virgin and wrote of her

> As it were
> An angel-watered lily, that near God
> Grows and is quiet.

was assuredly not the Rossetti who painted the Bella Mano or the Blessed Damozel. The change was a gradual one, and was the counterpart of the decline from the religious buoyancy of youth to a gloomy and despondent old age.

Whichever may be the greatest of Rossetti's pictures, the most Rossettian is perhaps his beautiful Beata Beatrix, now in the National Gallery. It was surely a most poetical thought, and an inspiration of the highest artistic genius, which sought to represent that moment of moments when the soul swoons and the eyes look through the Valley of the Shadow of Death to the vision of the lifting up of the Everlasting Gates. So is Beatrix in the picture. She sits in a balcony in Florence on that fatal morning in June, 1290, when the angel touched her, and, as Dante tells us, "the whole city came to be, as it were, widowed and despoiled of all dignity." Outside are the towers and bridge and river of an ideal Florence; the light shines through the loose threads of her auburn hair, making a glory upon it, but the face is half lost in the light and half hidden in the gloom.

In the background Dante follows with straining eyes the Vision of Love holding a flaming heart and passing heavenwards.

In 1872, when Rossetti painted Veronica Veronese, the disastrous use of chloral, to which he had for three years become addicted, had not yet notably sapped his energies, but the dreamy mood of the pose and expression are already marked with the note of melancholy which was to cloud the closing years of the painter's life. The subject justifies the motto: "It was the marriage of the voices of nature and the soul, the dawn of a mystic creation." Veronica listens with levelled eyes and parted lips to the shrill notes of a canary, trying at the same time to repeat and give them ordered expression on the strings of the violin, which hangs above the table where she has been writing music. It is an attempt to embody in art the blending associations of sound, color, and feeling, and it is the last of Rossetti's works of which music is the theme. The type chosen for the face is the most sculpturesque he ever affected, and suggests the studious culture of an æsthetic soul.

It is curious and somewhat unaccountable that twenty-three years passed between 1850, when the "Blessed Damozel" was first published in the *Germ*, and the time when the poet conceived the idea of realizing this exquisite creation in form and color. Unhappily years had then brought more than ripeness to the painter's power, and it will be a subject of everlasting regret to his admirers that he did not paint the

VERONICA VERONESE. (Page 168.)

BLESSED DAMOZEL.

wistful maid that sighed in heaven for her lover's coming, during the period when he was giving us the Bride and Beata Beatrix. Not indeed that the picture is not instinct with mystic beauty, but it lacks the young, yearning, ardent life that throbs like music, whose very sweetness is pain, throughout the entire poem. The maiden's eyes are deep, but not as the boy poet first saw them, "deeper than the depth of waters stilled at even," and there is none of the sweet hope in her expression which prompted the revery of the blissful time when she will teach him the songs she sings there, "which his voice will pause in, hushed and slow, and find some knowledge at each pause or some new thing to know."

While speaking of the "Blessed Damozel" we are reminded of Max Nordau's amazing lack of ability to understand the meaning of a beautiful setting to a beautiful thought, at the beginning of the poem. To the

maiden in heaven it scarce had seemed a day since she had become one of God's choristers; to the friends she left behind "her day had counted as ten years," but to the lover whose soul had been one with hers on earth her day has been "ten years of years." *Ten years of years* is quite meaningless to the prophet of Decadence!

We have not yet touched on the religious spirit of Rossetti's art or poetry. Many of his critics have laid themselves open to the charge of needless bitterness in their attacks on the morality of his poems, but they have some justification for their strictures in the warmth of some of his sonnets. These aside, however, both the pictures and poems of his early life are deeply marked by the influence of a naturally religious and naturally Catholic nature. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise. The man who could steep his whole being as Rossetti did in the spirit of Dante's poetry and Giotto's painting, could not be other than religious and Catholic at heart. The most curious feature, however, in the psychological side of Rossetti is the streak of modern worldliness which existed side by side with his generally romantic temperament. Add to this the facts that his training was not Catholic, and that his environment was during his whole lifetime distinctly Protestant, and we have some explanation of the contradiction between the Catholic tone of his early works and the diminution of the religious spirit later on.

It were hazardous to prophesy about the future of Rossetti's influence. It is too soon, as Mr. Comyns Carr has well said, "to take the measure of a man who brings a new message of beauty and who brings it encumbered with certain imperfections of style and practice such as the least inspired members of our school can now find a way to avoid." His fame may be retarded longer yet, from the fact that people — including most of his admirers — have not yet understood wherein lies his real greatness; but what Mr. Ruskin has said remains true for all time — the man who has had such an influence over men like Millais, Hunt, and Burne-Jones deserves all the glory that has been given him.

SOME QUESTIONS.

CLARA ISABEL WOOD.

DEAREST, are spring flowers glad when melts the snow?
When winter comes do swallows southward go?

Do roses sweeten all the days of June?
When the leaves fall do robins hush their tune?

Know you the little answer, Love of mine?
Would I, O! *would* I be your Valentine?

DANTE RECLINING,

From the painting by D. Peterian.

DANTE TO-DAY.

MODERN scholarship has shown that the "Dark Ages" are the misnomer of ignorance. The searchlight of history has been turned on every nook and cranny, and the genius of the period may be summed up in the great personality of Dante; for, as Carlyle well says, "Dante is the spokesman of the Middle Ages." But assuredly, Dante is not merely the poet of an unforgotten yesterday, and no sign of the times is more cheerful nor inspiring than the growing cult of the great Tuscan. Grimm says of Italian art that "its decay begins from the moment the painters cease to carry the image of Dante in their heart"; but the words are true of regions outside art and Italy, for the periods of taste in literature and general culture invariably correspond with those of Dante's glory. His voice has not been directly heard of the people, because Dante is at once too subtle and too deep to be easily understood; but the great leaders of thought during seven centuries have been largely moulded by him, and have breathed his spirit among the principal nations of the world.

In our own time, Pope Leo — whose enthusiasm for Dante is only equalled by his zeal for St. Thomas — has established a permanent course of Dante lectures in the Instituto Leoniano. The significance and the appositeness of this go deeper than its connection with the restoration of scholastic philosophy. The spirit of Dante's time was essentially Catholic, and the voice could speak only what the spirit prompted. Poets there have been of all religions, but there has been only one poet whose religion was the life and soul of his song, and that poet is Dante. Modern thinkers of the calibre of Schlegel, Werner, and Novalis have been converted simply by studying the "Divine Comedy," the leaders of the Oxford movement were saturated with the Dantesque spirit, and per-contra, not a single prominent pseudo-reformer is known to have been familiar with the medieval poet.

In another department, Dollinger exhorts statesmen to regard the Commedia as the Romans did the Sibylline books; and Gladstone, the Nestor of statesmen, says that in it "I have learnt a large part of that mental prevision which has served me to make the journey of life."

Great Americans are to the front, rather than to the rear, in their appreciation. Longfellow loved and translated Dante. "The 'Divina Commedia,'" says Lowell, "lured me into what little learning I possess." Parsons' translation of it was the great work of his life. Professor Norton, of Harvard, has done more than any living English-speaking scholar to make the great poet understood, and instances might be multiplied.

A recent writer thinks that this universal interest in the great Italian has been mainly stimulated by the great attention given latterly to medieval research. Perhaps — but it can be productive only of good, and it may be a prophecy of the *Vita Nuova* — the new life of faith.

THE GRABBING OF THE CROOKED FARM.

P. G. Smyth.

T was a fine June morning that particular attention was first called to the Crooked Farm.

A little boy was running to the spring to fetch a can of water for the morning stirabout, when suddenly, on looking through a gap in the whitethorn hedge, he dropped his can with a clatter, his blue eyes grew big and his mouth opened. He beckoned to a barefooted girl who was driving to market a donkey laden with panniers of peat, and she also stopped and gazed through the gap in speechless awe. Two laborers presently joined the group and stood similarly petrified.

"Begob, thim is Tom Dalton's cattle, sure enough; I'd know that mweeleen cow of his among a hundherd," said one, as soon as he had recovered the use of speech.

A gray-haired, poorly dressed woman, followed by a few ragged children, came rushing out of a neighboring shanty. She fell on her knees, clapped her hands wildly together, and raised a wail of despair.

"At last! — my little holdin' grabbed at last! — and who'd ever think it? who'd think that Tom Dalton'd rob the widow and the orphans?"

"God help you this day, poor woman," commiserated the girl.

"So we have a landgrabber in the parish at last!" commented one of the laborers, with a sigh. "This is bad work, an' only the beginnin' of bad work."

The news of the startling discovery flashed round the little west of Ireland village, and within an hour the entire population had gazed on the cows cropping the scanty herbage of the Crooked Farm, cropping it with a bovine complacency which totally ignored the existence of the Irish National League.

For six months, since the eviction of the Widow Henehan, who had been able to make up only eight of the eleven pounds rent due on the holding, the farm had lain fallow, unoccupied, uncared for, under the ban of the League. It was not a very attractive piece of ground — a few acres of slob land running in a fantastic way round the base of a furze-crested hill, a bit of meadow, a trifle of tillage, a tumble-down cabin surrounded by gaunt sycamores. As the widow said, who'd ever think that Tom Dalton, a man of Christianity and means, would ever covet that poor "Naboth's vineyard"?

"It's a parochial scandal," whispered Luke Grogan, "and our branch of the League must see to it immediately. There must be a special meeting convened for next Sunday." Luke was the master-mind and guiding spirit of the community. He held a good farm of his own, he was on speaking terms with the landlord, who was a peer of the realm, he was the priest's right-hand man, he went shooting with the doctor, he slighted the schoolmaster, he was a bachelor, an oracle, and he was looked up to.

"Misther Grogan is right — as he always is," said the villagers. "We'll put down landgrabbin'. Every one be at the meetin' on Sunday."

Sunday came, bringing an unusually large congregation to last Mass in the little chapel. There was sensation and tension and turning of heads as Tom Dalton and his daughter entered and walked through the crowd to their bench: Dalton, a lanky, elderly man with a determined face, looking straight ahead, as in thorough disregard that he was that day the cynosure; the girl, graceful and pretty, with slightly flushed cheeks and downcast eyes. Father James Malone met them as he came down the aisle in his white alb, waving the Asperges, and many noticed as an ill-omen that no drops of the holy water fell upon the person of him who had taken the Crooked Farm.

Mass seemed long that day, especially to the more ardent of the agrarian agitators; they were anxiously awaiting the League meeting and the expected denunciation of the landgrabber. But there was one young man with a pale face and a beating heart who ever glanced nervously towards where a ray of sunlight shone on the glossy brown hair and white neck of Kittie Dalton; he prayed meanwhile with even more than the usual fervor of the Irish peasant, and included the owner of that neck and hair in his orisons. He regarded her as Gabriel did Evangeline. This was Joe Guerin. And Luke Grogan also cast furtive glances in her direction.

"Think of a landgrabber seeking the grace of God!" exclaimed a returned American, as he stepped out of church when Mass was over. Yet the caster of the first stone had held a political job in Chicago!

There was a hasty movement for the League meeting-room, which was in a cottage a short distance from the chapel—a long, dingy apartment, lighted by one window about two feet square. Benches ran along the walls, and in the centre was a rickety table. In front of the house lingered a few of the Royal Irish Constabulary, who had attended Mass in their dark uniforms, swords and spiked helmets. One of them ostentatiously wrote in a notebook, presumably the names of the more prominent Leaguers; this was merely for the purpose of intimidation; some Irish policemen like to make themselves important.

It was a beautiful day outdoors. Snow-white cloudlets floated dreamily in the blue Irish sky; thrush and blackbird sang in the sun-illumined foliage; the zephyrs bore along the charming fragrance of clover blossoms. But in the dark, stuffy meeting-room the Leaguers waited grimly; the elders, full of importance at the pending rustic court-martial, frowning down with Puritan gravity all attempts of the younger members to relieve the tension with a joke. And so they waited till old Father James had had his much-needed breakfast in the sacristy. At length all hats went off as the priest's white head appeared in the doorway. He was followed by Joe Guerin, the secretary of the branch, carrying the minute book and pen and ink.

There was a certain vibration in the secretary's voice as he read the minutes of the previous meeting and called the roll of members. Then ensued a pause, during which the ticking of a wheezy clock and the light laugh of a child in the next room sounded remarkably loud. Then, —

"Reverend chairman and gentlemen," said Luke Grogan, "I regret to have to bring under your notice a most abominable case of landgrabbing that has occurred in our midst," and forthwith this judge advocate proceeded to relate the grabbing of the Crooked Farm by Tom Dalton, to the grave scandal and disgrace of the parish, the injury of the tenant farmers in their struggle against rack-renting and oppression, and the betrayal of the national cause of Ireland. Through constant practice Luke could speak as fluently and forcibly as a leader in *United Ireland.* He impressed, he excited, he inflamed.

"Boycott the grabber!" cried the village tailor, jumping up and striking the table.

"My friends," said Father Malone, "the boycott is a terrible weapon, and one which should not be resorted to without grave consideration. We should fully examine into the charge against this man before we condemn him to social ostracism."

"I respectfully submit the charge is proved, your reverence," persisted Judge Advocate Luke. "We all have seen Dalton's cattle grazing on the Crooked Farm — isn't that proof enough, boys? I say, in justice to the widow and orphans, let the unwritten law of the League be carried out — and we all know what that is."

"Boycott! boycott!" came in a vehement chorus from the benches.

"Maybe we might persuade him to give up the farm without our having to go to extremes," suggested Secretary Joe Guerin.

"That's right," exclaimed the priest heartily, jumping at the idea. "Let us first of all ask him to give it up. I now propose we send a deputation to Mr. Dalton."

"Mr. Dalton needs no deputation sent to him; he's here to answer plump and plain anything you've got to say to him," said a loud, grating voice at the door.

And Tom Dalton in person pushed his way into the assembly.

There was a sudden rush and pressure at the door. Several men rose to their feet. The little window was darkened with faces peering from the outside.

"I heard ye wor to sit on me and thry me," said Tom Dalton, "and I detarmined ye wouldn't do it behind me back, seein' I'm a mimber of this branch, and have as much rights here as anybody else."

"True for you, Mr. Dalton, true for you," coincided Luke Grogan; "every man has a right to defend himself."

"As to the matther of defindin' myself," continued the old farmer, doggedly and aggressively, "I'd like to know what defince Tom Dalton needs or ever needed in Altybawn. Didn't I always live respectfully and dacently, and mind my own business? Didn't I always pay my debts — what's more than others here can say? Who dar say black was the white of my eye, eh, I ax you?"

He paused with parliamentary precision for a reply, but none seemed inclined to dispute the colors of Mr. Dalton's optic. A hard, penurious, selfish man, also vain and boastful, Tom Dalton was unpopular, yet he commanded the peculiar tribute of respect and forbearance that is yielded to a sharp tongue and an irascible temper. Hard work and rigid self-denial, combined with keen natural shrewdness, had made him rich, but in prosperity he remained as he always was, a mean and mi-

serly boor. His daughter, who resembled her mother,—a decent woman whom Tom had worked to death in his efforts to heap up gold pieces,—was his direct antithesis; she was esteemed and admired even more than the close-fisted old curmudgeon was disliked.

"What about the Crooked Farm?" inquired the village tailor, representative of an independent and inquisitorial craft, and a local political power; but even he repented and averted his gaze as Tom's eye literally "lighted" upon him with a vindictive glare.

"The Crooked Farm is in my possession, and I'm not afraid of any botch or cabbager when I say I tuk the same, and that I mane to keep a tight hoult of it. Boys, let us be sensible. The widow can nayther get it nor keep it. She has no money. Her time for redeemin' it is up. How could she work it, even if she did get it, without wan to help her, an' four small childher clingin' to her skirts? Who's betther entitled to it than me, whose farm it lies alongside? Shure if I didn't take it some other divil would grab it—oh, you may laugh! There's Father James there, an' I know he'll bear me out. Many a good dinner he ate at me table, an' many a goolden sovereign I ped down to his collections at Christmas an' Aisther. He'll tell you I did a rale act of charity in takin' the farm and puttin' the poor woman out of any further foolish suspinse—won't you, Father James?"

"I'll tell them no such thing, Mr. Dalton," said the old pastor, rising, with a flushed face. "What I'll tell them, and what I tell you, is that you have committed a greedy and selfish act, a wrong against God and against your country, and that the sooner you undo it the better."

A murmur of approval ran round the room. The indicted landgrabber turned his pleading into sarcasm and defiance.

"I just expected that from you, Father James; I was thinkin' you had it in for me; I haven't been givin' any big turkey dinners lately, an' me supply of poteen whiskey is run out."

Father Malone's face grew more crimson at the insult, but he restrained himself. Several of the men cried "Shame!" and "Put him out!"

"I'm thankful to you, Mr. Dalton," said the priest, in disgust. "A nice way to speak to your clergyman! A nice way to defraud the widow and orphans! And you call yourself a Catholic! And you call yourself a National Leaguer!"

Dalton produced from his inside coat pocket the green membership card of the National League, tore the piece of pasteboard into small pieces, and threw them upon the table.

"There! that much I care for your League. An' as for me bein' a Catholic, I'll soon show you I'm a stronger wan than you. I'll let you see I have a faction in the church, Father James; your bishop is a family connection of mine, an' he'll soon punish you for your parsecution of me; he'll take the vestments off you—he'll silence you—he'll suspend you! How'll you like that?" At every threat he brought his gaunt hand down with a bang on the table. His eyes were blazing and his face inflamed with wrath. "Ay, an' not the church alone, but the govermint, the magistrates, the peelers, the red sojers, are at me back. An' for

thryin' to intimidate me from doin' what I have a laygal right to do, you'll be prosecuted, every mother's son of you, you'll go into coort, you'll go into the body of the jail" —

"Wherever we go you'll go out of this, and that d—— quick,— we've stood enough of your impidence!" exclaimed an indignant tenant farmer; and seizing Tom Dalton by the lanky shoulders, he whirled him round and thrust him forth through the gaping throng at the door, who hastened his exit with sundry shoves and oaths, ceasing not until the recalcitrant was left fuming on the roadway, under the inquiring and protecting eyes of the police.

When the disturbing atom had vanished, Luke Grogan solemnly rose and pointed his index finger at Joe Guerin.

"Mr. Secretary, you will draw up a resolution to suit this case," he said. "Write as I dictate."

At any other time Joe would have resented the imperious manner of Luke, but circumstances had made him dazed and mechanical.

"That we, the members of the Altybawn branch of the Irish National League, in meeting assembled, condemn in the strongest manner the base and unpatriotic conduct of Thomas Dalton in taking the holding, known as the Crooked Farm, from which the Widow Henehan was wrongfully evicted" —

Joe's hand shook as he wrote. He winced beneath the scrutiny of the many curious faces, some sympathetic, others amused; for his attachment to Kittie Dalton had not escaped hawk-eyed village gossip. He bent his glowing face close to the paper.

"Was wrongfully evicted. Have you that?" went on Luke Grogan; "*and that no dealings or intercourse be held on any account with the land-grabber or any member of his family or household.*"

Joe flung down his pen.

"No, I'm d——d if I write that!" he said.

Luke laughed like a conventional villain in a melodrama, and remarked,—

"Then you're a coward and a traitor."

Joe made a bound towards him, but was restrained by many arms. When peace was restored, Luke picked up the pen and finished the resolution as he had dictated it.

"It's strong and to the point," he said, "and it will save Altybawn from disgrace. Now, who'll propose it?"

"I will do so," said Father Malone; "but I think we can leave the family and household out." And to Joe's relief and gratitude he scored out the disputed clause.

And the resolution was carried *nem. con.*

There was an unusual elasticity in Luke Grogan's step as he walked homeward after the League meeting. He held his head higher than even his high shirt collar warranted, and plucked briskly at his sandy side whiskers, which were trained in subdued Dundrearyism in harmonious framing to a florid, shiny face, furnished with small, keen gray eyes and a nose cocked to an angle of complacent self-reliance.

All who met Luke for the first time found it a hard puzzle to judge his occupation from his attire; he might be an erratic English tourist, or a lawyer's clerk, or a traveller for sewing machines. He wore a check tweed suit made by the local tailor, a felt hat with a curly rim, a massive

watchguard, and sundry other suitable sartorial supports, as he considered, of his social position in the microcosm of Altybawn. For business he combined farming with shopkeeping; in his emporium at the cross-roads he sold everything, from grain whiskey at three half-pence a "half-one" to Epsom salts and brad-awls. He was also a money-lender at turgid interest — what they call in those western districts a "gombeen man." He was likewise an emigration agent, receiving commission from the transatlantic lines for the passage tickets he sold; and he kept the post office. His shop, with its large-paned windows and gilt signboard, was a cause of pride to the parish. People named Mr. Grogan to their children as a shining model of emulation, and even the jarvies who drove visitors that way pointed with their whips to his shop and said, —

"There's one of the smartest men in the county."

Yet latterly Luke's name had been mentioned in uneasy whispers by Dublin drummers.

Returning home on this evening of Tom Dalton's social excommunication, Luke partook of a hearty Sunday dinner of rich amber-fat bacon, juicy white cabbage, and mealy potatoes, followed by a couple of tumblers of hot whiskey punch. Then he set his little shop apprentice to work bottling porter for the rest of the evening, told his man in charge not to sell drink to any but bona-fide travellers unless he was sure the police weren't vigilant, threw on a voluminous ulster with a wide cape,— for rain clouds were climbing up in the sky,— and went for a walk over his farm. He gazed calculatingly at the long ridges of dark potato stalks, flecked with white and puce blossoms, passed meditatively through the turnip patch, and traversed a narrow path leading by fields of oats and barley, at which he frowned and shook his head.

"I lost on ye heavily last year, my lads, bad luck to ye."

But the little green ears only continued to dance and nod merrily together, thoroughly ignoring the malediction.

At the close of the long, beautiful Irish twilight, when the stars began to twinkle in the grand blue dome above, and answering lights gleamed out in cottage windows in the darkening fields below, Luke took his way towards Tom Dalton's home, — not openly on the public road, but doubly stealthily, in darkness, by byways and hedges, until he reached the back door, at which he nervously knocked.

"Lord save us! an' is it you, Misther Grogan?" said the surprised old servant who opened the door. "How you frightened us!

"It's a very poor state of affairs entirely, isn't it," she added, with prompt suspicion and sarcasm, "that you have to come in by the back door."

"Prudence, my dear woman, prudence is everything these times," he replied. "Let me advise you that the quietest way is the best when we're walking on a regular volcano."

The dame looked perplexedly at his feet. "No, sir, it's only some turf mould I threw there to soak up the wet. Walk into the parlor, please."

Luke Grogan walked into the parlor. It was a small room, the floor covered with linoleum, the walls with cheap paper showing bulbous white flowers sprawling over a brown

ground, the sofa and few upholstered chairs covered with brown holland, in furtherance of the owner's ideas of economy. On the walls were pictures usual in Irish homes — the national apostle, mitre on head and crozier in hand, driving forth the serpents; Daniel O'Connell, the liberator, with hand thrust in the breast of his coat; Robert Emmet, with folded arms, delivering his famous speech from the dock. On the windows were white muslin curtains with a quaint edging of frilling, like the borders of a peasant woman's cap.

But this conventional background was pleasingly relieved by certain sweetly feminine touches and dashes: bows of ribbon, embroidered wall decorations and other knick-knacks, a vase of flowers on the mantelpiece, a scarf draped in artistic folds,—all the work of Kittie Dalton since she had come home, a few weeks previously, from convent boarding-school.

A shaded lamp burned on a table in the centre of the room. On one side of the table sat Tom Dalton, grim and sour-looking, slowly thumbing over a file of documents; on the other Kittie, in a brown cashmere gown, with white linen collar and cuffs, a crimson bow at her fair throat and another binding her glossy hair. She was endeavoring to read a religious book.

"You're welcome, neighbor, even if I am a boycotted man. But how have you the courage to venture here? Do you want to share our fate, man alive?" said the excommunicate, with a contemptuous laugh, while Kittie rose and placed a chair for the visitor.

"Pshaw, my dear Mr. Dalton, I'm not the man to turn my back at the bidding of any man or any set of men upon a friend in need."

The old grabber hit the table.

"I'm not in need, Luke Grogan; I'll soon let the scoundhrels know that they can't put Tom Dalton in need."

"Yes, yes, I know that, sir; you needn't be afraid, sir, not a bit afraid," said Luke; "it's a big storm in a teacup, but it may soon blow over. Who's that?" he inquired in a startled way, as through the doorway he caught the glance of a pair of inquiring and astonished eyes; they belonged to a robust young woman who was kneeling on the floor packing up some clothing.

"It's only Peggy Dempsey, the servant girl," explained Kittie; "she's leaving us on account of the boycott. Tom Daley and Jim McGowan, the laboring boys, gave us notice this evening that they weren't coming to work to-morrow. Nobody will stay with us but my old nurse — poor, faithful Biddy Gilmartin — and her little niece."

"A bad business, a bad business," commented Luke. "Maybe I might induce that foolish Peggy to stop." So saying he passed into the kitchen and confronted the girl, who was panting in her hurried preparations to pass from under the ban.

"So you're going to quit, Peggy, my girl?" he said to her in a whisper.

"Yes, Misther Grogan," she replied, "an' who can blame me? I don't want to have the people agin me and mine."

"Who can blame you, indeed, my poor girl? Your family were always decent, and good patriots. I only dropped in here myself to get back some harness I lent the old man. You were always a good sensible

girl, Peggy, and your father is one of my best friends."

He gave her a shilling, and so, having cleared his character in Peggy's eyes, he returned to the parlor.

"It's no use," he said, "she's determined on leaving. Lord help you, Mr. Dalton."

"Oh, for that matther, let them all go, I can get along without them. Luke Grogan, my man, I mane to fight this out while I have a pound in bank, and I have enough there to buy half the Altybawn rabble from the gallows."

Luke nodded his head cheerfully, his eyes glistening with interest; but he immediately grew grave again.

"Did you see yesterday's *Freeman*, Mr. Dalton? I notice there were two men shot, down the country, a few days ago. This shooting business is bad, very bad. The unfortunate men were — ahem — in your very position."

"Ha! poor men doin' what they had a laygal right to do. Maybe they'll shoot me next, the murdherin' dogs!"

The gloom deepened on Luke's brow, under his sandy bangs. He shook his head ominously. Kittie Dalton looked at him in alarm, with tears starting from her eyes.

"Do you think they'll harm my father?" she inquired in agitation.

"Hard to tell, hard to tell, avourneen," he answered in a pathetic, caressing voice. "They bore on him pretty hard in their resolution at that meeting to-day. Hear this, from the patriotic pen of Mr. Joe Guerin"; and keenly watching her meanwhile out of the corner of his eye, he read an alleged copy of the resolved decree of the League, laying special emphasis on, "that no dealings or intercourse be held on any account with the landgrabber or any member of his family or household."

The girl gave a little gasp, her face grew white, her book fell on her lap.

"And Joe Guerin wrote that, you say?" she inquired faintly. Then, with a burst of energy and defiance, "I'll never believe it!"

"Won't you indeed, miss?" sarcastically snarled her parent. "In troth, then, you may, and worse than that comin' from the same double-faced bucko. There's the lad that had the impidence to write you love letthers, if you plase, to the convent. Best for you never to mention his name before me."

With this warning the old man left the room, and was presently heard rattling at doors and windows to see if their fastenings were secure.

"This is a deceitful world, Kittie darling," said Luke Grogan, with abrupt and audacious affection, drawing his chair near Kittie's; "but no matter how false friends may change you can always depend upon one true friend who adores the very ground you walk on, and who" — suddenly seizing her hand he dropped a great, smacking, splashing kiss upon it.

She arose hastily, wiped her hand with her handkerchief, and looked at him with flashing eyes.

"Don't be a fool, sir," she said. "So far as you're concerned, please remember that I'm always a boycotted girl."

With stately steps she entered her private room and closed the door.

The boycott went on apace. Tom Dalton could not get anybody to work on his farm, nobody to buy his cattle or farm produce at fair or market, nobody to supply him with

groceries, at least publicly — Luke Grogan supplied him privately, charging extra for the risk. His neighbors and acquaintances avoided him, averting their faces when they met him on the highway. Sundry deputations waited upon him to "reason out the case," but he rejected their overtures with scorn, and held on grimly to the Crooked Farm.

Then, one memorable Sunday, a "great national demonstration," announced by bright green posters over half the county, was held in Altybawn, in a field right opposite the Crooked Farm. The place was blackened with the largest human gathering ever seen in the parish. There were banners hung across the road, with the motto, "Down with landgrabbing." There was "peasant infantry" on foot, marching to the music of a brass band and several fife and drum bands, and "peasant cavalry," prancing along with green sashes on their shoulders. There was a dark column of police armed with rifles and buckshot, in charge of a dapper sub-inspector, who strode about clanking a long bright sword, and a resident magistrate, who strolled about smoking his pipe, with a copy of the Riot Act in his pocket. There were stalls for the sale of gingerbread and apples, and there were leather-lunged ballad singers, sturdy troubadours of the crusade against landlordism, who brandished sheaves of ballads specially made and printed for the occasion, and sang,—

Come, all ye noble leaguers bould, I hope ye will dhraw near;
Consarnin' this great landgrabber I mane to let you hear,
Consarnin' ould Tom Dalton, that took the widow's land
And left her helpless orph-yens to starve at his command.

Several speakers, including one of the members of Parliament for the county, addressed the surging multitude in vehement denunciation of landgrabbing in general and the grabbing of the Crooked Farm in particular, and at every rounded, eloquent period a fierce, gusty cheer rose up and floated over to the Dalton homestead, where the old grabber was stamping about and laughing in bitter irony, and his daughter was weeping in her chamber, and the old nurse, with her apron thrown over her head, sat moaningly rocking herself to and fro.

Father Malone presided at the meeting, and Joe Guerin acted as secretary, as political etiquette required from their positions on the local executive. Luke Grogan was not conspicuous at the meeting. Nevertheless at the dinner which followed he was complimented by the M. P. and others on the energy and success which he had specially shown in getting up the demonstration.

Soon after that the worst trouble began.

Father Malone, Joe Guerin, and some others were prosecuted under the Coercion Act for their connection with the boycotting business; and the resident magistrate, according to instruction by his superiors, sent them all to jail for four months.

Love laughed at both leaguers and landgrabbing. When Joe was driven off to prison, handcuffed, beside a policeman with a loaded rifle, he had a plait of Kittie Dalton's hair lying against his undaunted bosom, and she had his photograph to kiss in secret as much as she pleased.

Next, Tom Dalton was burnt in effigy, opposite his house. It was Luke Grogan's mischievous shop

apprentice, of course without his master's knowledge, that set the match to the dangling scarecrow.

Next, an iron hut, loopholed for defence, was set up on the roadside near the Crooked Farm, and four armed policemen took up their residence therein, their maintenance being charged on the district.

Meanwhile Luke Grogan made stealthy nocturnal visits to the boycotted home, and had long secret interviews with Tom Dalton. At length one night the latter called his daughter into the room and said: —

"Kittie, alanna, we've just settled everything for you, myself and Luke. He'll make you a good husband, I'll give you a good fortune. A betther match there couldn't be. My mind is made up."

"My mind isn't," responded Kittie firmly; "I wouldn't marry that man if there wasn't another in Ireland."

The old man jumped up, aghast at this startling domestic mutiny. By an old peasant custom in these parts, marriages were actually arranged by the parents and friends of the future bride and bridegroom, even though these were absolutely ignorant of each other's appearance, and such marriages were carried out, and often, strange to say, resulted happily. It was in this way Tom Dalton himself had been married, and why shouldn't he, in similar well-established fashion, select a husband for his child? So he argued, and threatened, and fumed. Then he abjectly pleaded.

"Would you see your poor ould father lyin' in his gore? Would you see the roof burnt over our heads? Luke is our friend, Luke can stop the whole of this bad business. Kittie, Kittie, achona, be a good daughter and do as you're bid!"

With all his natural obstinacy, the old man had weakened considerably since the land meeting. Fear had at length taken possession of him. The sight of the protecting police hut only increased his nervousness; had not agrarian offenders been killed right under the noses of the constabulary?

"Let Kittie only say the word, and I'll put a stop to the whole thing," said Luke Grogan.

"And why can't you stop it without Kittie saying the word?"

"All's fair in love and war, Kittie darling," replied Luke, with a sickly smile. "What wouldn't a man do to win your fair hand?"

"Man! you call yourself a man, you coward, you sneak! Cease your visits to this house, or I'll denounce you to the League!"

Up to this time the grabber had gone boldly to Mass every Sunday. Now his private bench was brought out and broken in the chapel yard, so he ceased going. Luke Grogan's shopman took a leading part in the bench-breaking, which was denounced from the altar as an act of sacrilege. Kittie continued to go as usual; she spoke to no one, and knelt near the door, among the poorer parishioners and the wandering beggars.

One night, driven desperate by misfortune, and encouraged by popular sympathy, the widow Henehan left her lean-to shanty and took possession of her old cabin. She was promptly arrested for illegal entry, tried under the Coercion Act, and sent to jail, while her wretched children were taken to the poorhouse.

The news of the widow's imprisonment travelled like an angry cloud over Altybawn until it reached a dark, smoky cave high up among

the rocks and heather of the mountains, where three old men were making poteen, or illicit whiskey, and also drinking a liberal share of that pungent, colorless "mountain dew" as it fell, drop by drop, from the primitive worm. They were hardy, rugged, grizzled desperadoes, heroes of many a wild adventure in "their time," as they called it. They looked upon the new agrarian agitators and their methods as Napoleon's Old Guard might have looked upon raw *gardes mobiles* in clumsy manœuvres.

"So the widow is gone to join the priest and the others undher lock and kay. Egonneys, boys," commented Phil Mulderrig between whiffs of his blackened clay pipe, "it doesn't seem to me as if these new-fangled paythriots wor gettin' the best of the game."

"Arrah, 'tis little the poor craytures know how to manage," croaked Dan Madden. "Boycottin' indeed! Whin we and the like of us looked afther the affairs of the barony we had a more convincin' way of dalin' with scoundhrels."

"Troth, you're right there, Dan," coincided Jamesy Maughan between drinks. "Here's the health of the ould white shirts and blackened faces; they knew how to punish the foes of the widow and orphan."

"Begorra, boys, 'tis a pity an' a shame for us not to give these poor innocent fellows a hand. It's time we gave that landgrabbin' divil a touch of the good ould times. I move we go down to-night an' see what we can do."

Giving the police hut a wide berth, the three veterans crept by devious ways towards the rear of the Dalton homestead. They dimly perceived a man emerge from the back door, and move towards a herd of cattle lying in the adjoining field. Suddenly a cow sprang up with a plaintive low, and ran wildly across the field, and the man came rushing back, uttering a sharp cry of alarm as he ran right into the arms of the three watchers. Almost simultaneously came the hasty tramp of feet, the clicking of rifle locks, and the broad flash of a lantern.

"Surrender, every man of you!" commanded the police sergeant from the hut.

"Heavens above, it's Mr. Grogan!"

Luke Grogan stood revealed, pale and trembling, a bloody knife in one hand and a cow's tail in the other.

"I am innocent," he stammered; "it was these men who" —

"Lord! how can you say such a thing, Mr. Grogan! We were passin' on our way home, sergeant," said one of the Ribbonmen, with ready resource, "an' we wondhered who was cuttin' the tails off the cattle."

. . . . .

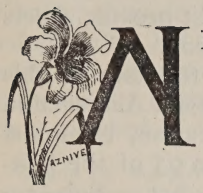
The remainder of this story is brief. A change of government set free all who had been previously arrested in connection with the Crooked Farm. Tom Dalton softened and surrendered the farm; a subscription was started for the widow, and she was reinstated in her holding.

Luke Grogan was tried at the assizes. A cow's tail was offered in evidence, likewise some threatening letters and notices, which an expert identified as having been written by the prisoner at the bar. Luke went to jail on a long sentence, and his business went to bankruptcy.

Joe Guerin married Kittie Dalton, and the Crooked Farm gradually faded from the memory of the politicians, press, and public.

SCHOOLS IN MANITOBA.

THOMAS O'HAGAN, M. A., PH. D.



NEXT to religion no other question enters so largely into the life of a people as that of education. It is a factor which has within it much of the hopes of time and eternity. It touches man on his spiritual as well as on his material side, for all education worthy of the name aims at a triune development: through the physical, the mental, and the moral. If any one of this trinity be neglected, the education is incomplete, and we get, as a consequence, not a rounded man fitted for the citizenship of heaven and earth, but a physical, intellectual, or moral monster.

It is because of this necessity of a triune development that the Catholic Church refuses to recognize any system of education, no matter what may be its intellectual fruit, that does not include religious instruction — that has not moral training as its basis.

It is the duty of the state to demand an educated citizenship, but it is not the duty of the state to usurp the prerogative of the parents and prescribe the kind of education which they must of necessity give their children. It is the father and mother who, by virtue of their relation with the child, are in the very first premises charged by God with its care —a care which extends not alone to its physical and intellectual happiness, but to its spiritual welfare as well.

This assumption on the part of the state of rights that belong primarily to the parent, has led it at various times and in various countries to commit deeds of injustice which darken the pages of modern history. It is often said that corporations have no souls, and it may indeed be doubted whether the state as a corporate body has within it on many occasions much conscience—at least the distribution of its equity in things educational is very often far from just and commendable.

An instance of this kind is just now engrossing the minds of the Canadian people. Canada, as is well known, is a confederation of provinces, and like the United States has a written constitution, which is known as the British North America Act. In the constitution which was drawn up when Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick entered into confederation and formed in 1867 what is known as the Dominion of Canada — the provinces of Prince Edward Island, British Columbia, and Manitoba came in later—provision was made for the Protestant minority of Quebec and the Catholic minority of Ontario, for the maintenance of separate or dissentient schools. In the distribution of powers between the federal parliament and the provincial legislature education was one of the questions relegated to the care of the provinces, with a certain limitation, however, on the power conferred, which may be seen from reading sub-sections 1, 3, and 4 of section 93 of the British North America Act dealing with the

power intrusted to the provincial legislatures in the matter of education, which is as follows: —

> In and for each province the legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject and according to the following provisions:
>
> (1) Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools, which any class of persons have by law in the province at the union.
>
> (3) Where in any province a system of separate or dissentient schools exists by law at the union, or is thereafter established by the legislature of the province, an appeal shall lie to the Governor-General in Council from any act or decision of any provincial authority, affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education.
>
> (4) In case any such provincial law as from time to time seems to the Governor-General in Council requisite for the due execution of the provisions of this section is not made, or in case any decision of the Governor-General in Council, or any appeal under this section is not duly executed by the proper provincial authority in that behalf, then, and in every such case, and as far only as the circumstances of each case require, the Parliament of Canada may make remedial laws for the due execution of the provisions of this section and of any decision of the Governor-General in Council under this section.

From the above it may be seen that the British North America Act sets a limitation on the exclusive power conferred upon the provincial legislature in matters educational, and that any provincial law violating this restriction would be *ultra vires* and void.

It is also clear that any valid provincial act affecting any right or privilege possessed by a Protestant or Roman Catholic minority in any province in relation to education, no matter when acquired, may be appealed against. And this particular clause, which gives the right of appeal, is not a limitation on the powers conferred on provincial legislatures. Its object is solely to give a right of appeal from the provincial authority to the federal authority against provincial educational laws that are *intra vires* and valid, but which may affect the rights or privileges of the minority.

The Confederation Act, therefore, creates, firstly, a limitation on provincial rights; and, secondly, gives a right of appeal against provincial acts in relation to education.

It may be well to state at this point that the Manitoba Act, section 22, relating to education, is almost identical with section 93 of the British North America Act. Sub-section 1 in section 22 of the Manitoba Act corresponds exactly to sub-section 1 of section 93 of the British North America Act; sub-section 2 of the Manitoba Act corresponds to sub-section 3 of the British North America Act, beginning with the words "An Appeal shall lie"— and sub-section 3 of the Manitoba Act is identical with sub-section 4 of the British North America Act. This by way of light on future points which will come up.

When the prairie province of Manitoba entered confederation in 1870, the delegates who went from the territory — for up to 1870 it did not take the form of a province — carried with them to Ottawa a bill of rights, or what might be called the terms upon which they were willing to enter the Dominion of Canada, as the newly established province of Manitoba. The system of schools in vogue in the territory when they were negotiating to enter confederation was denominational, and in each of the bills of rights — for there were four prepared — the desire of the settlers in the territory to have the system of denominational schools continued is either expressed or implied.

That this was their intention is borne out by the very phraseology

of the Manitoba Charter, and by the speeches delivered in the Canadian House of Commons when the question of admitting Manitoba into the Dominion was up for discussion. Indeed, the drafters of the Manitoba Charter thought they had secured or safeguarded for all time the continuance of denominational schools in the newly formed province when they inserted in it the following: —

> In and for the province the said legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject and according to the following provisions: 1. Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools, which any class of persons have by law *or practice* in the province at the union.

At this time there were within the limits assigned to Manitoba about twelve thousand people, nearly equally divided as to religion between the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches; and owing to the exodus of French Canadians from Quebec to the Northwest, it was thought at the time that Manitoba would, in the near future, become a Catholic province. Under these conditions it can be readily understood how the Protestants were desirous of continuing the denominational system of schools in the newly organized province.

It may be well to mention just here — as reference will needs be made to the fact in another portion of this article — that as Catholic missionaries were the first to reach the Northwest in the persons of the Oblate Fathers, the burden fell to them, not only of Christianizing the Indians, but of educating the children of Indians, half-breeds, and voyageurs — a task which taxed alike faith, patience, and humanity. In justice, then, to the educational work done by the Catholic Church in Manitoba, it must be remembered that its labor was not among a people who had emigrated to the Northwest, carrying with them all the intelligence and scholarship which the best schools of Ontario could afford; but rather in a great measure among a people whose intellects had been either quenched for long years, or dwarfed by the conditions under which they had chosen to live.

At the first session of the Manitoba legislature in 1871, a school act was passed providing for a system of schools suitable to the existing circumstances. It provided for a Board of Education and a division of it into two sections — Catholic and Protestant. The board as a whole had certain functions, but the chief part of the work was to be transacted by the sections. The system was improved from time to time, but always until 1890 retained its chief characteristic of Catholic and Protestant schools. The geographical distribution of the people, as Mr. Ewart, counsel for the Catholic minority has pointed out, lent itself to the easy application of this division; for the English and French, save in the urban communities, were very largely congregated in different parts of the province. This state of affairs lasted for nineteen years — that is from 1871 to 1890, giving on the whole general satisfaction.

Meantime at the end of those nineteen years, owing to the deflection of the French Canadian exodus from the Northwest to the New England States, and the steady arrival of settlers from Ontario and emigrants from Sweden, Iceland, and Russia, the Catholics found themselves reduced from fifty per cent to not more than fifteen per cent of the entire population.

A people numbering but one seventh of the population are not to be feared much at the ballot box, and so those who designed the destruction of the Catholic schools of Manitoba now prepare to enter with impunity upon their work. It is needless to say that the whole iniquitous job was carried out by means of a breach of faith, the most shameful that has ever disgraced the legislative annals of any country.

Up to the year 1888 the Conservative government had been in power in Manitoba. In January of that year, Mr. Burke, the Conservative member for St. François Xavier, was asked to join the then Conservative administration. This necessitated an election. Mr. Burke was a Frenchman and a Catholic, and the constituency for which he was running was largely Catholic. Mr. Greenway, the leader of the Liberal party, and Mr. Joseph Martin, its strongest man, knew that if they hoped to elect the Liberal candidate against Mr. Burke they must get the Catholic vote, and, in order to secure it, pledged themselves that if the Liberals were returned to power they would not interfere in any way with the Catholic schools.

In fact, Mr. Martin, who is the father of the Manitoba School Act of 1890, whereby the Catholic schools were wiped out, publicly promised in one of his speeches delivered in the St. François Xavier election of 1888, that if his party, when returned to power, attacked either the French language or the Catholic schools he would leave it forever. On the strength of such promises and protestations the Liberal candidate was elected, and four days afterwards the Conservative administration resigned, and the Liberals, with Mr. Greenway as premier, and Mr. Joseph Martin as attorney-general, came into office.

Mr. Greenway did not stop here. He desired to get the full trust and confidence of the Catholics, that he might the more easily betray them. In company with Mr. Alloway, a prominent Protestant supporter, he called upon Archbishop Tache, of St. Boniface, for the purpose of emphasizing his former assurances, and asking him to name some prominent and acceptable Catholic whom he would take into his cabinet. As a result of this interview Mr. Prendergast became a member of the Greenway government, and Mr. Greenway and his fellow Liberals posed as the friends and protectors of the rights of the Catholics of Manitoba.

Meanwhile the mercury in the political barometer at Ottawa had risen over the Jesuits' Estate Act passed by the legislature of Quebec. An attempt was made to induce the federal parliament to veto the act, but the attempt ended in failure. Out of this agitation grew a little knot of bigots and malcontents in the Dominion Parliament. At their head was Dalton McCarthy, whose avowed purpose was to stir up religious and racial strife, and thereby, if possible, wreck the Conservative government. Its leader, an able but narrow-minded man, had been disappointed in his political ambition, and in retaliation he essayed to play the part of Catiline in Canadian politics.

In January, 1888, with the help of Mr. Martin's promises at St. François Xavier, the Liberals had attained power. In August, 1889, Mr. Martin stood upon a Manitoba platform while Mr. Dalton McCarthy spoke to the following effect: —

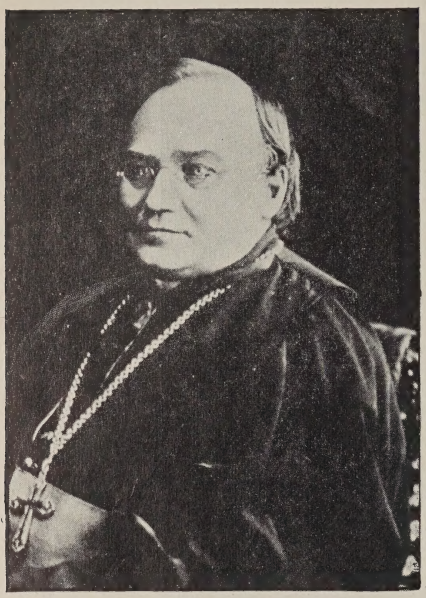
He was glad that the Protestants of Quebec were at last awake. He trusted before many weeks to address a meeting in Montreal, and to realize that that minority is sound to the core on the work he had undertaken. There is the separate school question here in Manitoba and in the Southwest, and there is the French school question in Ontario; we have all the work to do in our various localities; let us do that first, before we seek to traverse fields,

MOST REV. LOUIS P. A. LANGEVIN, D. D., Archbishop of St. Boniface, Manitoba.

before more difficulty is to be encountered because vested rights have become solidified.

It therefore will be seen that Mr. McCarthy bore into Manitoba the firebrand of racial and religious strife. In March, 1890, Mr. Martin's School Act was passed. It established what purported to be public or non-sectarian schools, but what in reality are Protestant schools. It was Mr. Martin's intention to establish purely secular schools, but the Greenway government had to give way before the denunciation and threatenings of the Protestant clergy, and Protestant religious exercises were as a consequence added to the programme of the schools. The opinion of all honest people now is, that the so-called public or national schools of Manitoba are as sectarian and Prot-

estant as they were under the denominational system, which they were intended to supplant. That this is a gross outrage on the Catholics, I cite in proof the following letter from Mr. Martin, the author of the School Act of 1890, now a member of the



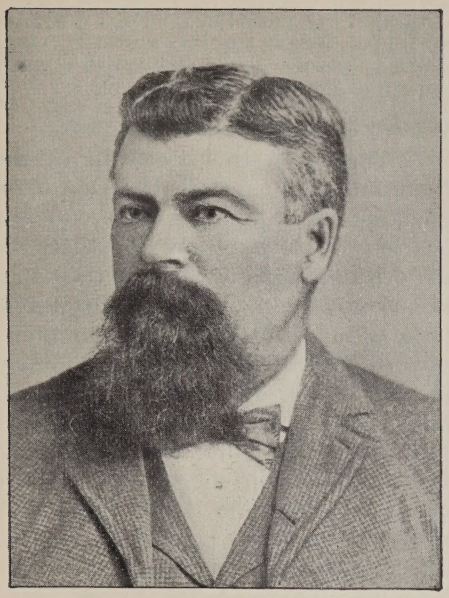
The Late Archbishop Tache of Manitoba.

Canadian House of Commons, which appeared in the public press under date of June 26, 1895: —

> When I introduced the school bill of 1890 I pointed out that in so far as it provided for religious exercises in the schools it was in my opinion defective. I am one of those who deny the right of the state to interfere in any respect in matters of religion. I said then, and I still think, that the clause of the 1890 act which provides for certain religious exercises is most unjust to the Roman Catholics. If the state is to recognize religion in its school legislation, such a recognition as is acceptable to Protestants only, and in fact only to a majority of Protestants, is to my mind rank tyranny.

This is pretty good evidence from the author of the School Act of 1890 as to the character of the new schools and their bearing upon Catholics. By virtue of the School Act of 1890, all Catholic school property and all Catholic school moneys were turned over to trustees to be elected under the new act; and it was provided that no school which did not comply with the requirements of the statute, that is, that did not cease to be Catholic, was to be deemed to be a public school or to be entitled to any public support. The gross injustice done to the Catholics of Manitoba by this act may be best understood by examining how it affected the Catholics of the city of Winnipeg. In that city, while the liabilities of the Catholic School Board were merely nominal, because they had lived prudently, the liabilities of the Protestant School Board were extremely heavy, owing to the sites they had purchased and the schools they had extravagantly built during the "boom" days in Winnipeg. In these liabilities the Catholics of Winnipeg were forced by the act of 1890 to share.

Still the Catholics of Manitoba, although few in numbers, and largely of the poorer class, led by the late venerable Archbishop Tache, determined to fight for their rights, and test the act of 1890 in the courts of law. The Queen's Bench of Winnipeg sustained the act, declaring it to be *intra vires*. It was next carried to the Supreme Court of Canada, which reversed the judgment of the Manitoba court, declaring the act to be *ultra vires*, and finally it was borne beyond the sea to the Supreme Court of the realm — the Privy Council of England, and its decision came back that the act was *intra vires* of the Manitoba legislature and so constitutionally valid. The judgment of the Privy Council was based upon the fact that the Catholic schools of Manitoba, prior to its entrance into



PREMIER THOMAS GREENWAY OF MANITOBA.

confederation or union in 1870, were not separate, but denominational or voluntary schools, and therefore the act of 1890 did not interfere with the right of the Catholics to continue these schools if they so wished.

But the end is not yet. The charter of Manitoba has these clauses: —

An appeal shall lie to the Governor-General in Council from any act or decision of the legislature of a province, or of any provincial authority, affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education.

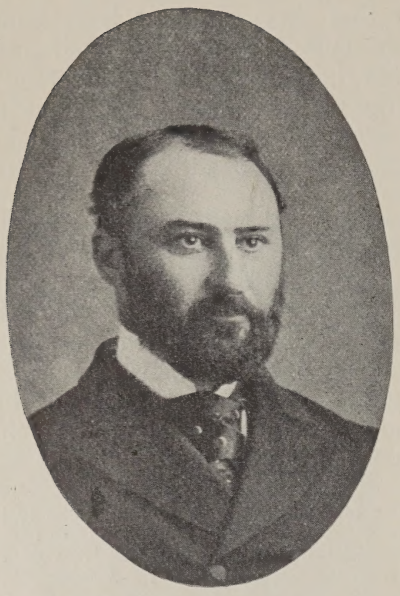
In case any such provincial law as from time to time seems to the Governor-General in Council requisite for the due execution of the provisions of this section, is not made, or in case any decision of the Governor-General in Council on any appeal under this section is not duly executed by the proper provincial authority in that behalf, then, and in every such case, and as far only as the circumstances of each case may require, the Parliament of Canada may make remedial laws for the due execution of this section, and of any decision of the Governor-General in Council under the section.

The Catholics of Manitoba, seeing that they could no longer urge their ante-union rights acquired by *practice*, felt that they could at least found their claim to relief upon their post-union rights acquired by the statutes of the province itself. The question of relief based upon their post-union rights was referred by the government of Canada to the Supreme Court, and three out of five of the judges decided that the government had no jurisdiction at all and could in no way interfere. Finally the question was referred to the Privy Council of England, which advised that the government of Canada has ample jurisdiction. Here are some extracts from the judgment: —

The terms upon which Manitoba was to become a province of the Dominion were matter of negotiation between representatives of the province of Manitoba and of the Dominion government.

Those who were stipulating for the provisions of section 22 as a condition of union, and those who gave their legislative assent to the act by which it was brought about, had in view the perils then apprehended.

JOHN S. EWART, Q. C., Counsel for Catholic Minority.



JOSEPH MARTIN, M. P., Author of School Act of 1890.

It was not doubted that the object of the first sub-section of section 22 was to afford protection to denominational schools.

There is no doubt either what the points of difference were, and it is in the light of these that the 22d section of the Manitoba Act of 1870, which was in truth a parliamentary compact, must be read.

The sole question to be determined is whether a right or privilege which the Roman Catholic minority previously enjoyed has been affected by the legislation of 1890. Their lordships are unable to see how this question can receive any but an affirmative answer.

Bearing in mind the circumstances which existed in 1870, it does not appear to their lordships an extravagant notion, that in creating a legislature for the province with limited powers, it should have been thought expedient, in case either Catholics or Protestants became preponderant, and rights which had come into existence under different circumstances were interfered with, to give the Dominion Parliament power to legislate upon matters of education so far as was necessary to protect the Protestant or Catholic minority as the case might be.

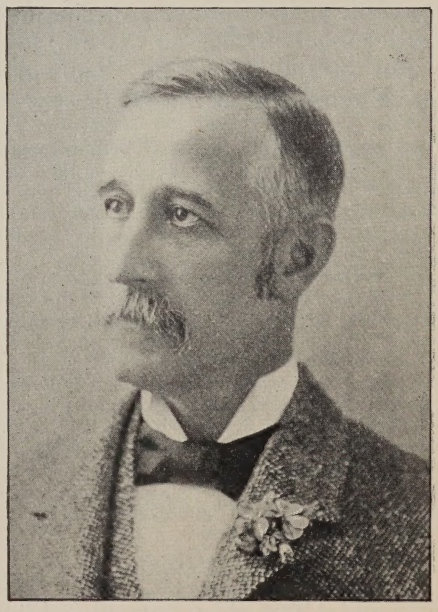
Their lordships have decided that the Governor-General has jurisdiction, and that the appeal is well founded, but the particular course to be pursued must be determined by the authorities to whom it has been committed by statute. It is not for this tribunal to intimate the precise steps to be taken. Their general character is sufficiently defined by the third sub-section of section 22 of the Manitoba Act.

All legitimate ground of complaint would be removed if that system (the system of 1890) were supplemented by provisions which would remove the grievance upon which the appeal is founded, and were modified so far as might be necessary to give effect to these provisions.

Acting upon this decision of the Imperial Privy Council, the Dominion government appointed a day for the hearing of counsel for the Catholic minority and of counsel for the Manitoba government. The argument lasted four days, and the Dominion government embodied its judgment in an Order-in-Council which is known as the Remedial Order. The pith of the Remedial Order is: That the rights and privileges enjoyed by the Catholic minority in Manitoba prior to the act of 1890 have been affected by depriving them of: —

(a) The right to build, maintain, equip, manage, conduct, and support Roman Catholic schools in the manner provided for by the said statutes, which were repealed by the two acts of 1890.

(b) The right to share proportionately in any grant made out of the public fund for the purposes of education.



DR. J. K. BARRETT, OF WINNIPEG,
Appellant to the Supreme Court in behalf of the Catholics.

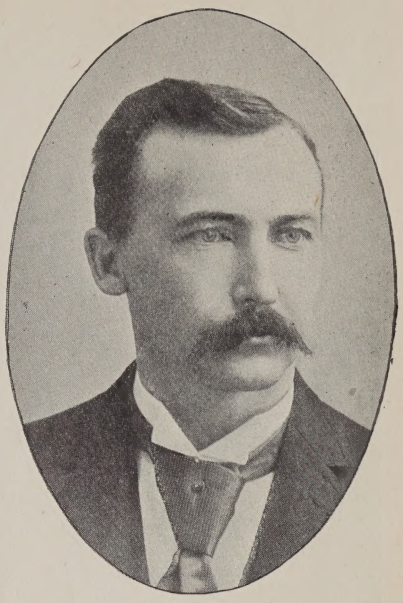
(c) The right of exemption of such Roman Catholics as contribute to Roman Catholic schools from all payment or contribution to the support of any other school.

The Dominion government further called upon the Manitoba government to supplement the Manitoba School Acts of 1890 by a provincial act or acts, as well as restore to the Catholic minority such rights and privileges of which such minority has been deprived as aforesaid.

Much objection was taken to the wording of the Order-in-Council; it was said to be too mandatory; that it should have been more conciliatory. The truth is, it had to follow the language of the statute to be effective and legal.

Of course the Manitoba government has refused to comply with the Remedial Order. Nay more, at a bye-election for the House of Commons, held in a constituency of Ontario, in which the Manitoba school question played an important part, the Manitoba government violated all political decency by sending down the acting Minister of Education, Attorney-General Sifton, to take part in the campaign. Mr. Sifton's speeches were both incendiary and dishonest — his aim being not to give a calm presentation of the question, but to play upon the passions and prejudices of the people. The election resulted in a triumph for the Dominion government, the candidate of Mr. Dalton McCarthy and the imported Attorney-General of Manitoba being ignominiously defeated.

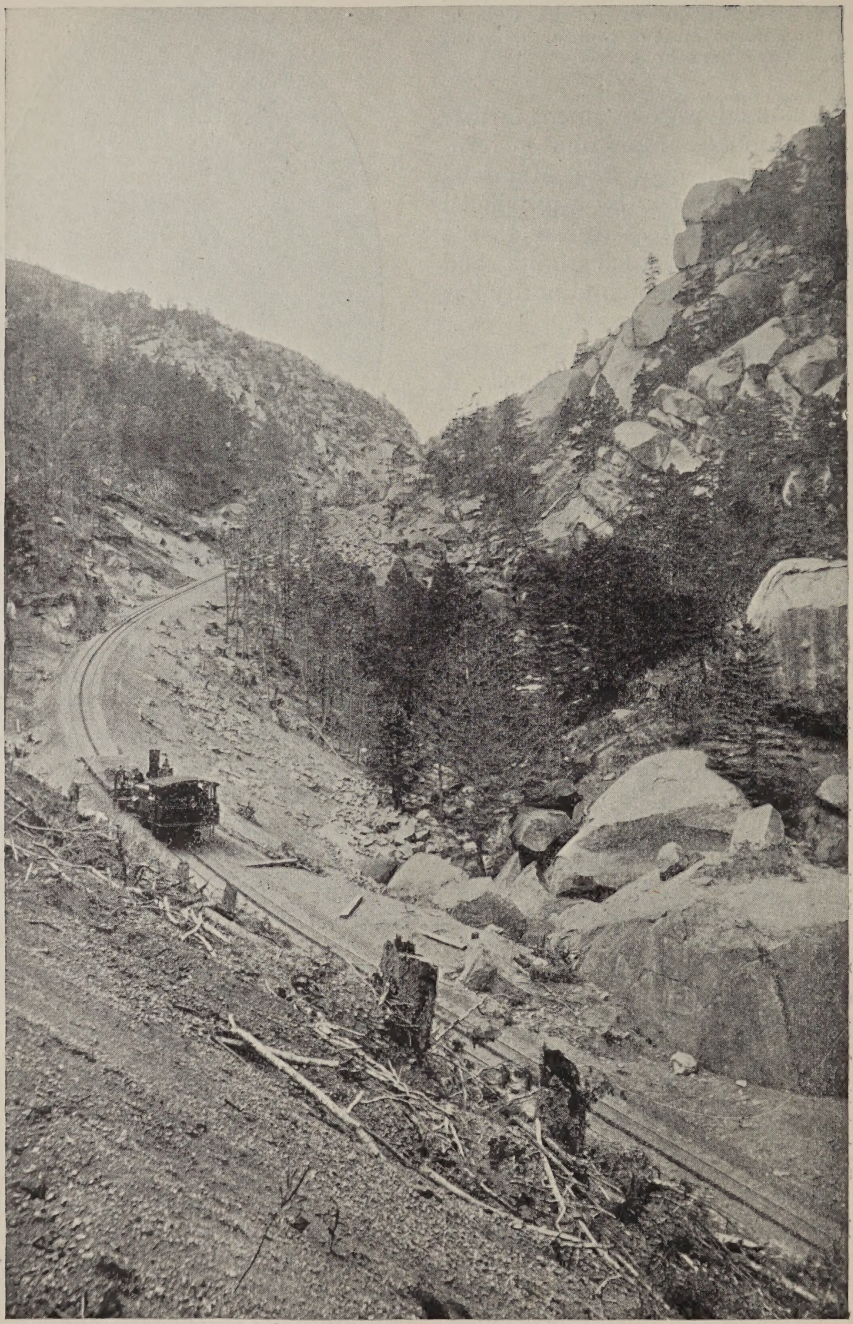
Of course the question of enforcing the Remedial Order lies in the last instance with the Dominion Parliament. During the last session of the House the government took no action in the matter, being desirous of giving Manitoba every opportunity to redress the grievances. Will she do so, is a question which the future must decide. Meantime the Dominion Parliament has been summoned to meet for the express purpose of dealing with the question. It matters little whether a Liberal or Conservative government be in power at Ottawa, the Canadian constitution interpreted by the highest court in the realm, and backed by the sovereignty of Canada, *must* settle the question.



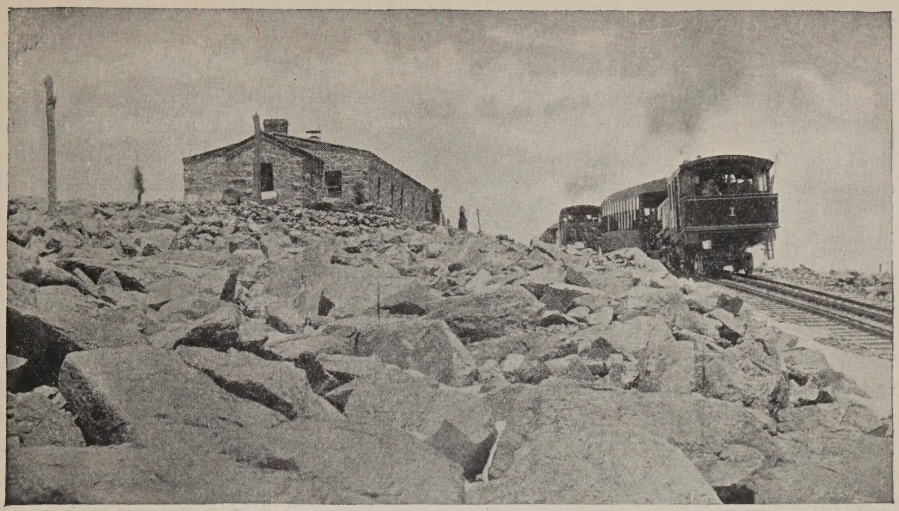
Atty.-General Clifford Sifton of Manitoba.

For five years the Catholics of Manitoba, who are in general far from being wealthy, have borne the expense of this long and tedious case, dragged as it has been from court to court.

The settlement of the question will undoubtedly tax the judgment of the Canadian people and the wisdom of the Canadian constitution, but all good citizens who cherish our laws and institutions need have no fear for the result.



On the Way to the Peak.



First Passenger Train on Summit of Pike's Peak, 1892.
The building is the old Signal Service Station, erected 1882.

CLIMBING PIKE'S PEAK.

Edward Gerard.

MOUNTAINEERING in the Rockies is not supposed to furnish either the sublimity of view or the thrilling sensations of Alpine ascents; yet the experience of most of those who have dared the rugged acclivities of our great American chain proves that the science of mountain climbing can be attained, its rewards enjoyed, and its perils encountered, almost as effectually upon our own continent as in the more noted and oftener described Swiss passes and peaks. The literature of the Rocky Mountains, contributed by adventurous travellers who were also keen observers, excellent writers, and good photographers, already forms a fair share of the books Americans have produced; and that this literature has been very valuable from several scientific bases, the students of geology, natural history, and the phenomena of the aerial elements have over and over again tested to their complete satisfaction.

So well have American travellers done their work in the altitudes of this noble mountain range that the day and the opportunity for making any very startling new discoveries are concededly gone by. What escaped the earlier explorers was observed and transcribed by the later searching parties of Lewis, Clark, Pike, Long, and Fremont, whose names are gratefully perpetuated in the majestic mountains themselves; while the data attained by these investigators have been more recently superseded or strengthened by the better equipped expeditions of Hayden, Powell, King, and others, particularly in the Sierras and cañons of Colorado.

The latter state contains many of

the most striking characteristics of the great mountain chain, and its peaks are therefore favorite pilgrimages for both the tourist and the student of mountain phenomena. Estes Park, Long's Peak, Mount Hallett, Table Mountain, Mummy Mountain, Ypsilon, Hague's, Stone's, and Pike's Peaks, and the rest, have each a fascinating narrative for the reader, and thrilling natural wonders for the sight-seer, and it is at times difficult to decide which of all these masterpieces has most to awe the explorers into a sense of their Creator's omnipotence.

Thirty odd years ago a visit to the prairies and gold fields of the far West was often referred to in a general way as a trip to Pike's Peak. In 1861 Dr. C. M. Clark published a volume under this title, in which he describes scenes and events all through Kansas, Nebraska, and other states quite remote from the mount itself. In those days Pike's Peak was the only one in its vicinity known by name to the general run of people, and hence it was employed to localize the then wild and undeveloped country for hundreds of miles around.

Nowadays, though rivalled by several other mighty monuments of nature's handiwork, which have been carefully explored in the same range within the last quarter of a century, Pike's Peak still holds peculiar and unique attractions for the tourist. For many years the site of a United States Signal Service station, and at present the road-bed of a mountain railway, which greatly facilitates the gaining of the rocky summit, its wonderful natural sights, aerial phenomena, and singular associations yearly entice crowds of travellers, whose journeying motto is "Excelsior," and who dearly love an adventurous climb.

The ascent of Pike's Peak is made from Manitou, at its base. Before the construction of the railway, the climb was made on the back of a pony mule, or "burro," of which there was an abundance, with guides if wanted, at Manitou. This method, as is natural to suppose, is not so much in vogue since the railway was built; still, a number of the more hardy mountaineers prefer it to the more conveniently expeditious rail trip. From Colorado Springs, six miles away, from which the snow-decked summit of the peak forms an ever-changing object of beauty for the eye to look upon, the ground gradually rises six thousand feet to the base of the peak proper, whose summit towers 14,347 feet above sea level. When I last made the ascent, my first since the railroad was built, I could not but feel that the advent of the engine and the train, although annihilating more than half the time and all the fatigue of the upward journey, also detracted a great deal from its sublimity. One imbibes more of nature's grandeur when contemplating her awesome works unmarred by any of the devices of modern human genius.

There were twenty people in our party, none of whom but myself had ever trod the rugged summit of the peak, or was familiar with the unrivalled panorama visible from its coign of vantage. After leaving Engleman's Cañon, through which the mad waters of Ruxton Creek splash along in cascade and whirlpool, we were puffed into the Grand Pass, up two thousand feet of a steep acclivity, between solid walls of rock and granite, whose immensity of weight and diversity of shape in-

creased the impression felt from the earliest stages of the trip.

Every shriek of the whistle was answered by a battery of echoes, reverberating from crag to crag in endless repetitions. I renewed my old acquaintance with the scenes and impressions of "Echo Falls," "Hanging Rock," "Artists' Glen," "Cameron's Cove," "Sheltered Falls," and the other features of this part of the journey, a detailed description of which would carry me far beyond allowable limits. As the train wound upward and roundward through the gorges and passes, the sun-kissed aspen and pine groves thousands of feet below us presented ever-changing and always picturesque aspects of sight and color.

PIKE'S PEAK.
From Pike's Peak Avenue, Colorado Springs.

Once out of the Grand Pass, the surrounding vista takes on a much broader and more profoundly impressive scope. The ocean-like prairies below undulate farther and farther away, until they merge into the sky line at the horizon. Other mountain peaks rise cameo-like into the upper air, their lesser grandeur only serving to intensify the awesomeness of the one we ourselves are climbing. The train pushes doggedly on and up, taking us past Minnehaha Falls, the Half Way House, and the Devil's Slide, where we involuntarily hold our breaths, lest a sudden mishap drive the engine and train over the two feet of space, which are all that intervene between the track and a plunge into the awful abyss beneath us. Indeed, as we hear a few dislodged stones go thundering down the slope, we have reason for alarm, and it is with more than welcome relief we find ourselves, after passing through Hell Gate, entering the beautiful groves of Ruxton Park, where for more than two miles we are borne through a comparatively level stretch of forest, studded with wild flowers of rare color and a great variety of species. The atmospheric changes are perceptibly felt from this upward, the air growing momentarily colder, at the last bringing heavy overcoats into requisition.

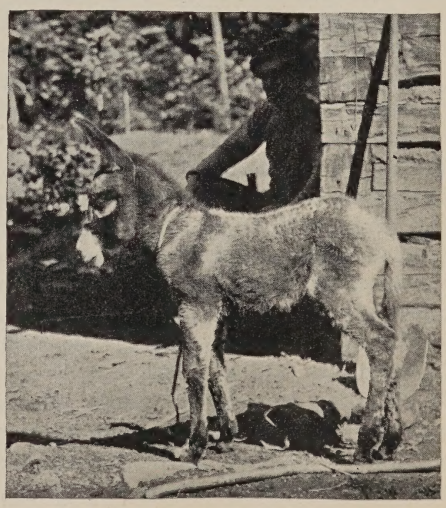
At an elevation of 11,578 feet we pass timber-line, where wood ceases to grow, and are on the homestretch to the summit. For the remainder of the trip we are among massive red

ERIN O'KEEF'S GRAVE, PIKE'S PEAK.

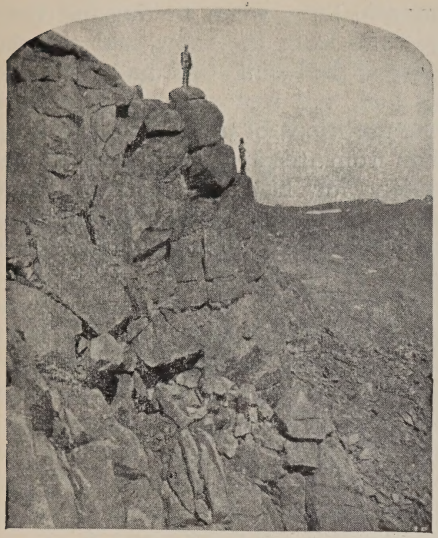
bowlders, the accumulations of untold ages, and this mountain's fitting crown of nature's most enduring manufacture.

It is not easy to encase in cold type the impressions one conceives when he is at last on the tiptop of this magnificent observatory of the surrounding country. On a clear day there is no difficulty in discerning other mountains hundreds of miles away in all directions. Breaking the monotony of the endless plains, cities and towns as far remote as Pueblo, and even Denver, seventy-five miles off, can be seen (their lights are visible any clear night), while the city of Colorado Springs, six miles off, appears in the clearest view, its houses and public buildings defined as if in miniature. One of the most beautiful sights imaginable is sunrise from the summit of Pike's Peak. It was not an unusual thing for the operator in charge of the old signal service station to sleep all night out upon the rocks, for the purpose of catching the early morning glories of the sun. At such times the plains are often visible to Kansas City, eight hundred miles away, as level as a billiard table; and on the western horizon the indentation of the Peak's shadow is clearly distinguishable. This is a sight people have travelled thousands of miles to see. Or, when clouds thicken the upper air, it is a view to make the heart leap, when a great rift gives the eye a clear prospect through the moving cloud-mass to the sunlit plains below.

The old signal building, still standing, is in a severe storm frequently enveloped in blue flames, like inverted cones, about two and a half inches high. The electrical phenomena are most unusual and wonderful. Prickly sensations are felt by those in the building, in the fingers and body, and the eyebrows and mustache at such times stand out rigidly from the face. This is no time for Johnny to get his gun, or indeed for any one to handle anything of a metallic nature. Work-



NATIVE "BURRO."
Born on the summit of Pike's Peak August 20, 1882



POINT LOOKOUT.
Fifty yards from station, overlooking the Chasm.

men have often had their crowbars or other working utensils flung twenty feet away from them by force of the electricity in the air, and their fingers were fringed with tiny electric flames, which, however, are without heat and harmless. Sometimes a storm may be raging a mile below the summit, while the latter is serene and peaceful, with sun or stars beaming genially upon its scattered crags. This changeableness of weather conditions is one of the notable features of the trip. A tourist may leave Manitou Springs in his shirt sleeves, and pass through every phase of the season's weather before gaining the summit. If he begins the route in sunshine, the weather may change to rain, pass into hail, then snow, and end in clear weather at the top.

The one-story stone building now used as the railway depot was the one occupied until 1892 by the United States Signal Service Bureau. It was built in 1882, replacing an earlier structure used for a like purpose, and for nine months of every year was the place of solitary confinement of a single operator whose duty it was to telegraph Washington daily the velocity of the wind, the conditions of the thermometer and barometer, as well as anything exceptional in electrical or aerial observation. The construction of the building was attended with unusual difficulties, owing to the necessity of bringing all necessary supplies, except the stone, up the mountain, a process which, owing to the narrowness of the trail and the severity of the wind, at times resulted in the loss of material and the mules employed to haul it up on their backs.

In 1892 the government, having exhausted the possibilities of the peak as an observing station, ceded it, with the whole summit of the mountain, to the railway company which now controls it, and in the same summer the first railway car with passengers reached the top of the peak.

TEMPLE OF ISIS.
Williams' Cañon, near Manitou.

A road runs around the edge of the summit, permitting courageous passengers to step out for a peep into the snow-choked ravines down the mountain's side, and to amuse themselves by sending stones rolling down into the abysses. There were not many such adventurous spirits on the trip I am here writing of. Most of them were overcome with the sensation of physical fatigue and dizziness which affects newcomers to Pike's Peak, owing to the rarity of the air, which causes one to pant for breath. Most of our party hugged the station fire, after enjoying the summit view, and endeavored to fill up the void caused within them by the air with hot coffee and other refreshments.

Pike's Peak has an unusual object of interest for tourists in the shape of a grave marked by cross and headstones, erected many years ago by a Sergeant O'Keef, a signal service officer, in memory of his daughter who died while visiting him. It has also its traditions, of which we picked up a few stray threads, as about the baby born half way up the mountain, and the "burro" (shown in our illustration) which has the distinction of being the first animal born on the summit of Pike's Peak. This interesting event took place on August 20, 1882, and is said to have caused quite a stir in upper circles. Another story is told of a signal service officer who was coming up from the timber-line with part of his winter's fuel strapped on mules. He caught the first snow of the winter, which set in earlier than usual, and was compelled to abandon his booty and its carriers in order to get back with his life to the station. This he succeeded in doing, and did not again see his mules until nine months later, when he dug out their remains from the snow, and rescued part of the wood. He had run short of fuel, and was compelled to burn the partitions of the building to keep him from freezing to death. Fortunately for him, the winter season came to an end just before the last available wood about the place gave out.

It is also told that during the construction of the old station in 1882 the workmen struck for more pay. In such an emergency there was not much chance for the contractor, especially since the men had cut the wires which communicated with the lower world. Arguments proving useless, the contractor was driven to his wits' end to know how to circumvent what he felt was an unjust demand on his men's part. A happy solution was effected by help of the station operator, who made use of the heliograph, or sun-flash system of messages, to acquaint people at Colorado Springs with what was going on. The men, seeing the flashes were answered from the city, sullenly yielded, and completed the job.

The trip down from the peak is made in two hours. The engine, which in coming up is behind the coach, backs down in the same position, without coupling or connection of any kind with the cars. This precaution is taken so that in the event of any accident to the engine the brakes can be adjusted and the cars brought to a standstill at any point on the road. Arrived at Manitou again, we took a farewell glance at Pike's Peak, which by the time of our reaching its base had put its head away among massive clouds, on which the gorgeous hues of sunset were making a picture of color never to be forgotten.

CONFERENCES ON HISTORICAL CRITICISM.

FATHER CH. DE SMEDT, S. J., PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF BOLLANDISTS.

FIRST CONFERENCE.

N our days it is no longer permitted us to be strangers to the principles of historical criticism. These are, after all, only the rules of sound logic applied to the discussion of the facts of history. Now the rôle that history plays is so important; history, even outside its own wide domain, intervenes in the solution of so many problems of the religious and economic order and of nearly all the branches of human science, that for one to acknowledge himself incompetent to form a judgment on the facts of the past, with the rigor justly required by the progress of the scientific method, is to decree for himself a brevet of inferiority little to his credit. It means giving up the idea, not only of treating of a host of questions of the highest interest, discussed every day in reviews, periodicals, and intellectual circles, but even of following their development in such a manner as to be able to form and justify a logical conviction about them.

But can it be asked or expected of a man of the world, for whom scientific studies are but a recreation and a luxury in the midst of a life fully occupied in other pursuits, that he possess the sum of knowledge necessary for the making of sound historical criticism? Can we ask him, for instance, to be *au courant* in palæography, diplomacy, philology, chronology, geography, archæology, and the numerous other auxiliary sciences which are said to be indispensable to the serious critic? Can all this be acquired without the special application and talent expected only from those who make historical studies their great object in life?

This entire stock of auxiliary knowledge is certainly necessary to enable a man to approach without rashness the complete exploration of little known regions of the vast territory of historical science, but such is not the case when he has only to collect and value the results obtained by other explorers. Without being an architect or an engineer, one can follow with lively interest and judge intelligently new combinations intended to perfect the art of construction; without aspiring to the titles of physician or chemist, naturalist or geologist, a man can be up to date in the progress of natural science, and able to pass a well-reasoned judgment on the new theories by which men are trying to raise a little higher the thick veil that covers so many mysteries of creation. Again, a man may admit his utter inability to produce a picture or a statue, and yet be able to pick out with skill and taste the good and bad points of works of painting and sculpture. In a word, in all the arts and sciences, we must make a distinction between the savants and professional artists, and another class whom I will not call amateurs — too

often an unfavorable significance is attached to the word — but who may be described as connoisseurs and judges, and whose approval and support the professional body are very anxious to win and retain. The same thing is applicable in the domain of historical criticism.

I would compare professional critics to magistrates by profession who must be perfectly versed in the science of jurisprudence, the rules of procedure and the practice of conducting judiciary causes, and the non-professional critics to the members of a jury charged to pronounce a definite judgment at the conclusion of a conflicting debate in which all the arguments of the accusation and the defence have been developed before them by orators capable of making them effective. It is only the professional critic who must have this multipled and manifold erudition, and be able to utilize the particular elements of it which are called for by the nature of the question in hand. And it must be borne in mind that erudition (as an eminent professor of the College of France has judiciously observed) consists not so much in having always present before the mind the names, dates, and other details of which a person may have to make use, as in knowing where to find them. Hence the magistrate or the judge will have recourse, when necessary to throw full light on the case before him, to the medical jurisconsult, to the writing expert, to the sworn interpreter, or to other specialists, as the case may be, whose special knowledge will supply what he lacks to enable him to form an accurate estimate of some of the details of the investigation. It is none the less true, however, that the professional critic, to acquit himself well of his task, must have sufficiently clear notions on every one of the branches of science bearing on history, to be able to form his own judgment on the value of the indications furnished by special guides and not to have to trust himself blindly to their opinions.

But it is not of professional critics I am now treating. I take for granted that my readers are composed mainly of individuals of judicious temperament, who have received a careful education, and who, although not making scientific works the principal occupation of their lives, have a love for science in all the manifestations of its activity, and are anxious to foster its progress by the interest they show in it and the intelligent enthusiasm with which they give it their applause. I will try to facilitate their office as judges of the truth of facts presented as historical, by giving a brief and precise résumé of the principles and practical rules which will enable them to discern with assurance the degree of certitude belonging to these facts, and that according to a rigorously scientific method; that is to say, by accounting for the rational foundations of their judgments.

These rules and principles are neither very complicated nor very difficult to understand. They are all deducible from this fundamental fact: the critic is a judge, he has to pronounce on the truth and certainty of contingent facts, and he must do this after a hearing of the case.

The first duty of the judge is the most absolute equity and impartiality. He must look for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. To allow himself to be guided in his judgments or in the investigation of an affair by personal passions

or affections, by considerations of self-interest, by the gaining of some advantage for himself or for those he cares about, to blind himself in consequence, and more or less wilfully deceive himself on the value of the proofs advanced by the opposing parties, to twist or minimize those that run counter to his prejudice and exaggerate the importance of those that seem to countenance it, to stultify himself and seek to stultify others by affirming the certainty of a fact with the more warmth according as it is more doubtful and more shaken — all these are so many faults against that essential disposition, and so many signs of its absence. Before a public tribunal, a well-founded suspicion that a judge has a fixed opinion in his mind previous to the discussion of the case is sufficient to have him rejected as being incapable of fulfilling his office. This love of equity, which knows no other passion than that of scientific truth, must for the critic triumph over every other affection whatsoever, however legitimate it may be. It must even go so far as give him the courage to declare as scientifically uncertain a fact which is otherwise known to be perfectly certain. And let it not be said that such a process is above the powers of the human mind, and that it is absurd to suppose the possibility of such a conflict. It is easy to instance cases where it becomes a rigorous and manifest conscientious duty. Let us suppose — I purposely take the case of the most sacred and inviolable of professional secrets — that a Catholic bishop knows, through the sacramental confession of one of his priests, that this priest has committed a grave offence. This priest is charged with very important and very delicate offices among a portion of Christ's flock, particularly (and with good reason) dear to the heart of the pastor. The nature of the fault and the prevision amounting to a moral certainty of relapses render the delinquent absolutely unworthy and incapable of continuing to fulfil these functions; but all instances, even to the refusal of absolution, fail to determine him to resign them voluntarily. Let us suppose now that through the accusation of an accomplice or of a witness the bishop comes to hear of the fact which he knew before only under the seal of sacramental confession. He must investigate the case according to canonical rules and pronounce judicially without his personal responsibility. He may not refuse — this would give rise to a suspicion which he is absolutely bound to prevent. Well, if the accusers fail to bring sufficient proofs, if the culprit is clever enough to show the apparent emptiness of the charge, the bishop can only solemnly proclaim his innocence and retain him in the honorable office of which he is making a sacrilegious abuse.

I know of no example of a case which could be so painful for the critic as the one I have supposed would be for the judge. But it might happen that a historical fact, which for the moment seems to be solidly established by convincing evidence, is in opposition to another fact recorded in the sacred books; or that a dogma defined by the Church may appear not to be confirmed, nay rather may be apparently contradicted, by the testimony of the ordinary organs of Christian tradition. In these and similar occurrences, the first aim of the Christian scholar must be to show a perfect loyalty, and to admit frankly the apparent contradiction;

and if it has not disappeared after he has exhausted all the means of enlightenment on the question, he must only wait in patience until the solution comes — as it so often does — from the progress of science itself. You may be certain that by this scientific loyalty, professed and practised, you will do far more good to the holy cause you wish to defend than by the petty quibbling of the special pleader or by rash statements. Such methods can persuade only persons whom there is no necessity to persuade, or the simple and the ignorant who will be afterwards at the mercy of the first learned unbeliever they may meet with, who will be able to show them the weakness of the answers that were advanced as peremptory, with the result that they will indignantly and contemptuously detach themselves from guides whom they will regard as having consciously deceived them, and from a doctrine which they will deem to be founded on falsehood. With one and the same blow a man will have brought contempt on himself, and injury on his cause in the eyes of true scholars, and he will have given further credit to the prejudice, so false, but so widespread and disastrous, of the incompatibility of science and faith.

It is impossible to insist too strongly on the capital importance of this passionate, disinterested love of truth, which is, for the critic, as for every other judge, the essential condition of the rectitude of his judgments and of the confidence he must inspire to give them weight. From the moment, therefore, that an historical fact is submitted to his investigation, he must learn to withdraw himself from the influence of any feeling which disturbs its clearness — religious piety, national, provincial, or local patriotism, family or party interests, the fear of giving pain or offence to his companions in arms, of alienating precious sympathies or incurring dangerous enmities. If he does not feel himself strong enough to curb these feelings and brave these fears, he can only withdraw, or in other words abstain from discussing questions where his freedom of judgment is thus trammelled and his impartiality justly exposed to suspicion.

I would not, however, altogether discourage those who doff the judge's to don the pleader's gown. If they conscientiously acquit themselves of this function they do not cease to be of service to criticism, though they do not make good criticism themselves. They carefully collect all the arguments which are calculated to insure the triumph of their cause, and make it their business to give them full prominence; and if it fortunately happens that there is an equally skilful and equally zealous advocate pleading the other side, the impartial critic will have clearly before his eyes the whole substance of the case, and all the elements of an enlightened and solid conviction.

Needless to say, this conviction will not always be absolute, to the extent that each of the advocates possesses and wishes to produce it. It will often happen that the question cannot be decided by a flat affirmation or negation with entire certainty. In these cases we must be content with a greater or less probability, and wait for new lights to be able to make a more categorical decision. This is true of all sciences, but particularly true in the sciences of facts. What a number of observations, hypotheses, theories, and

checks usually precede every great discovery in the different branches of physics and natural history! Every step made in the march which led up to it has none the less constituted a real advance in science; and although no step before the last could be regarded as quite definitive, each one has contributed to the finding of the right way. The same thing is applicable to the discussion of many historical problems. Though letting the notes of interrogation still stand after some of the conclusions, the discussion removes some assertions and some hypotheses as definitely shown to be false, it establishes some definitely fixed landmarks, gives a glimpse at the complete solution, and almost touches upon it. It is patience and strict equity of mind that will allow of all these shades being marked with precision.

Taking for granted, then, that the judge's mind is thus established in the state of equilibrium necessary to enable him to distinguish the truth, we may proceed to examine the signs by which he is to discover it.

The proper object of historical science is contingent facts, and more particularly those which depend on the free will of man. The usual means of knowing these facts is the testimony of men who have been able to acquire immediate knowledge of them through having been present or even taken part in them, or who have at least learnt of them from the accounts of immediate witnesses; other means are the traces which these facts have left on other facts of the material, intellectual, or moral order, the knowledge of which may lead us by a logical deduction to that of the principal or primary facts.

Taking the term "witnesses" in its widest acceptation, we shall design signs of the second category as indirect witnesses. We shall speak of them more particularly in our second conference. The remainder of the present one will be devoted to direct witnesses, that is, to those who present themselves as having seen with their eyes or heard with their ears, what they tell us about some fact in question. We have to study the conditions which increase or diminish the value of their testimony.

When a witness is brought before a tribunal, the first care of the man who presides over the discussion is to become convinced of his identity. It is unnecessary to point out how important this is for the appreciation of the value of the evidence. Historical evidence—we are discussing, be it remembered, direct evidence—is transmitted to us by documents written and compiled at epochs usually far removed from our own, and which as a rule we possess only in copies posterior themselves by several centuries to the time at which the witness lived. It is of the greatest moment for us to be assured that we have really before our eyes the words of the man to whom they are attributed. In other words, before invoking the authority of certain evidence, we must first establish the identity and integrity of the written document which contains it. This task, as a rule, belongs to the professional critics. It is for them to determine, by the inspection and comparison of the work or text of any kind attributed to such and such an author, or to such and such an epoch, by the testimony of ancient writers who have quoted it, by the study of what are called the intrinsic characteristics of the piece, that is of the language, style, ideas

expressed, details given about personages, and facts known from other sources, and the like — the degree of confidence which can be accorded this document, considered as the faithful echo of the evidence alleged. The non-professional critic can hardly do otherwise than agree with their conclusions, when he knows that they are accepted by all, or at least by the most eminent among them, save in as far as he can check them by his own special knowledge on the subject. So long as there is any serious discordance of opinion among them, he must bear in mind that the certainty of the ulterior conclusions, based on the supposition of the authenticity of the evidence in question, is proportioned to the truth of this supposition itself.

Another preliminary element of the authority of testimonial proof, for which we must have recourse to the competence of professional critics, is the determination of the exact meaning of the texts produced. This determination is not always easy, particularly when it is a question of ancient texts in a dead language. It requires philological knowledge and a familiarity with dictionaries and the other special guides which can be presumed only among specialists.

But have I not reason to fear that at the very outset I am discouraging you from following me! At the beginning of my conference I extended an invitation to all cultivated minds, even though they may have received no special training to fit them for historical studies, to put themselves *au courant* with the principles and rules of criticism. I have stated that it is not so difficult to acquire a scientific knowledge of the facts of history, and to know how to avoid admitting them without good grounds. And when I enumerate the foundations of rational judgment in regard to these facts, I begin by asking you to rely on the authority of modern scholars for the first two, which I yet regard as of capital importance. Is this process quite scientific, and is not the certainty of the ultimate conclusions considerably shaken beforehand by the want of solidity at the base? If there be any among my readers who are troubled by these bad thoughts, I beg them to recollect the rôle I assigned them at the outset — and which they, I think, accepted — in the discussion of historical facts. I likened them to members of a jury charged to give a verdict on a case debated before them in a procedure prepared and conducted by regular magistrates, who in their way represent the professional critics.

Now to establish the identity of witnesses, to take their depositions and prove the sense of them, is the business of the official magistrates, and not of the jury. To reassure the consciences of these timorous judges, I will add that cases of serious and persistent doubt on the authenticity of historical documents either altogether or in particular parts, and on the exact meaning of the alleged texts, are on the whole rare enough. Besides, the confidence I ask you to put in the opinions of professional critics on these two points is not more blind than that you freely accord in questions of natural science to the observations and experiences of naturalists regarded as eminent, after the justice of these observations has been unanimously recognized by the other masters on the subject. Your inability to undertake on your own account the prelimi-

nary observations and tests does not by any means prevent you from following with truly scientific interest and strictness of reasoning the deductions which result from them, and which enrich science with new and precious treasures. Well, and this is all that is asked of you in the domain of history.

Here, then, begins your rôle. You are in presence of a mass of evidence relative to an historical fact. You know — as far as it is possible to determine them — their authors and precise meaning. It is for you to decide whether they establish, and if they do, with what degree of certainty, the truth or falsity of the fact.

This judgment will evidently depend on the authority of the evidence on which it is based. And to estimate this authority you will have two main questions to solve. Was the witness in a position to obtain accurate knowledge of the fact or the circumstances which he relates? And, then, is he perfectly sincere in his statement, does he add nothing to, conceal nothing of, or alter nothing from what he knows or believes to be truth? Each of these questions must be investigated with the greatest care by any one wishing to do the work of sound criticism. As I have already remarked — even twice I think — this examination may be considerably facilitated by the perusal of modern books which treat of the question and end in contradictory conclusions, especially if their authors be learned professional critics. They will take care, each of them, to gather all the evidence and bring out the qualities of the witnesses favorable to their own side, as well as the defects of those on the other. It is only rarely that a jury will form a logical conviction until it has listened to opposite pleadings of this kind. And it will be by this road that the non-professional critic will most often reach his conviction. But he is to remember always that, to be scientific, it must not be based on the authority of a savant. He must have weighed the arguments himself and judged their value with complete independence of mind.

With regard to the first question, it is not enough to show that the witness lived when and where the event took place, or that he got his information from others thus situated. He has yet to consider, especially in regard to an immediate witness, his social position, his functions, connections, intelligence, and character. Thus, in order to know the political designs of a king and the measures taken by him to realize them, a member of his inner council, a general or some other high functionary, charged with the supreme direction of affairs, will evidently be better placed than a subaltern employee, than an important citizen of the town where the court resides, but having no entree to it, or than one of the crowd. For details of another kind the *valet de chambre* will, perhaps, be best informed. Account will have to be taken, also, of the interest which the witness takes in the fact, of the attention with which he observes it, and of his aptitude for observing it well. Balmez, in his "Art of Reaching the Truth" (chap. x, § 2) gives an example of the very diverse influence which a witness' character may have on the value of his affirmations. "I am passing through a country which is unknown to me, and I hear the remark: 'This is a good year for the country; it is long since there have been such fine crops.' What

am I to do before forming my judgment? The speaker is a wealthy proprietor in the neighborhood, living on his property. He is keenly interested in statistics and follows them perseveringly. His interests, profession, his own tastes and his long experience furnish him with all the means of knowing. I can have no doubt that he knows what he is talking about. Or it is the old man's son; he comes to his father's place only on pleasure parties, and, distracted by city life, pays very little attention to what is going on in the country. He may well know by hearsay what he affirms, but apart from that his evidence is but little reliable. Or the speaker is a traveller who passes through this part of the country from time to time on business which has nothing to do with agriculture. His testimony merits little faith — his means of knowing what he gives out as certain are valueless. He is talking at random." It is easy to apply the rule contained in this example to a host of other and more important cases.

But what chiefly obscures the clear-sightedness of witnesses is the influence of their interests, their pride, and their passions. Without positive bad faith, or at least without more bad faith than the sway of their inclinations excuses in their own eyes, men will estimate and relate even the most material facts they have seen with their eyes in the most different fashions, according to their state of mind or heart. We have examples of this every day in newspaper descriptions. In giving an account of some fact concerning the honor or the advantage of a political party, such, for instance, as a parliamentary debate, a manifesto, or an election meeting, you will find, according as the paper you are reading belongs to one party or its opponent, the most contradictory details about the number and demeanor of the audience, the features of the discussion, the effect produced by the speakers, and so on. And yet it is here a question of a fact of yesterday which occurred publicly in the very locality where the papers publish these accounts, the inaccuracies of which can, therefore, be immediately shown and picked out.

What must be said of memoirs published long after the facts they relate, and of which all, or nearly all, the witnesses are dead? For a man to write the history of events in which he has taken an active part without ever allowing himself to embellish this part, appear in a more interesting light, or give the picture a more dramatic coloring than the reality, is certainly rather difficult. But the temptation will be doubly delicate when he has to rake up the thoughts, hopes, and aims of certain epochs of his life, and thus make manifest the illusions and errors of judgment in which he had cradled himself; and especially when he has to clear himself of some stain, to explain an equivocal line of conduct, and to forestall unflattering judgments on his character and moral sense. Under such circumstances, the memory is exposed to strange distractions.

There are some other kinds of documents which put the reader or hearer on his guard beforehand, because he knows of the obstacles which have been put in the way of their freedom of speech by laws of social or oratorical conventionality, which cannot be infringed with impunity. Such are funeral panegyrics, under whatever form they present

themselves, complimentary observations made on some solemn occasion about a superior or some other personage whom the author is obliged to keep in with, and notices and accounts of the o rks of such personages. All these may furnish valuable indications concerning the substance and succession of facts; but there will be no question of blindly accepting the interpretation given to them to make them redound to the glory of the hero of the occasion, or at least to prevent their becoming a subject of blame to him—there is every reason to suspect manipulations and concealments. The official character of these documents will not be always (far from it) a guarantee of sincerity, or even of veracity. We have only to recall the high-sounding inscriptions engraved on public monuments in ancient times in honor of Eastern despots, and later, by order of the senate of Rome, to celebrate the exploits of the emperors. Not only do we find their deeds and successes notably exaggerated, but expeditions and parades that were insignificant or ridiculous, and even actual defeats are transformed into brilliant victories.

We have not exhausted the matter by any means. To be complete, analysis should be made of the thousand shades of passion, the infinite varieties of interest, the potent influences of environment and education which may cloud the calm light of reason or give a bias to the will. The critical habit will soon teach us to distinguish them in particular cases.

Further, we have spoken only of immediate witnesses. Those that are called upon do not always belong to this class; often they merely transmit to us the older testimony of those who have seen the facts at close quarters. In this case it is clear the investigation will apply both to the credence they deserve themselves and to that which is to be accorded their own authorities.

Then, too, all the elements necessary for the perfect estimation of the science and veracity of an author are not always to be had. He may be unknown or anonymous; and all the care taken by the learned modern editors of his writings to gather together in their introductions the facts by which, expressly or unconsciously, he gives us some knowledge of his personality and character rarely combine to form a perfect portrait. And here, again, we must resign ourselves to seeing the weight of his evidence proportionately diminished.

After what we have said about the many circumstances which are of a nature to weaken the authority of historical evidence, it may seem very difficult to arrive generally at a real and complete certitude. How can we be assured, especially when it is a question of antiquity, that the witness invoked possesses all the desirable guarantees? How many facts which have always been held as certain, must in consequence be eliminated from history! And how often must judgment be suspended indefinitely for want of really convincing evidence!

It will be worth while, perhaps, to answer this rather discouraging objection.

In the first place, it would be wrong to think that the authority of evidence is always weakened by the investigation of the circumstances we have indicated. Sometimes it is just the contrary. When we find a witness triumphing over influences

which, as a rule, act as powerful motives to turn a man aside from the good bent of natural honesty, we will no longer dream of raising a doubt on his veracity. Thus, when he attests some fact unfavorable to the religious or political cause which has all his sympathies, when, by speaking in the way he does, far from procuring any particular advantage for himself, he runs the risk of bringing great losses on his head — in a word, whenever his affirmations or opinions are in manifest opposition with his interests, prejudices, and leanings, it is clear that his testimony will have quite other weight from establishing conviction from that of a man perfectly disinterested in the matter. And his loyalty thus once recognized, we will rightly consider ourselves entitled to believe him in the rest of his accounts as well.

Then, too, even in the writers who are most passionate, and consequently to be looked on with caution, we shall find a great many details in which their prejudices and feelings will have no room to exercise their empire to the detriment of clear-sightedness and sincerity. Again, they will unconsciously chance to reveal certain traits, insignificant and indifferent at first sight, but affording the sagacious and practised critic the means of picking out many a statement of theirs either involuntarily or voluntarily erroneous.

Last, but not least, we have not as a rule to pronounce judgment on a historical fact from one absolutely isolated piece of evidence. This certainly could never produce entire certitude unless we are in a position to know positively that the character and situation of the witness leave no room for doubt as to the accuracy of what he deposes to be true. If only negative data are to be had on this head, that is to say, if we only know that no known circumstance authorizes the suspicion of bad faith or carelessness, his evidence will simply produce in our minds a more or less vague assent, such as we would accord to a complete stranger who seriously tells us about an event he says he has seen, when we have no reason to suppose either that he has been deceived himself or is deceiving us. The trust we put in his account is not, properly speaking, accompanied with hesitation. Nevertheless it has not the firmness that results from more solid foundations. We shall feel no surprise if we afterwards hear the event described in quite another way, nor any repugnance in changing our views when surer accounts make us know better. If we do, it is because our passions or our prejudices make us cling to a belief which flatters them more than the motives on which it rests merit.

But this more or less fluctuating state of mental adhesion will not exist with regard to facts which are affirmed by several witnesses situated in very different conditions. It is very difficult, as a rule morally impossible, to suppose that three, four, and *a fortiori* a greater number of men who are under no common influence should be similarly deceived in the observation of the same fact, or should concur in the same fraud. When, therefore, we find a fact established by several perfectly concordant accounts from different sources, there can hardly be any reasonable doubt as to its entire truth.

But — and this is very important

— the sources must be really different. Ten or twenty writers copying an account from an older writer without having any new means of knowledge at their disposal, add nothing, as a rule, to the authority of the one from whom they have got their information. Attention must be paid to this point by all who enter upon the study of church history and especially of hagiography. There is perhaps no sophism which has been more abused in supporting controverted or suspected traditions or in exaggerating the certainty of a fact, than this pretended multiplicity of evidence which is merely the echo of one primitive and known testimony.

But how is judgment to be made when, as is not by any means unfrequently the case, the accounts from different sources do not harmonize? Let us begin by making an important distinction. Frequently there is perfect agreement between the different accounts as to the substance of the fact; the divergence arises in certain details on which it was more difficult to acquire precise information. In such a case it is clear that the partial discrepancy in the evidence, far from injuring its authority with regard to the principal fact, serves only to establish this fact all the more strongly, because it is a manifest proof of the absence of all collusion and all community of information among the witnesses, — one case, however, must be excepted. Several writers, whose veracity is altogether questionable, agree in relating with the most precise details a fact the establishment of which would be most favorable to the inclinations or antipathies they have in common. They relate it as eye witnesses, or reproduce it faithfully, they allege, from the accounts of such witnesses. In such an occurrence it will not be useless to check their accounts in the most trifling particulars ; the most insignificant inconsistencies may be of avail in unmasking the fraud. Every one knows of the ingenious manner in which the prophet Daniel confounded Susanna's accusers. Methods like this are often resorted to in judiciary causes to overthrow ingenious systems of defence devised by culprits, or to convict a party which has not been ashamed to suborn false witnesses in support of a bad cause. There are times when it may be advantageously employed in historical investigations.

Let us now suppose that we find a disagreement affecting the substance of the fact. First, we shall have to assure ourselves that this disagreement is not more apparent than real. In many cases all opposition between the accounts will be dissolved by our observing that the inconsistencies which appear contradictory relate to different periods, or by our supplying by means of perfectly natural hypotheses some points omitted by the witnesses. To keep one's eyes obstinately closed to these means of conciliation, or even to exaggerate the difficulties that are encountered, is a style much affected by some polemicists entirely absorbed in the effort to cast doubt upon facts which embarrass them, but one ill adapted to giving a flattering idea of their critical sense.

Finally we come to the case in which the assertions on a given fact or detail are certainly and entirely irreconcilable. After that it is no longer their absolute value that must be weighed — their relative value must be also taken into account.

Considering the circumstances of time, place, and position in which the witnesses lived, we must examine on what side are to be found the surest conditions of knowledge and truthfulness; and the result of this examination will determine those which are most deserving of confidence, and also to what extent we may regard as certain or as probable the fact to which they testify. In many cases — although this is not indispensable to mental conviction with regard to the certainty of a fact — the comparison of more or less contradictory versions will bring to light the causes which have misled those whose evidence we are obliged to reject, and thus we shall see in a clearer light the complete solution of the problem, the data of which might at first have seemed confused and contradictory.

Sufficient has been said, I think, on the authority of direct evidence and on the manner of utilizing it for the determination of historical facts; but this evidence is not the only instrument employed in the investigation of the past. There is another which is more delicate of manipulation, and of which maladroit or inexperienced critics often make singular abuse. This is what in opposition to the first class I have called indirect evidence; under this name I include tradition both oral and popular, negative arguments, conjecture, and unwritten monuments. It will form the subject of our second conference.

Conclusion next month.

LIVING AND DEAD.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

THERE lived a poet, born
To hatred and to scorn:
His songs were golden-sweet;
Men cast them 'neath their feet.
He gathered for his wage
Malice from youth to age.

There lay a poet dead;
Green laurel crowned his head,
Voices of love and praise
Were heard in all the ways:
Honor was his at last;
But life was overpast.

DENIS MACMURRAGH: A STORY OF NEW YORK.

FRANK H. SWEET.

ENIS MACMURRAGH, newly arrived, was standing in front of the Post Office, near the corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, gazing about with bewildered indecision. Two weeks before, he had left his quiet home in the north of Ireland, and since then his life had been an uninterrupted succession of wonderful surprises. But neither Belfast nor Liverpool nor his long journey across the water had thrilled him as did this hurrying, intense, absorbed mass of humanity that was surging about him. It fascinated even while it caused him to draw back toward the building, as though he feared to be caught in its relentless grasp and borne away. Several times he made a movement as though he would cast himself into the current, but each time recoiled with a gesture of repulsion or fear, or perhaps both. His eyes separated faces and hats and parasols from the eddying mass, and tried to accompany them; but in a moment they disappeared, as an atom is lost in the mad vortex of a whirlpool.

In his own home he had been accustomed to take off his hat to every woman he met on the country roads, and to wish them the "top of the morning," or the "luck of the day," or the kind protection of some especially benignant saint or fairy; but here women seemed to be only an unrecognized part of the confusing whole. They hurried past the men, and the men hurried past them; and they crossed and recrossed with absolute unconcern and apparent unconsciousness of each other's existence.

But even in this place of busy, heterogeneous humanity the crowd found time for more than one admiring glance toward the colossal, strangely apparelled figure near the Post Office. Denis towered head and shoulders above most of them; and his strong, beardless face was inclosed by a shock of curling, yellow-brown hair which had seen little of brush or comb, save his fingers and the thorns of his native Fermanagh thickets. It was almost as if some wild god of the ancients were standing there, appalled and fascinated by the seething modern life around him.

Presently there was a slight ripple in the stream, and some of the eddies wavered under the momentary impulse of curiosity. A hungry woman had filched an apple from a stand, and a policeman was dragging her along the sidewalk. But only a few steps, then a massive figure hurled itself through the crowd like a catapult, and a strong grasp fell upon the policeman's shoulder and sent him whirling out toward the middle of the street, twisting and turning and trying in vain to grasp something for support, until at last he fell prone upon the pavement. And after him roared an angry: "Ye graceless omadhaun! Let that tache

ye to keep yer sacrilegious hands off a woman!"

Back on the sidewalk Denis was bending over the crouching, sobbing woman.

"Did the spalpeen hurt yez, ma'am?" he asked gently.

The crowd snickered a little at the gentleness applied to the wretched, barefoot creature on the sidewalk; but their mirth was quickly checked by the blazing face which was turned toward them.

"No, sir; I — I was hungry, and" —

"Hungry!" the voice quivered with astonishment and indignation. "Hungry! wid all these people near yez wearin' kid gloves and silks?" He rose to his full height and glared around, as though he would annihilate the entire crowd, then the blaze left his face and he laughed scornfully.

"Out upon yez for a pack o' bloodless spalpeens! Here, ma'am," thrusting his hand into his pocket and drawing out a handful of small coins, "it's all I have, acushla; but ye're welcome to it. An' mebbe this'll be afther keepin' yez a bit warm," removing his outer garment and throwing it about her shoulders. "Now shall I be helpin' yez home?"

"No, no! thank you, sir — I — I have no home." She rose swiftly and slipped into the crowd. He made a movement as though he would follow; but at that moment a vicious hand clutched his arm, and the red, angry face of the policeman scowled into his.

"Now, ye big-fisted fool, ye'll be comin' wid me! An' mind yez, I'll blow the top o' that red head off, if ye resist," and the incensed officer's words were emphasized by the sharp click of a revolver.

Denis shook the grasp from his arm, and looked down curiously.

"So ye come ag'in, did ye?" he said, the color beginning to flame back into his face. "I tho't mebbe ye'd be havin' enough. Now, I've a good notion to thry an' bate a little dacency into ye. No man wid an Irish tongue ought iver to abuse a woman."

The policeman was a plucky fellow, but he drew back involuntarily from the storm he saw gathering on the face before him.

"It's an officer I am," he expostulated, "an' I must protect the law. I niver use the revolver barrin' it's nadeful, but ye must come wid me. The woman was sthalin,' an' ye interfered wid me duty."

Denis had listened impatiently, but the first wonder and incredulity had gradually given place to whimsical resignation.

"An officer to protect the law," he repeated, and for the first time he seemed to notice that the man was dressed differently from the others around him. "Well, it's mesilf has no call to fight the law, bein' newly arrived. I'll go along wid ye, but mind, yer hands must be kept aff me."

"Ye're jist over, I take it?" the policeman said, as they moved down the sidewalk.

"From the ould counthry, yes."

"I knew it from yer tongue. An' ye're from the north of Ireland, too, county Fermanagh. Why, mon! whin ye sent me whirlin' an' twistin' out into the street, grabbin' the air for something to clutch me tin fingers into, I was that mad I could have clubbed the life out o' ye. But whin I heard the howl ye sint afther me I forgot iverything but the Enniskillen Fair, an' the b'ys an' the

b-e-autiful shindies we used to have there. If I'd had a rale old stick in me two hands I was that carried away wid old times I could have started a shindy right thin and there."

Denis had stopped on the sidewalk, and oblivious of the pushing and elbowing of irate pedestrians was regarding his companion with new interest.

"So it's a Fermanagh mon ye are," he said graciously. "From what part?"

"Ballygad. Michael Flynn's me name, an' it's cousin I am to the Bradys o' Kintal, an' they're cousins to the Cogans o' Erne, an' they're cousins to the MacMurraghs thimselves. A fine ould family the MacMurraghs, barrin' they've lost iverything an' have to work like common folks. But what part are you from?"

"Cloughshannon; I'm Denis MacMurragh." He would have moved on, but Flynn caught his hand.

"MacMurragh! Holy Teddy! An' I would have clubbed ye! Shure it's mesilf ought to have known ye wid thim shoulders an' that head. But how come ye in the States?"

"Work," said Denis grimly. "We've sold the last cow an' bit o' land. An' there's me ould father an' mother, an' a round dozen o' brothers an' sisters to look afther. I'm wantin' to bring thim up well, an' maybe to give thim a bit o' learnin' an' a sthart out."

They were walking along the sidewalk now, and Michael Flynn was scratching his chin in deep thought. Suddenly he looked up.

"How'd ye like to be on the foorce?"

"The what?"

"The foorce — be an officer like me. It's a fine job; good pay an' aisy work, barrin' a bit o' shindy now an' thin. It's money ye could soon be savin' up for the ould folks an' the childer."

Denis shook his head.

"It's mesilf couldn't be takin' up hongry women."

"Thin lave thim alone. There'd be plenty other work for ye. Why, mon, ye'd be aqual to a dozen common officers down on Water Street. The sight o' thim big showlders would sind ivery law-breaker skurryin'. An' there'd be no trouble about gettin' yez the job. The insphector married me own cousin, an' the captain himsilf is an Ulster mon. An' besides, they're always lookin' out for big, sthrong recruits. They'd snap ye up on sight. An' there's another thing," lowering his voice: "the b'ys round here vote for the mon they like, an' there's plinty o' them have heard o' the MacMurraghs. The foorce'll be a good place for ye to sthart from, but wid the b'ys behind there's no tellin' where ye'll bring up. A MacMurragh, wid the MacMurragh showlders an' head an' sthrong ways an' tinder heart could do anything wid the folks that knew him."

He hesitated a moment, and then went on with some constraint: "We'll say no more about arrestin' ye. It's me own person received the offince, an' I've the right to settle it widout callin' in the law. But about the foorce. Shall I ricommind ye?"

Denis looked down at him thoughtfully.

"Yes," he answered.

LOVE'S REMORSE.

JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

SIGH not nor fret
For what thou lightly lost,
With lashes wet
And bosom sorrow-tossed;
Nor still regret
Thy vain whim's vital cost.

Thine was the sin
Acknowledged now and rued;
Yes, deeply in
Love's blame art thou imbued,
But thou wouldst win
What ne'er can be renewed.

The sap recruits
The young oak's veins unshrunk,
And greenly flutes
With leaves its antlered trunk;
Yet to its roots
At frigid blights has sunk.

And of the stress
Deprived, that hued it green,
The tree's drear dress
Assumes a saffron sheen,
And vigorless
Sags from the branches lean.

Again shall May
Impel the sap to rise,
And course each spray
And limb through fountainwise;
But not for aye
Shall live the leaf that dies.

So, plead not apt
For love as once it was;
Thy fingers snapped
In proud contempt its laws,
And corpse-like wrapped
And coffined firm its cause.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

In view of recent events, nothing seems happier than the idea of a general conference of Irish Nationalists in Dublin during the coming May. There has not been a time in the present century when the expression, "England's danger is Ireland's opportunity" was more apropos, or more capable of being made a shibboleth to unite the hearts and the energies of Ireland's friends in a plan of campaign guided by wisdom and single-mindedness for the attainment of Home Rule. Unless all signs fail, Ireland's opportunity will grow brighter still, for the dangers threatening the British Empire are destined to increase rather than to diminish in the immediate future. It therefore behooves the advocates and representatives of Ireland's cause in and out of Parliament, to determine upon a policy in which shall be buried all personal and factional dissension, and from which every consideration but the quick success of Home Rule shall be rigidly excluded. Only in this way can Ireland hope to win advantage from the troubles of her enemies; and the loss of such a golden chance as the proposed conference presents to reunite her factions, would be nothing short of a criminal betrayal of her rights and hopes. Unless the delegates realize this fact, and assemble with the unselfish resolve that Ireland, as represented by the majority, shall govern the deliberations, and bind every individual and faction present to a common issue and a common policy, such criminal betrayal will result, and Ireland's greatest opportunity will be ignobly sacrificed. Enough has been done in this direction already. In Erin's name, let the May meeting witness the unwept death of the nine years' internecine strife, and the auspicious birth of a new hope and promise in the patriotic effort and purpose of a reunited party.

It must be discouraging for President Cleveland's critics to read the latest sentiment in England on the Venezuelan question. Quite a large number of influential Americans received the President's firm and patriotic attitude on this affair with reproof, and some of the more prominent newspapers denounced him roundly, and fell to interpreting the Monroe doctrine on their own account. That was some weeks ago. Meanwhile, Lord Salisbury has been thinking, and, strangely enough, the trend of his meditations thus far gives scant comfort to his American liegemen. One would suppose that, with such doughty support as was bestowed upon his pretensions by certain great dailies, eminent law professors, and selfish business men in the United States, England's premier would have been emboldened to answer the President's message in kind, and thus bring the clouds of war to the bursting point. Not so the wary Tory. The clarion ring of the Venezuelan message had more effect to give him pause than the croaking pennywhistle in opposition had to inspire further bluff-making; and so we find the premier's haughty tone of several months ago

diminished into the minor key of complaint that he was not previously informed of the whole merits of the Venezuelans' position. It is given out that Lord Salisbury is righteously wroth at being kept by some nameless subordinate in ignorance of certain documents having an important bearing upon the boundary controversy in modification of England's claims. This is decidedly interesting news, and a most happy discovery for Salisbury, in view of Mr. Cleveland's unflinching stand, and at this critical juncture, too, when the Boers in Africa have given his lordship a neat little Monroe problem to figure out for himself. Even if the guilty subordinate is never known to fame, or the apocryphal papers never published, their alleged existence is as good a plea for a backdown as any, and the President's supporters will not care so long as the dispute is rightly settled. Depend upon it, there will be no war between England and the United States over Venezuela, and the Venezuelans are not going to lose their rightful territory either. The only question now is as to how Lord Salisbury will look when his present complications on all sides have been smoothed away. There is a belief that in addition to his eminence as a Tory leader, he will rank as the prince of contortionists and tumblers.

Another distinction has been added to the venerable Baltimore Cathedral by the elevation of Monsignor Satolli to the cardinalate within its sanctuary. Around this antiquated pile cluster the most inspiring traditions of the Catholic Church in the United States. The scene of the ordination of the first American bishop and priest, the hallowed resting-place of the pioneers in the American hierarchy, the seat of the American Plenary Councils, and twice the chosen place for the conferring of the cardinalate in the United States, its memories teem with the greatest glories of Catholicity on the soil of America. The latest event to be associated with those that have gone before within the ancient structure has never been surpassed in splendid impressiveness. Whether in the spectacle of the ceremonies, the number and personalities of the titled church dignitaries, public officials, and distinguished laymen participating, or the eloquent and significant utterances of the chosen speakers, the occasion was worthy of the Catholic Church in her highest dignity and world-prestige. The recipient might well feel that the honors that came to him, and the manner and circumstances of their bestowal, were far beyond any gift in the power of the secular universe to confer.

Mayor Swift in Chicago and Commissioner Roosevelt in New York City have in recent addresses simultaneously unmasked one of the worst features of the politics of our great cities; namely, the support given to corrupt office-holders and demagogues by supposedly respectable citizens, for purely selfish ends. Mr. Roosevelt declares that some of the most distinguished of New York's citizens approached him recently in the interests of the very worst men in the police department, and Mayor Swift frankly charges the representative people — the "high-toned" citizens — with bribing assessors, councilmen, and aldermen for abatement of taxes, or the securing of illegal franchises, or some other per-

sonal or business emolument. The ringing comment of the New York *Tribune* on these two pertinent addresses sums up the most disgraceful charge that can be made — with only too much truth, unfortunately — against a class existing in every community, who, for private profit, acquired by abetting and connivance with official corruption, are the efficient cause of the continuance of state and city scandals. They constitute the most obstinate impediment to pure and honest government. The *Tribune* truly says: "It is not the slums that make the city vile. It is not the boss alone who makes politics dishonest. It is not the foreign element that makes the fight against vice and crime sometimes seem almost hopeless. It is the stolid resistance of the mass of respectable citizens who felicitate themselves on their virtue, that always prevents perfection of any reform at the point where the doing away with an evil threatens some vested interest, some perhaps honest but essentially selfish private scheme."

If anything were needed to prove the utter folly and recklessness with which many of the country's most important public questions and business concerns are transacted, it was given in the wholly wild and unreasonable proceedings following the President's now famous Venezuelan message in Congress and upon the Exchanges of the great cities. The President's position was unmistakably clear. While assuming an extremely firm, patriotic, and unyielding tone towards England upon a cherished principle of Americanism, and emphasizing the position of this country even to the extent of war for its maintenance, Mr. Cleveland expressly deprecated such an issue between the two countries. The message was an announcement and a warning, but in no sense a declaration such as to warrant either the jingoistic craze which drove the national houses into a frenzy of war buncombe, or the absurd panic which seized the manipulators of stocks in the country's financial centres, and threw values headlong. The effect upon Congress was not what the President intended to produce, nor what the message in reality conveyed, and the result among the speculators could not have been occasioned if their dealings were being conducted on sound business principles. It was the duty of Congress to appropriate a fund for the commission, and to await the latter's findings. All war cries previous to that were not only premature, but criminally precipitous; and it is a significant index of the perils of certain tendencies in American public life, that such a grave affair as the Venezuelan question is unscrupulously twisted into an opportunity to make political capital for party or personal ends. This is what many of the jingo representatives have been guilty of in their hasty and heady speeches upon the President's message. As to the ensuing business perplexity and downfall of American securities, much the same may be gathered from the methods at present in vogue in commerce and speculation, as the President inferred in his second message to Congress speaking of the condition of the national treasury. The panic was caused by our dangerous and fatuous financial operations, and the same condition may be looked for as long as there is no amendment of obtaining systems. The President well concludes

that the patriotic sentiment of the people is not an adequate substitute for a sound financial policy, and that the only remedy is to be sought in a radical change to a better and more honest scheme.

By way of inference the A. P. A.'s should learn from the failure in America of the German jew-baiter Ahlwardt the real temper of the American people. Condemned at the outset by the intelligent, liberty-loving press, the extraordinary mission of this anti-Semitic agitator soon came to an untimely end, and the ambassador has gone home overwhelmed with the disgust and obloquy of a just and fair people. Queer notions of the American character must prevail among Europeans when such an undertaking as Ahlwardt's could have been begun in the United States with any hope of success. If the Jews are not fit to become as good American citizens as any other race, the American people will find it out for themselves, and take all precautions necessary in the premises. They need no foreign importations to stir up racial or religious prejudice. With their own eyes they can see and with their own quick intelligence judge of the fidelity to American principles of any exotic race, and this is the only test they will seek. Nothing else is their care or concern. Ahlwardt's case may stand as an examplar to all who follow the same standard of intolerance, whether raised against Jew or Christian. There is among true Americans but one opinion of the bigot, be he German, British, Orangeman, or perverted American — and that opinion is contempt and derision. No transitory success of Apaism or jew-baiting can alter this established national characteristic. Like Ahlwardt, those who set themselves against it will pass, when recognized, into the infamy they deserve. Meanwhile it is a matter of especial glory to American Catholics that while the *soi disant* "patriotic" papers were as a rule silent as to Ahlwardt's repugnant embassy, the Catholic press throughout the country was loudest and most emphatic in his condemnation.

Here are two opinions of the Blessed Virgin Mary: Alexander Dumas, the great French writer, recently deceased, wrote: "I think that without Mary Christianity would have triumphed more rapidly; it is she who embarrasses it. She shall never be my intermediary between my God and myself." Saint Alphonsus di Liguori, founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, always spoke of Mary as the bulwark of Christianity, and said that no man who was not devoted to her would succeed in saving his soul. Mark the result of both opinions and both lives! Dumas applied his undoubted genius to the production of plays and tales in which the glamour of romance and sympathy was cast about morbid and illicit love, for the gratification of prurient appetites. Alphonsus devoted an immeasurably higher genius to the writing of great theological treatises and spiritual works, full of the sanctity and wisdom of his own life, and eloquent with celestial inspiration. Dumas died without religion, leaving a testament of indifference to God and the Church, and a legacy of writings whose oftentimes oblique morality can do naught but pervert the ideas of those who take him seriously. Alphonsus died

in the odor of sanctity, bequeathing the voluminous treasures of his great learning and piety to enrich the stores of religion, and left an army of devoted missionary sons, whose labors and lives, moulded upon that of their founder, are consecrated to the elevation and salvation of their fellow-men. The comparison contains a striking inference and a profound lesson. — Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women!

Mr. Edison waxes wroth on the subject of the wrongs of inventors. He says he has lost money on all his inventions, and has made his wealth by manufacturing. He inveighs eloquently against the pirates who steal some important mechanical discovery, trusting to the law's delays in establishing the real inventor's priority of claim, to enrich themselves at the expense of his genius. Mr. Edison says that many patents are decided in the inventor's favor only when the patent is about run out, and almost worthless, and meanwhile the real claimant has suffered every inconvenience from the robbery, even to the pinch of poverty. His remedy in disputed patent cases is for the court to give the man who first secures or applies for a patent the benefit of all doubt as to priority of invention, until the question has been finally settled. This he is certain will sooner or later be done, and then he prophesies an era of discovery and invention surpassing all we have hitherto witnessed. Meanwhile he advises inventors to keep their discoveries secret, and to manufacture on their own account anything which their inventions would enable them to make and sell cheaper than others who do not possess the knowledge of the cheapening processes. This — to men of inventive talent — with money likewise to start a manufactory — would seem a sure road to fortune. Usually, however, men of inventive power are not equipped with the other important requisite for success.

All doubts about the uselessness and absurdity of the poet-laureateship have been removed by the selection of Alfred Austin to discharge its functions. If an office filled by a Tennyson cannot win an incumbent more fitting than the inscriber of such rhyme as Mr. Austin's dull muse ordinarily evokes — excellent gentleman though he be in other respects — then far better to have let it slumber in the grave of him whose genius too much honored its perfunctory requirements. The appellation "Last of the Laureates," as applied to Tennyson, might have shed a fictitious halo over the empty office (not over the laureate) in the minds of British generations yet to come; its continuance through the present holder can but bring it into lasting ridicule, and belittle even such fame as its occupant's poetic mediocrity entitled him to. As a framer of alleged poetry the present laureate might have enjoyed with dozens of his class such commendation and emolument as a well-intentioned ambition to be a poet could bring him. By accepting the Queen's favor, however, he cannot do other than to emphasize to posterity his lack of the divine fire. In short, Mr. Austin as laureate will only succeed in illustrating the vast difference between a true poet and the kind his office makes him.

The past month has been crowded with events which are, perhaps, but forerunners of greater historical happenings, with momentous consequences to some of the mightiest nations of the world. The Venezuelan affair, startling and ominous as it was, has been completely overshadowed for the time being by the news from South Africa, and still more by the attitude assumed in regard to it by the Emperor of Germany. So significant are these occurrences as to the likelihood of swiftly coming changes in the relative ascendancy of the great powers of Europe, that the vital questions of even a few weeks ago have been pushed aside in popular interest. The ears of the world have become suddenly deaf to the death-cries of the Armenians and the protests of the Venezuelans, to listen with keener acumen to the more interesting accounts of things among the Boers and their new-found allies. England is again the objective point of the world's attention, but for a different reason than the one implied in the earlier events. The question now agitated is not: "Will England fight America, or Turkey?" but "Will England fight the world?" One after another the nations are resenting her arrogant claims, and the near future is pregnant with the issue against her. It seems as if England's day of reckoning is soon to dawn, for even the nations allied to her in blood and language, and the family ties of their rulers, are calling peremptory halt to her traditional policy of bluff and bludgeon.

George Augustus Sala delighted in being considered a journalist rather than a man of letters in the so-called higher sense. Though the author of half a hundred original works of fiction, criticism, and travel, he gloried more in his work for the press, because it brought him into contact with the men and the movements of his day, and gave him opportunities for broader and more comprehensive views of life than he could attain in the more retired walks and pursuits of the literary calling. His was a familiar figure in every European city of importance, and his name was almost a household word in every English-speaking country. The pride he took in journalism was reciprocated in his own regard by his fellow-journalists. As *The Speaker* wrote: "His fellow-journalists may have smiled at some of his eccentricities, and may have affected to sneer at his redundant flow of superfluous words and irrelevant anecdote, but at heart they were all proud of him; and probably, if the newspaper men of the United Kingdom had been polled, they would have returned George Augustus Sala by an overwhelming vote as the most distinguished member of their profession."

The article on "Schools in Manitoba" in this number is a concise review of that vital question. In the latest elections the triumph of the anti-Catholic Greenway seems complete, but the Catholics of the province are not of the stuff to submit tamely to oppression. By the principles of common right and justice, as well as by their compact with the Canadian Confederation, their cause is unimpeachable, and Mr. Greenway and his supporters will find that the case is not settled until it is rightly settled.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

An Answer to Joseph Dana Miller's Article in the November Number.

Editor Donahoe's Magazine:

I have no doubt that long ere this contribution reaches the publishers, others will have fully answered the article appearing in the November DONAHOE'S from the pen of Joseph Dana Miller.

The learned gentleman falls into the same old errors that a majority of those who have advocated his side of the question have fallen into in the past, namely: That the advocates of "fiat" money are insincere; that the politicians who declare opposition to the gold standard, theories and practices are demagogues seeking only through deception and misrepresentation to advance their own interests; that the only advocates of the free and unlimited coinage of silver are the bullion owners; and, inferentially, that he himself believes that the only class in this world whose interests are worthy the consideration of government are those who deal directly in money or securities.

There is another remarkable feature prominent in the arguments of all these writers, and this is their pretended solicitude for the laboring and producing classes.

If the remuneration of the laborer and producer were proportioned to the increase and accumulation of the country's wealth, it might be possible for us to accept their solicitude as genuine; but it is not.

I shall try to confine my answers to the order in which Mr. Miller's arguments have been advanced. And as to my own position, it is that of a Western man, a laborer, and a debtor.

Mr. Miller ought to have learned long before this the simple truth that all money, as represented by its token, is "fiat" money. The unstamped piece of paper, or silver, or gold is not money any more than is the salt, or the steer, or any of the other articles to which the writer has referred. But why should I dwell on this proposition? No intelligent man questions the fact.

The writer undoubtedly means issues of paper money when he speaks of "fiat" money, and cites the experiences of certain countries to prove the impracticability of such issue. The examples referred to furnish no argument against the theories advanced by the so-called "fiat" money advocates of America. When we arrive at our conclusions on this subject we recognize the American nation as a continuing political institution; we do not presume nor admit that its existence is precarious or ephemeral. It is not subject to periodical revolutions, nor is it experimental nor in danger of destruction by foreign foe. We are not such a nation that we need to be prepared at all times to convert our property into a commodity that may be buried in the ground or carried away to a more peaceful land.

The writer tells us, in referring to the use of cattle, etc., as money, that the disadvantage would become clear "if we should think of a plague which should reduce the number of cattle by one half. It is clear that some men would at once be made very rich, and others — those who owed money — very poor." This is absolutely correct, and is one of the arguments that the "fiatists" have been using to illustrate the conditions that have been upon us for the past several years. We have complained that a plague of reduction of currency has come upon us, and that thereby those who were in debt have been made very poor, while those who hold our securities have been greatly enriched. It matters not whether the money of the country be actually destroyed or not; if it be taken out of actual circulation and hoarded, as it has been in the past few years, thereby reducing the wages of labor and the prices of the products of labor, the plague has come upon us, and the debtor class has been made very poor and the creditor class very rich.

It is not "the mutations of natural laws, and thus the fluctuations in value" that resulted in "the almost universal adoption of gold and silver, and later in the use of gold singly" as money, but it was and is the business tact and foresightedness of those who deal in money and securities, nationally, that have brought gold into almost universal use as money. And those astute business men are not satisfied with having it *almost* in universal use; they are laboring diligently to complete the universality of the scheme.

"Suppose currency were 'cheap' — that the issue *per capita* were doubled?"

If it were cheap; if it were money redeemable only in labor or its products, or the dues of the government and of individuals, and not interchangeable — redeemable — into other forms of money it would not be hoarded for the purpose of changing. It is not necessary that the present per capita be doubled; all that is necessary is that it be kept in the channels of trade; not be gathered in to exchange for gold to be shipped to Europe or resold to a near-sighted President and Secretary of the Treasury. No, the government would not give it to every person who might ask for it, but if the writer doubts the possibility of getting the money into circulation, we can simply call his attention to the most pernicious of all means, the national

banking system. Not that I favor this, but to show that it is possible to devise a means to get money into circulation without giving it to every person who might ask for it. The payments of the obligations of government would be one of the means to put the money in circulation, and if it were the right kind of money it would remain in circulation.

There is one argument that Mr. Miller uses in his article which at first appears plausible; it is, that "the proposition for a cheap currency is therefore at best like the proposition to double the volts of an electric current while increasing by just so much the resistance it must overcome."

But this argument works both ways, or rather, it is a boomerang to Mr. Miller's currency proposition. If he should increase the work of his electric current would he not also increase the volts of the current? If there were no diminution in the work to be done would it not be foolish, unmechanical, and unscientific for him to diminish the power of his electric current? Yet this is the very thing which he presumes is right and proper in the money current. He, and all who believe as he does on this question, argue that, although the business of the country has increased many fold and the population at least twofold within a given time, it is not necessary to increase the circulating medium. Nay, more; there are many among the "sound" money, "honest" money advocates who argue that we will be better off with a diminished currency; hence they are in favor of retiring the treasury notes and refusing the free coinage of silver.

The consideration for the welfare of the laboring classes displayed by our opponents is remarkable. I should like to know who, in their opinion, are the laboring classes and wage earners? A great many of us who have worked with our muscles and our hands on the farms, in the workshops, the mines, the factories, and on the railroads are of the laboring classes, but we have always been unable to discover where the arguments advanced by Mr. Miller and his school can benefit us. We can, however, see clearly how it can benefit those who have money out at interest; who have their money in bonds and mortgages, and who have fixed salaries. When money was in active circulation, before "honest" money advocates came into power and ruled that nothing is money except gold, we could get steady employment; we could get good prices for the products of our farms, etc.; since the money has begun to be hoarded that gold might be drawn from the treasury to speculate on we have no work; or at best only half time and low wages; we can get only one half for our products, while our interest and taxes are just as high or higher. The man who has our money with which to take gold from the treasury can buy our meat, our wheat, our horses, and our labor for just one half, and then offers us the consolation that if we were to go back to the other order of things financially the poor laborer would have to pay more for what he had to eat and wear and build. There are very few men, however, who would not rather an article cost him one dollar if he had the dollar to buy it with than that it should be but fifty cents and there be no way to get the fifty cents. Mr. Miller and his associates should get down among the common — the laboring people — and learn their ways and their needs. He should learn who are the people in this and every country. We can get along without an aristocracy, either hereditary or moneyed, but not without a bold, intelligent, prosperous laboring and producing class.

Mr. Miller presumes that half of the talk that is heard about "cheap money" really means cheap interest. Well, his presumption is erroneous, that is all. He simply does not understand the subject that he is writing about. He should study the cheap money side of the question, and then he would know more about money. Cheap money is a money that will circulate at all times, and not one that is ultimately redeemable in some other form of money. It is a money that maintains its parity from the simple fact that it is not redeemable in some other form of money; that is considered by its maker just as good as any other form of money.

"To decrease the rates of interest it is only necessary to increase the number of men proffering advances."

This is true. And to increase the number of persons proffering advances it is only necessary that they have in their possession a money that it will not pay to hoard.

As it is apparent that the learned writer does not understand the subject of cheap money, it is unnecessary for us to consider his reference to the Wall Street gambler.

How Mr. Miller arrives at the conclusion that, under the free coinage of silver, gold would go to a premium as it did during the war is beyond my powers of comprehension. It is a fact admitted by both sides of the money, or rather the silver, question, that it was the silver that commanded the premium during free coinage in the past. Even Mr. Cleveland says so in his last message. It is not under free coinage, nor under a condition of irredeemable paper currency that is legal tender for *all* debts that gold goes to a premium, but under laws that directly deprive money of its legal tender quality, as during the war, or indirectly make all other money redeemable in gold, as under the ruling of our present secretary of the treasury.

"The 'friends of silver' are composed of two classes, the silver mine owners, and those who, having contracted debts in currency of one value, seek to discharge those debts in currency of lesser value," etc.

The first part of this proposition is true; the latter part absolutely and unqualifiedly false. The silver mine owners are friends of free silver and, to a certain extent, for selfish reasons. But while they are bettering their own conditions financially, they are aiding their fellow-men by

giving more employment and better wages, and these in turn, by purchasing more of the products of other branches of labor, and by putting in circulation a money that no one cares to hoard, because there is no object in hoarding it. But while they are advocating this plan they are advocating a condition that will save the United States treasury from being looted, and a consequent increase of our national debt.

It is untrue, and an insult to the great majority of the American people, to accuse them of repudiation. It is not the desire of the debtor class to pay their debts in currency of lesser value than that which they borrowed. But they do want the opportunity, which is their right, to pay their debts in currency of equal value with that which they borrowed. They contracted their debts when they could sell their labor and its products for a fair remuneration; but since that time the currency of the country has been so changed in the interests of the creditor class that they have to pay, in some instances, as much as two dollars for one.

Is there anything wrong in the silver mine owner asking that he be put back to the position that he once occupied? Is he not as worthy of consideration by his government as the gold mine owner? Is there anything wrong in the laborer's or producer's request that he be given the same opportunity to pay his debts that he had when that debt was contracted?

And now let us look at the other side of this question. Will Mr. Miller please tell us why the man with gold, with bonds and mortgages, should be more highly favored than other men? Will he tell us why the man with money should be given advantages over the man who has only labor to sell? Will he give a reason why the gold and security gamblers of the foreign world should be given advantages so vastly superior to those of our own citizens? Will he give a good reason why the man with gold should be preferred and favored to the man with silver? Granted, for the sake of argument, that the motives of the silver men are purely selfish; in what respect are the motives of the gold owner less selfish?

There are a great many inaccuracies in Mr. Miller's article that space does not warrant us in considering. But our railroad systems and internal improvements of this country are not "active and abundant testimony to the advantage of foreign loans that we are now trying to repay," but to the energy of our laborers and producers paid in depreciated currency, and to the generosity of our government in giving away sufficient of our public lands to do the work four times over.

The writer speaks of the free coinage of silver as of a theory that had never been put in practice. Has not Mr. Miller yet learned that if he take away from gold the advantage of free coinage that it, also, will decline in value?

Referring to another assertion, England does not control the gold of the world because she is a free trade nation, nor because she has more of the products of the world to sell, but because she is the great creditor nation, holding the securities of the other nations, which she has succeeded in making redeemable in gold.

Mr. Miller, with a self-conscious superiority, attributes the agitation of the money question to the ignorance or inertia of the masses. The advocates of "honest" money, of "sound" money fling this assertion, and also the insinuation of lack of patriotism, continually at those who presume to agitate the money question, and differ from the bright intellects of the hard money advocates and gold standard advocates in particular. Mr. Cleveland always makes this feature prominent in all of his discourses on finance, and every treasury freebooter howls approval of the insults. In his last message to Congress the President uses the term "patriot" quite frequently in imploring the country to adopt his financial schemes and ideas. I will not refer to the record that Mr. Cleveland himself has made for patriotism, but I know many advocates of the opposite theories who were prompt to respond when their country had need of their patriotism.

Mr. Miller still believes that the money question is one of the inferior questions in national economics. He is behind the times. We remember when all the "honest" money advocates of both the Democratic and Republican parties were declaring that money was regulated by natural laws, and that it would come all right if let alone. Now they are declaring that it is the all-important question, and that something must be done. Mr. Cleveland in his early days as President tried to ignore the question, and declared that tariff reform would correct all our business ills. He has since called an extra session of Congress to try to settle the financial question, and his last public utterance is directed almost exclusively to it, declaring: —

"As we turn from a review of our foreign relations to a contemplation of our national financial situation, we are immediately aware that we approach a subject of domestic concern more important than any other that can engage our attention." . . .

We believe that it is due to the intelligence and patriotism of the masses that this agitation has been brought about. We believe that the time has come when this government should look to the interests of the masses and cease favoring certain classes. We believe that the welfare of America should be considered before that of England or any other nation. We believe that the currency question is the greatest single question of economics with which any nation has to deal. We believe that the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one is one of the means by which currency reform may be brought about, and we believe that unless a speedy change is made in the financial policy of both the old parties, our country will go to complete and irretrievable ruin.

R. H. KANE.

Abilene, Kansas.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Whittier Pilgrimage.

A short time ago the "Rambling Club," of which I am a member, made a pilgrimage to Whittier's home; and the visit was so delightful that I must tell you about it.

It was a beautiful October day. The bright sunshine and clear air made it a joy to be alive, and it was with happy hearts that we started for Haverhill.

The poet's old home is now owned by the Whittier Society, who have thrown it open to visitors. This is the home that Whittier describes in "Snow-Bound"; and we took great pleasure in seeking the different points of interest mentioned in that poem. We saw the "bridle-post," which the snow changed into an old man

> With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;

the "well-curb," which had put on a "Chinese roof"; and the door-stone where Whittier, when a "Barefoot Boy," used to sit and eat from his bowl of bread and milk.

The house is an old-fashioned wooden one, built in the colonial style, with the parlor and sitting-room in front, one on each side of a small entry; and at the back is the large kitchen, with its big fireplace almost as wide as the average kitchen itself of the present day. As I looked at the old crane and the ancient trammels and hooks that remain, and saw, over the mantel, the "bull's eye watch" still mutely pointing to the hour of nine, my fancy painted the happy family circle that sat around the glowing fire that long-ago winter night. I saw the father and mother, the dear aunt and uncle, the elder sister plying "her evening task the stand beside," and "the youngest and dearest" as she sat upon "the motley-braided mat."

In this room was an old desk that had many precious associations. On it the poet used to write his boyish rhymes; his first pamphlet on slavery was written upon it; and during the last year of his life, he sat before it while doing most of his literary work.

In one of the front rooms, called the "spare room," and used as both parlor and bedroom, the gentle poet first saw the light. I gazed reverently around, for the place seemed hallowed. There was a little low chair which I looked at through moistened eyes, for in it the mother had rocked her baby boys and girls. Other articles in the room spoke also of this saintly woman.

What interested me very much was a sampler framed and hanging on the wall. It was worked by the fingers of the little girl whom Whittier mentions in "School-Days," the little girl, you remember, who said:

> "I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
> I hate to go above you,
> Because"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
> "Because, you see, I love you."

This little Lydia, as she was called, had worked the sampler when she was eleven years old, and I could not help smiling as I read the solemn words traced upon it:—

> And must this body die?
> This mortal frame decay?
> And must these active limbs of mine
> Lie mouldering in the clay?

Watts's poems had probably been a part of her childish reading.

As I walked through the small front entry, I thought of the midnight hour when "Aunt Mercy" saw, through the window, the form of her lover approaching the house, and opened the door only to see the ghostly apparition vanish.

Not far from the house is the old elm where Whittier used to sit and read. In fact, some remembrance of him is connected with every foot of land. The great dome of Job's Hill that overshadows the valley; the sunny fields where he used to read the sweet poems of that other ploughboy; even the little brook that ripples and laughs along its noisy way, — all speak of the great loving heart of him to whom they were so dear.

As I turned away from the house hallowed by those who had lived and loved in it, the poet's own familiar lines came to me: —

> Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
> (Since He who knows our need is just),
> That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

S. A. H.

Life at Lourdes — Capulets and Their Wearers.

February is of all months of the year the most suitable for a talk about Lourdes, for it is the month of the apparitions.

To begin, let us write the name *Lourde*, as it is pronounced, and as M. Barbet, the competent historian of the good city, says it should be written. Lourde, then, and not Lourdes, for the "s" may be done away with in writing, and must be in speaking.

It is a curious fact that there is no social life at Lourde, no sociability as we understand the word in America. There are no afternoon tea parties, no dropping in on one's neighbor for a chat about nothing, or to tell and hear the latest news. The Lourdais eats and drinks at home. Once a year, indeed, visits of ceremony are exchanged, when people who see each other every day in ordinary dress, see each other in the newest and most expensive garb, and bore each other for a quarter of an hour, and are stiff and ceremonious in their coming and going, and heartily glad when the social duty is well over. The next day they meet again, free, graceful, and easy, in their natural manner, at church, under the black *capulet*.

A capulet is, as all the world knows, the Pyrenean head-covering for women. It serves for mantle and bonnet, and is made of cashmere, light or heavy as the season may require. Take about two and a half yards of cashmere, sew the selvage together on one side, make a fold, narrow or wide, as taste may dictate, around the bottom and along the selvage of the open side, and you have a capulet. This is the most simple form, and can be elaborated by folds or trimming. There are black, red, blue, and white capulets, and also white bordered with pale blue, a kind of capulet that may be called "Our Lady of Lourde's own." These are worn by the orphan pupils of the Sisters of Charity of Nevers, the congregation to which Bernadette belonged; and also by persons who make a vow to wear them as a thank offering for graces received.

There was a time when the rank of the wearer was indicated by the texture of a black capulet. This is no longer the case, but it is worn still by great ladies, peasants, and *parvenues* for church-going, funerals,

processions, and meetings of the Third Order of Saint Francis. It is rightly considered the most fitting garb at Lourde, the city of prayer and penance.

"Penitence, penitence, penitence" were Our Blessed Lady's words to Bernadette, and to some persons it is a heavy penance to wear the capulet; but those who stay at Lourde for any length of time feel at ease hidden beneath its folds, in spite of a natural repugnance to its unbecoming aspect.

Though there is no social life at Lourde, everybody knows everybody else, and all take an active interest in what goes on in the town. No one is omitted from the roll call of church duties, and to evade them would be to place one's self outside the bounds of civil and religious law. For this reason there are many meetings of *capulets*. You would take them for daughters of St. Francis or sisters of St. Joseph, could you see them daily in the old parish church, and in mild weather kneeling in and around the Grotto, or gathered in the quiet, sombre crypt.

Enough for to-day. Another time I must tell you how the wearers of the capulet pass their days.

J. M. C.

Armenian Matters.

The horrors in Armenia still claim a very large share of popular attention and sympathy, and the press and magazines of both hemispheres are still giving a great deal of space to the geography, history, and population of that hapless country. A recent number of the *Revue de Paris* gives an account of the massacres of the Sasounkh with many proofs of authenticity.

The mountainous position of the Sasounkh prevents close relations with towns and villages, and its wealth consists in raising sheep, the cultivation of barley, millet, and rhubarb, and the practice of a few primitive trades. On all these industries taxes are levied six or seven times a year, and the impossibility of meeting these demands led to the sanguinary struggle of August and September, 1894. It was no new grievance, but the heaped-up wrongs of many centuries which these poor mountaineers had to throw off. They sent their women, children, and other precious possessions into the Handok Dagh, supposed to be a safe retreat, one hour west from Guellich-Guzan, where the men were intrenched. Into this retreat the foe penetrated, and the few women who escaped tell of horrors too awful to be repeated without necessity. The whole story is told by M. Leveyre. One tale has its good side and can be given. Khamo Bedrossian concealed his whole family in a thick wood, and left them to go and watch the movements of the enemy. Regular troops found the women and children, and killed them with the usual horrible excesses of cruelty, all but Bedrossian's wife, Aaltoun. She was a magnificent being, worth preserving, they thought, and they offered to her life at the price of turning Mahometan. She refused, but her life was saved by the avarice of her persecutors. As they tore off her clothes, they found jewels and money concealed; and while they quarrelled over the division of the spoils, Aaltoun fled and hid herself in the thick branches of a tree. There she passed a day and night, almost dead with cold; and when she felt sure that the soldiers were

gone, she crept from her hiding-place and covered herself with garments taken from the dead. For twenty days she wandered, eating herbs and roots, and drinking melted snow. At the end of that time she reached Khnous, and a month later her husband found her like one risen from the dead. The massacres have been repeated at intervals throughout this past year. December 12 a despatch to London announced the slaughter of one hundred thousand persons, in what space of time it did not say. In some parts of Armenia whole family circles live in a single house, and a general massacre is quickly carried out. American papers at the close of the year gave accounts of terrific slaughter. A new and pitiful fact is that some of the Armenians who have survived their leaders are yielding to pressure and turning Mahometan. Hitherto, their steadfast faith has been beyond praise.

At last a vigorous movement is beginning with the year 1896 to provide relief for the remnant of this afflicted nation through the Red Cross Society.

The nations of Europe, divided in their interests regarding Turkey, and afraid of disturbing the balance of power, stand paralyzed. None the less is there a deep and passionate desire on the part of Christian populations to help their tortured brethren, and to us in the United States the opportunity has come in the proposal to send organized aid to Armenia. Let us respond so generously and cordially that it may be said as in early days, "See how these Christians love one another."

Pleasant Books.

As children often read French more easily than their elders, it is well to give some guidance in the choice of books. Here are several which are interesting, and of good tone in morality and taste: —

"Perdue," H. Greville. A series of three tales by Zénaïde Fleuriot, called "Le Petit Chef de Famille," "Le Jeune Chef de Famille," "Le Chef de Famille," one of those progressive family histories much liked by young people. Another nice book is "Le Château des Airelles"; all in this list being suitable for young people in their early teens.

An admirable book for people of all ages has been issued by Little, Brown & Co., "The Master Mosaic Workers," a translation from the French of George Sand. It is a story of the great period of religious art in Venice, a romance of the friendship of two brothers. The book is admirably translated by Miss C. C. Johnston, whose excellent introductory chapter adds to the value of the work. There are two editions, one on thick paper, and in every way attractive, but of moderate price; the other an *edition de luxe.*

We shall all want Miss Conway's pleasant series of books, "In the Family Sitting-Room." They are full of the wisdom that comes from natural gifts and experience combined, and they settle many a question which to the young mind seems unanswerable.

For serious students of history there is a mine of instruction in Père Cahier's "Nouveaux Mélanges d'Archæologie, d'Histoire, et de Littérature," which should be in every great library. Everything is there, from the lives of saints to the most exquisite bits of decorative art. The Catholic who would have a true, full knowledge of his religion must be familiar with many books in many

languages. Thorough study of history shows Catholic truth spreading far and wide, and giving strength to genuine growth of every kind.

Recipes — Bobotee.

Have ready a pint of finely minced mutton or lamb. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying-pan, slice into it half a small onion, and when cooked add two ounces of bread and a cup of milk; take from the fire and let it stand a few minutes; then add the meat, a teaspoonful of curry, and two beaten eggs. Mix well, bake in a buttered dish twenty minutes, and serve very hot.

London *Truth* gives this date cake: —

One half pound each of flour, dates, butter, and brown sugar. Stone the dates; chop half of them very fine, and mix with the well-dried flour; add the sugar and the whole dates, mixing all carefully together. Beat the butter to a cream, and add slowly the mixture of flour, sugar, and dates, beating steadily. Beat the yolks of three eggs and the whites separately and then together. Add them to the mixture and beat for five minutes. Bake in a buttered tin lined with buttered paper, and in a moderate oven.

EMMA FORBES CARY.

Women's Earnings on the Press.

A few women command very good salaries on newspapers. They are those working in the higher departments: editorial and critical.

There is one woman — to be sure, she ranks intellectually with men, having no peer among clever womankind, to my knowledge — who has $100 per week on the Chicago *Times-Herald*.

I think of two who get $50 per week; I know another who has been getting $40 a week right along for several years, with opportunity to make a little more from special articles, poems, etc., but she carries a man's work and responsibility.

But few women obtain the above figures. I recall a very able critic and editorial paragrapher on a metropolitan daily glad of $25 per week; and an "all-round" worker on a well-established secular weekly at $20 per week.

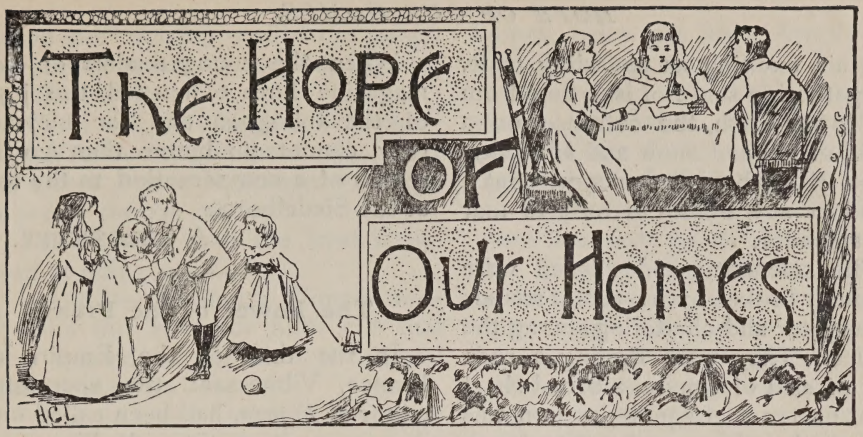
On the best daily paper I know of in New England there was a golden era — for some at least — when every one was "on space." In those days a woman of considerable experience in the higher sort of reportorial work, women's departments, etc., used to average $50 per week.

I recall another, in the same newspaper connection, whose bill one week was $102. It was paid. Whether it was the last straw or not, I cannot tell; but the whole force, outside of the editorial department, were very soon after put on salary. The two women I have instanced were settled, I think, at $25 — though it may have been but $20 — per week each.

But this is exceptionally good for women reporters; $18 a week is considered fair for a good woman reporter. A host of them work very hard for from $10 to $15 a week.

Newspaper work — there are no newspapers, of course, but daily papers — is the last thing for a woman to attempt unless she has an immense amount of common sense, a gift for self-suppression, even temper, and faultless manners, phenomenal strength of will, and the physical strength of a strong man.

K. E. C.



Baby Song.

ALBERT DOYLE.

The sheep have stolen far from home —
Go, little boy, to find them.
In sleepy land I'm sure they roam,
And no one there to mind them.
Go, go, gently go. From over the waters the breezes blow,
Blow, blow, breezes blow; into dreamland my babe would go.

The boy in blue who watched the sheep —
Go, little boy, to find them —
Beneath the peach tree lies asleep,
And no one else to mind them.

Little boy-blue, your sheep will stray —
Go, little boy, to find them —
Over the hills and far away,
And no one there to mind them.

My little man to search has gone, —
Bye, little boy, you'll find them,
Care for them till the break of dawn,
When some one else will mind them.
Bye, bye, baby bye; soft over the meadows the breezes sigh,
Sigh, sigh, softly sigh; sing to my baby a sweet lullaby.

Summer Snows.

Once upon a time I was in a Swiss valley, waiting for a chance to ascend the Siedelhorn, a mountain which rises nine thousand feet above the sea, and stands surrounded by mountains much higher than itself. Agassiz used to say that one of the finest points of view in Switzerland was the summit of the Siedelhorn.

The valley where our party passed the night was a strange contrast to the vast panorama that we hoped to see. It was a rocky basin amid surrounding heights, and day closed in early. A bottomless tarn, black and gloomy, gathered to its margin what scant herbage there was in the valley, and there a flock of goats browsed and tinkled their bells, and went to rest. Then there was dead silence under the bright stars, unless when sounds of life came from the rambling inn, where travellers were more comfortably housed than might have been expected. It is gone, long ago, that inn. The landlord, trusted by all, was at heart a cruel miser. A few years later, at a season when tourists were scarce, he robbed and murdered a rich traveller, and burned the inn to the ground. I dare say there is a fine hotel now built over its ruins.

The bright stars of the night proved true prophets, and in the early morning the little procession set forth, on foot, on mules, and in *chaises-à-porteur*, soon joined by the inevitable class of German students. It was a wonderful impression, that first ascent of a great height, the

thin air, exciting as sparkling wine, the gathering sense of isolation from the lower earth, the entrance on a world of ice and snow and blue sky, peaks rising behind peaks, without a cloud or any breath of mist to mar the splendor.

The solemnity and silence were suddenly broken by irreverent sounds of laughter and chattering among the guides. They were rigging a rude sort of sled of canvas, a broad sheet eight or ten feet square, and on this they told my young brother to sit down. Then taking the corners of the canvas, the four guides drew him swiftly down the side of the mountain. "Oh, how nice it is to be a boy!" exclaimed the other members of the party, who were soon to find that boyhood was not necessary for mountain slides. Young ladies were carefully wrapped up, and then drawn down over the gleaming surface. The lovely mother of the party was swept away by the guides with yodelling and wild cries of triumph. Last came the head of the family, solemn as a landslide at the top of the coast, exuberant as a boy by the time he reached the bottom.

Did all travellers go down mountains in this fashion, we asked. No, not all, but it was the shortest way to reach the glacier of the Aar, where we wished to see the remains of the Hôtel des Neuchâtelois, where Agassiz and his fellow-workers had passed ten summers, studying ice and its wonders. There it was, the projecting roof of rock and the stone wall built to make a sleeping-place for those hardy men, ready to brave all for the sake of science. In those years the Jungfrau and other heights supposed to be beyond the reach of man, were scaled, and the wonder of the ice period revealed.

When the young readers of this magazine have exhausted the joys of the toboggan and the bicycle, they cannot do better than go in search of a new sensation to the top of the Siedelhorn.

A CHRONICLER.

The Power of the Press.

In the time of the Empire of France, Vilmessant, the successful editor of *Figaro*, had been called one day as a witness in a duelling case to be interviewed in private by the judge.

After waiting some time, Vilmessant became impatient and turned towards the door.

"Please inform the judge," he said to the usher, "that if he does not call me in five minutes, I shall go back to my office, where I have a heap of work to do."

The judge, who overheard him, came out from his cabinet and addressed Vilmessant rather sharply.

"Sir, you will stay here as long as I choose! Perhaps you don't know the power of a judge! You do not know that if, to-morrow, I should issue an order for Prince Napoleon to appear before me and he should refuse, I would have the right to have him brought here by two officers!"

Vilmessant, who had resumed his *sangfroid*, answered innocently: —

"Well, sir, if I were in your place I do not think I should undertake to carry on such a plan as to arrest Prince Napoleon, who, if the Prince Imperial should die, would be the heir to the throne, to say nothing of his being a senator, a general of Division and the governor of Algiers."

"You have entirely misunder-

stood me," quickly replied the judge. "I simply meant to say that I could, if I desired."

"You will do whatever you like," said Vilmessant phlegmatically, "but to arrest Prince Napoleon would be a pretty serious matter."

"But I never had the least intention of doing so!"

"And"— continued Vilmessant— "when the Emperor finds out that you wanted to put his son between two gendarmes"—

"But no! no!" cried the unhappy judge, in desperation.

"I, for my part, shall certainly give the readers of *Figaro* the benefit of what you have told me. Nay, I shall call the article 'Probable arrest of Prince Napoleon.'"

The frightened magistrate immediately invited Vilmessant into his cabinet, and made the examination for which he had summoned him, after which he accompanied him to the door with profuse apologies, and begged him not to say a word of their conversation.

ANTONIO MELI.

A Long Shout.

Eighteen miles is the longest distance on record at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, where a man shouting the name "Bob" at one end was plainly heard at the other, eighteen miles away. Lieutenant Foster, on Peary's third Arctic expedition, found that he could converse with a man across the harbor of Port Bowen, a distance of 5,696 feet, or about one mile and a quarter; and Sir John Franklin said that he conversed with ease at a distance of more than a mile. Dr. Young records that at Gibraltar the human voice has been heard at a distance of ten miles.

Sound has remarkable force in water. Colladon, by experiments made in the Lake of Geneva, estimated that a bell submerged in the sea might be heard a distance of more than sixty miles. Franklin says that he heard the striking together of two stones in the water half a mile away. Over water or surface of ice sound is propagated with great clearness and strength. Dr. Hutton relates that on a quiet part of the Thames near Chelsea, he could hear a person read distinctly at a distance of one hundred and forty feet, while on the land the same could be heard only seventy-six feet. Professor Tyndall, when on Mont Blanc, found the report of a pistol-shot no louder than the pop of a champagne bottle. Persons in a balloon can hear voices from the earth a long time after they themselves are inaudible to people below.

The Land of Dreams.

THE SAND-MAN SPEAKS.

A herald am I from the Land of Dreams,
And I come at my Lord's command,
Who bids me proclaim, in his mighty name,
The delights of his shadowy land.
For the Land of Dreams is a beautiful land
Where trouble never is found,
Where you live at ease, and do as you please,
And pleasure and gladness abound.
There are no schools in the Land of Dreams,
And no dreadful lessons annoy.
With romp and play, through the livelong day,
Will your hearts be filled with joy.
They never say "*no*" in the Land of Dreams
'Tis always "*certainly*" here,
And during your play, there is no one to say,
You mustn't do that, my dear.
In the Land of Dreams, every boy is a prince,
And a princess every maid,
Who joyously reign, with a fairy train
In rainbow tints arrayed.
Then let us away to the Land of Dreams,
To this beautiful, happy land.
Just close your eyes and soon you will rise
And step on its golden strand.

HOMAR F. SARGENT.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

From Montana come the questions: —

1. Did the Church ever sanction the divorce of Napoleon Bonaparte?
2. If so, on what grounds?
3. Did the Pope perform the ceremony of Napoleon's second marriage?

1. No. Cardinal Fesch, who was Napoleon's nephew, took on himself to do this act of pleasure to the emperor. The action of any individual (the Pope alone excepted) can never be construed as the action of the Church. There have come into the Church numerous scandals and vast harm to religion from the manner in which men high in the hierarchy have at times lent themselves to the whims and sins of the great ones of earth. The Church has her inviolable laws on marriage and divorce, and any action of any one man, even though he be a cardinal and an emperor's nephew, cannot invalidate her laws.

2. The reasons given for the cardinal's compliance with Napoleon's wish were that the formalities prescribed by the Council of Trent had not been complied with; and that as the Pope was then a prisoner, and it was impracticable if not impossible to consult him, why, he, the cardinal, would kindly settle the matter for his imperial uncle.

3. The French Senate decreed the divorce, and Cardinal Fesch ratified the decree, and also, in 1810, performed the second marriage. Inasmuch as the Pope was in exile from 1809-1814, he could not perform the marriage.

Q. desires to know the place and time of the origin of Freemasonry.

Even the adherents of Freemasonry are all at sea themselves on this question. The Masonic Ritual traces Freemasonry back to the building of Solomon's temple. This view is absurd, and is commonly rejected. Some trace it back to pagan mysteries, others to Eastern heresies that prevailed in Europe during the early and Middle Ages, and others to the suppressed order of the Knights Templar. The view most in accordance with history is that which finds its beginning in the guilds or protective trade unions of the Middle Ages.

The stone masons of that time organized themselves into guilds, under the approbation of the Church, in order to keep their art secret. No one could labor at a trade until he had entered one of these societies as an apprentice, and remained until he became a thorough workman. Each guild had a particular patron saint, as also a peculiar rite, using its own particular tools and methods of training. In Germany there is a record of such a society receiving a

diploma in 1487 from Maximilian. But when the age of great building closed, these societies outlived their primitive usefulness, so they continued in existence as a speculative society, or relic of the other. As we have it to-day, Freemasonry first appeared in France, in 1725.

The Popes found it necessary to condemn the Freemasons as a secret society, and five bulls were directed by name against them: "In Eminenti," by Clement XII, 1738; "Providae," by Benedict XIV, 1751; "Ecclesiam Jesu Christi," by Pius VII, 1821; "Qui Graviora," by Leo XII, 1826; "Quanta Cura," by Pius IX, 1864.

Topeka asks: What is the meaning of the twelve stars surrounding the statues of the Blessed Virgin?

In the Apocalypse of St. John, xii, 1, we read: "And a great sign appeared in heaven: A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." These words have been often applied to the Blessed Virgin, and painters and sculptors have made use of these images in representing her.

To Reader: The Sisters of the Good Shepherd have a department for penitents. If you apply to them, they will answer your question. One of their houses is on Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Correspondent wishes to know the origin of the Sacred Heart League.

The Apostleship of Prayer was established in 1866 by Pius IX, and following upon it has come the League of the Sacred Heart. The design is to enlist the faithful in union of prayer, by the offering of every thought, word, and deed of each day for pious intentions, and in union with the Divine Heart of Jesus. *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is a monthly publication, under the charge of the Jesuit Fathers, which explains fully about these associations.

From Kansas comes the following:

Will you kindly inform me what is the law of the Church regarding divorced persons? The writer was under the impression that it was prohibited until he read of the marriage in New York of Count Zichy to Mabel Wright, the latter a divorcee. Will you kindly enlighten us?

The law of the Catholic Church on this matter is very plain and simple. The Church recognizes the right for a man and woman, both free, to become married, and then to remain married until one dies. She recognizes no divorce from the marriage tie, except that of death. She at times, for sufficiently grave reasons, permits the separation of husband and wife, but still they remain husband and wife. But as the Church does not consider all divorced whom the state so declares, neither does she take the declaration of the state that they are married. She makes her own investigation of particular cases that come before her, and she decides according to her own laws. Take the case cited. Mabel Wright wished to marry a Catholic. She had lived a married life previously with another man. From him she was divorced. When she applied to the Church to see if she could marry the count, the question asked was not: Are you divorced? but this rather: Were you ever married? It was found that the man with whom she had lived was himself divorced from his first wife, before marrying Mabel, that he was baptized, while Mabel was not (and this latter reason is sufficient to make a marriage impossible without the Church's dispensation), and so Mabel was told, You have

never been married; you are at liberty to marry whomsoever you will. Cases of this kind are occurring from time to time, even in small towns, and Catholics who understand the law of the Church must not be led away by the glaring head-lines of the press to believe that the Church has changed. She is firm and unalterable on the question of marriage and divorce, but she has also the serious duty of declaring the truth to all who inquire it from her; and to this end she will not forbid separation of those whom she regards as not joined in the marriage sanctioned by Heaven and by the laws of the Church.

A Nebraskan has these queries:—

1. Can a mother be churched if her child is dead?

2. Can a non-Catholic be allowed at the baptism of a Catholic child, to personate a Catholic sponsor, when he really believes that he himself is to be the sponsor of the child?

3. Can a Catholic "stand up" (be a witness) at a non-Catholic marriage?

4. Can a Catholic magistrate marry any couple — Protestant, Catholic, or infidel — who may come to him for that purpose?

5. Can a priest marry non-Catholics if they request him to do so?

6. If a Catholic and non-Catholic get married before a squire or preacher, what is the Catholic required to do before he is admitted to the Sacraments? If the non-Catholic is not baptized, what then?

1. Yes, because the ceremony is for the mother simply; and as the child is not concerned therein, its life or death does not alter the mother's position in this matter.

2. It would hardly be proper, since, believing himself to be the sponsor, he tries to make the promises for the child, and this of course no one but a Catholic can do.

Questions 3, 4, and 5 will be answered at length in our next issue, as in addition to them we wish to state the positions of Catholic judges and lawyers in regard to matters of divorce. This in connection with question 4, we consider to be of such importance, that we prefer to develop a little the subject, rather than to now give a short answer.

6. The Catholic must conform to the laws of his Church, both general and local. If both were baptized, the Church holds for the validity of the marriage in most parts of this country. Then the Catholic must submit the matter to the priest of his parish. This latter will know whether, in case of marriage before a minister, he can absolve before or only after public penance, before or after having made recourse to the ordinary of the diocese. A marriage before a justice of the peace does not include reservation. The Catholic has been guilty of mortal sin, but is not excommunicated. To simply confess his sin with sorrow is his duty.

If the non-Catholic is not baptized there is no marriage in the eyes of the Church. The Catholic must then have recourse to the priest, who will take the necessary steps to make the marriage valid. Just what he will do will vary somewhat according to the circumstances; but until the marriage is made valid, the Catholic who lives a married life lives in sin. As the scandal is given by an attempted as well as by a real marriage before a minister, the Catholic must conform himself to the laws of his diocese regarding public penance.

And as to public penance, custom has much to do with it. In some places it is never dispensed with, where the scandal of an appearance before a Protestant minister for marriage has been noised abroad, while in others more frequent appeal is made to the bishop for faculties to

give absolution to the repentant delinquents.

This matter is of serious importance, and ought to be well weighed by those who contemplate marriage. There is only one course for the Catholic to pursue, and that is before marriage to go to the priest and make with him all the necessary arrangements. Whatever is necessary in the way of instruction or of dispensation will be imparted to him; and he will not only save himself from much embarrassment and punishment, but from the worst of evils, mortal sin. And this may be not only a mortal sin in the contracting of marriage before preacher or squire; but if he is not married, because of the impediment placed by the Church, it will be a life of sin, until the Church has restored him to grace.

A Catholic is never married without receiving the *sacrament* of matrimony; and a sacrament conveying, as it does to us, the merits of the Precious Blood of Christ, should always be treated with reverence and respect. Nothing can be worse than the abuse of sacred things.

To J. A. W. and others: The Sisters of Providence were founded in France, in 1812; the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in France, in 1646; the Carmelites (men) at Mt. Carmel, in 1156; and the Carmelites (women) by Blessed John Soreth, a Frenchman, in 1452.

To Loyola: The Christian Brothers at Manhattan, New York, the Xaverian Brothers, near Baltimore, Maryland, will give you information regarding their requirements for candidates if you write to them. You might secure information also from the Jesuits, Franciscans, Benedictines, Dominicans, or Augustinians, who have houses and monasteries in various sections of the United States. The best plan is to consult your confessor, and be guided by his advice.

A Worthy Charity.

The board of directors of St. Mary's Infant Asylum of Dorchester, have issued an appeal on behalf of this most deserving institution, which cannot fail to bring in abundant returns. The petition embodies an account of the asylum since its foundation, the noble struggle it has made to accomplish a work dear to the heart of God, and the flattering success thus far attained. A half dozen illustrations accompany the booklet, which are an appeal even more eloquent than the words of the directors. They represent the helpless children saved by the institution from death, and even worse, and they show them healthy and happy in the care of the mothers whom divine faith and charity have made for them among the noble Sisters of Charity. The appeal asks for annual subscriptions of five dollars, to be collected by duly authorized persons, and is signed by all the members of the corporation, headed by Rev. Peter Ronan, pastor of St. Peter's Church, Meeting House Hill, the president of the board. No one to whom this booklet comes should refuse the slight request it makes for the bodily and spiritual salvation of the helpless little ones, who are received and cared for at the asylum, independent of race, creed or color.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Literary.

Since Bishop John L. Spalding delivered his masterly discourse on "The Higher Education," at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, he has been steadily advancing to the position of foremost essayist in the United States. "MEANS AND ENDS OF EDUCATION," the latest of his books, is replete with knowledge, with deep thinking presented in a noble style. The essays are of world-wide and modern subjects: Truth and Love, The Making of One's Self, Woman and Education, The Scope of Public School Education, The Religious Element in Education, The Higher Education. Who that lives in active intercourse with his fellows can hold himself aloof from themes such as these, or feel justified to be ignorant of what men and women are everywhere discussing? The reader will find in these essays what the thinker has brought to the surface from the hidden gems of deepest philosophy, by the skill of trained reasoning, and the research of a piercing intellect. On every page are scintillations of wisdom, and line after line might be quoted to serve as the text of copious discourses. All readers may not agree with the statements or the conclusions of Bishop Spalding, but all will be obliged to weigh their own opinions, and seek for the reason that holds them in opposition. And oh! the benefit of it, if even a small proportion of the great reading public could be brought to think for themselves, to weigh and estimate facts and fancies, and to reason for themselves from established premises to legitimate conclusions. "Education and the Higher Life," "Things of the Mind," "Means and Ends of Education," are all three by Bishop Spalding, and calculated in the highest degree to this desideratum. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Longmans' English Classics are made attractive by the art and skill of the bookbinder, and useful and practicable by the taste, knowledge, and experience of the compilers. The aim of the publishers is to afford the student the aid required for entrance examinations in English to the principal American colleges and universities. We have before us "JOHN MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSEROSO, COMUS, AND LYCIDAS." This volume has been edited by Professor William P. Treat. The professor leads the young student away from dry and repellent formulas and etymological investigations, and instructs him to witness and appreciate the real poetic beauties set forth by the author. To show the fascinations of literature, and the value to the mind in its acquisition, the professor rightly judges to be the wisest method for the development of those strong, if latent, talents for the beautiful, with which the young mind is richly endowed. In the hands of a teacher devoted to literature, this book will prove beneficent to pupils. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Clarence Hawkes is a young man, being only twenty-six years of age, to whom the sight of the body is denied, but who sees with a clear insight of the soul. He is called "the blind poet of New England," and one marvels how in his sad condition he comes into so intimate association, as his verses show, with nature and her works. Best of all, there is the keen note of joy and enthusiasm in this young man's lines. Such a spirit, that can rise in triumph over what would bring deepest melancholy to most possessors, is noble, and will nobly pervade his works. Mr. Hawkes has already secured a certain fame and success in the field of poetry, and his volume of poems entitled "PEBBLES AND SHELLS" gives promise of greater success. He writes of various themes and in various ways, though his verses are quite unequal in merit. Some of his quatrains are excellent, and many of his shorter poems have the genuine ring. Northampton, Mass.: Picturesque Publishing Co.

Biblical.

"STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT," by Rev. James H. O'Donnell, is a good work, well done. It is one of those books that you have been waiting for. And it is pleasant to have in convenient form information and arrangement that will entice to study. The New Testament should be placed in our parochial schools, and the life of our Divine Lord known from the direct information of the gospels. There is no teacher like the Holy Spirit. Religion and literature will both together grow in the mind of a child to whom the holy gospels are presented every day in a reverential manner. And Father O'Donnell's book is most timely, because it will afford to teacher and to scholar the medium of reference and of information so frequently desired, but so hard to secure. Reading circles, too, cannot find a better help in their Bible studies, along the lines of the New Testament. New York: Rosary Publishing Co.

History and Biography.

A book of some sixty chapters and of nearly six hundred pages is the fourth volume of "LEAVES FROM THE ANNALS OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY." This volume contains sketches of the order in South America, Central America, and the United States. It deals with the stirring scenes of battle, with the heroism of the

noble sisterhood to the wounded at Vicksburg, as well as with the calm work of a parochial school. The writer, herself a member of the order, is an author of experience and of literary skill. She has given us a book full of interest and of historical value. Such books should be read for the sake of the information they impart, to know the struggles and vicissitudes that accompany new foundations, and the triumph of God's church in the lives of women consecrated to the divine service. They should be read, too, especially by the young, for the sake of the inspiration and enthusiasm they excite in hearts yet open to impressions of the true, the beautiful, and the good. New York: P. O'Shea.

A heavy octavo volume of nearly seven hundred pages, copiously illustrated, and well printed, is "PAGAN IRELAND." This is an "Archæological sketch: A handbook of pre-Christian antiquities," by W. G. Wood Martin, M. R. I. A. At first sight it would appear a book for the scholar, rather than for the general reader. But it is for both. The copious appendices of bibliography and of authors consulted by the writer indicate how thorough has been his research, how earnest his work. The splendid index makes the book of ready value. The writer brings forward a vast array of discoveries more or less valuable, and by the aid of geology and archæology establishes theories, which in many cases will not meet the approval of those who cling to the traditions of old glories in Erin, even to the remotest days. But after all, so much is of deduction, so much of personal imagining in the writings of archæologists, that one who objects to their views need not take them. He can appreciate the information of fact, while discarding the views of fancy. There would be more satisfaction, and more willingness to follow in his thought, if our author had taken the Bible's view of creation and of primitive man, in preference to that set forth by evolutionists. This makes us wary of his conclusions. Again, he evidently understands neither the Catholic missionary priest nor the Catholic people in his treatment of paganism becoming absorbed by Christianity. Not in Ireland only, but in all lands, the early preachers were willing to allow to the people whatever was harmless in their pagan customs, or even to use these customs, the very religious ones too, by transformation into Christian rites. Rome witnessed this in early Christian days, and America wherever a Jesuit, a Franciscan, or a Dominican brought the cross of redemption. Laying aside theories and personal prejudices — which the author blames in others — the book is a valuable contribution to archæology, and should stimulate thought and inquiry into the history and ways of Ireland during the centuries before Saint Patrick came. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

A remarkable career is that of fifty years in one parish. This has been the record of Father Sylvester Malone, of Sts. Peter and Paul's, Brooklyn, New York. In October, 1894, the venerable priest celebrated his golden jubilee, and the years of his toil and prayer have not gone by unnoticed to the outside world. Not only as priest, but as citizen, was Father Malone one of the foremost of the men of Brooklyn, and the merit of his life won for him recognition in the wonderful gathering that came to do him a three days' honor. The greeting to him was general, from Catholic bishop and priest, from Protestant minister and Hebrew rabbi, from men in public as well as in private life, and of different political opinions. The press at the time sent its congratulations, and accorded full accounts of the sermons, addresses, and ceremonies. But an event so glorious and so rare should endure in form more lasting. And so we hail the publication of a memorial volume of the "GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE REV. SYLVESTER MALONE." The work has been edited by one whose heart was in his work, Sylvester L. Malone, a nephew of the reverend gentleman. He has added a well-written biography of Father Malone. The printer has given us a handsome volume, imperial octavo, printed on heavy paper, and illustrated with full-page portraits of Father Malone and views of his church, printed on fine plate paper. New York: D. S. Holmes, Redford Avenue.

Temperance.

A book that will be welcomed by the workers in the cause of temperance is the "SILVER JUBILEE GATHERING OF THE C. T. A. U." in New York last summer. The convention was held during the period of greatest agitation for the closing of saloons on Sunday; and its plain, unequivocal verdict in favor of the holiness of the Sunday against the liquor traffic manifested the attitude of the Catholic Church on this question so vital to the peace and prosperity of the people. This book is the official account of all the proceedings of the Convention. It contains also the statistics of the societies, the Union, and the distribution of the sixty-five thousand total abstainers who form the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. New York: The Columbus Press.

Juvenile.

We tried it on the children. We placed the book in a crowd of fifty little ones, and such noise and laughter, loud and uproarious! We tried it on the larger scholars, a dozen and fourteen years of age. The effect was the same. No book can give greater joy for a gift to the children than "THE ADVENTURES OF TWO DUTCH DOLLS AND A POLLYWOGG." The illustrations and the text are in splendid style, and the pictures appeal to that vein of fun which is in every child. Make a child happy and you will be yourself doubly happy. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"CHARITY, THE ORIGIN OF EVERY BLESSING: OR THE HEAVENLY SECRET, is a small volume that extols the incomparable good of alms-giving. It is translated from the Italian, and the reader who finds something quaint or strange to him in the pages may remember the Italian origin of the book. It is written in piety and is edifying.

In the creation of a new cardinal within our limits, we gladly receive any information bearing upon his dignity and duties. Where so much is offered at haphazard as information by the uninformed, we hail with especial delight at this time a book that deals, in wisdom and intelligence, with its subject. "THE ROMAN COURT," by Father Baart, is a most opportune book. Let the investigator after knowledge read it, and he will learn of Cardinals, Roman Congregations and Tribunals, Legates, Vicars Apostolic, and other prelates. The treatises bear the marks of being compiled by a careful scholar, and have received the approbations of those capable of judging their worth. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

"TWO LECTURES ON LAW," delivered at the Plattsburgh Summer School in 1894, by Professor Wm. C. Robinson, have been published by the Cathedral Library Association of New York. For those seeking information in a handy and popular form on this serious subject, we recommend this pamphlet.

"HANDBOOK OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY" is a book indispensable to every dweller in that city and visitors thereto. It is a veritable guide to the noble building and a full explanation of all that a visitor could wish to know. With its numerous illustrations and fine presswork it is practically a gift at the nominal price demanded. Herbert Small is the compiler, Curtis & Co., Boston, the publishers.

Ginn & Co. issue the "INTRODUCTORY MUSIC READER," by Messrs. McLaughlin & Veazie, containing carefully graded lessons intended to introduce beginners to the art of reading vocal music. The songs are well selected, from standard authors, and include the four leading national airs. It is noticeable that the book contains fewer pleasing melodies than the average Music Reader for children, and some old favorite songs have been set to new music, probably to prevent the abuse of singing from memory. Of course it does not follow that the exercises are any less instructive — only less pleasing. Boston: Ginn & Co.

"VIEWS AND PORTRAITS OF MAYNOOTH COLLEGE" is a handsome book, that any alumnus of this famous home of theological learning should be happy to possess. Many of those who imbibed their sacred knowledge at the holy founts of St. Patrick's College will rejoice that this excellent souvenir is offered to them of last year's centenary. The album will awaken many memories, and serve to bring back to those far away the scenes and the faces that were once so dear in their Alma Mater. To all who are attached to the real glories of Ireland will this volume prove a household treasure. Dublin: Browne & Nolan; New York: Benziger Bros.

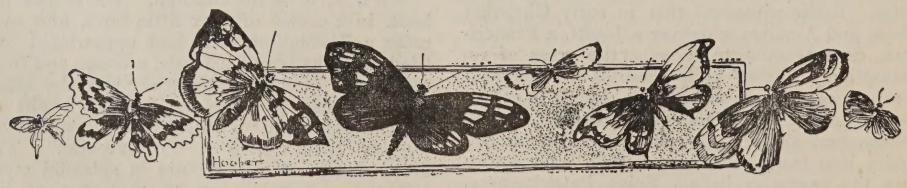
"CATHOLIC SCHOOL CHIMES" is in its way a unique book, combining sacred hymns and secular songs. The author has the right idea to train the child in devotion to song both religious and secular. The old favorites are in this little book, and it is so convenient in size, so full in matter, and so low in price, that it should receive a cordial welcome. New York: J. Fischer & Bro.

In these days of trusts and corporations, the workingman needs protection. Societies are organized for that intent. "THE MIDDLE TEN" is a book whose idea is to combat the trusts in a unique if somewhat fantastical method of organization. Titusville, Penn.: The World Publishing Co.

THE MOST SIMPLE AND SAFE REMEDY for a Cough or Throat Trouble is "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" They possess real merit.

A Good Child

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary.



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LEO XIII AND THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

CHARLES ROBINSON.

IT has recently been remarked by a Protestant writer that Macaulay's magnificent panegyric upon the statesmanship of the Catholic Church was never more signally illustrated than during the present pontificate. Crushed and humiliated as was the Holy See at the end of the reign of Pius IX, Leo XIII has restored to the Papacy, with the respect of governments and peoples, that prestige and influence which were her attributes during the heroic times of her history.

In a reign of less than two decades Leo XIII has secured to his successors a sway never dreamed of by his predecessor. As a matter of fact, the present Pontiff is pedestalled upon a pinnacle far beyond the scope and power conceded either to Leo X or Gregory the Great. Rarely, indeed, has the tiara shone with so brilliant and so pure a light or shed its rays so brightly and so far.

As a well-known contributor to the *Illustrated American* points out in commenting on these facts, Leo XIII "found all Europe in revolt when he fell heir to the broken sceptre of Pius IX." He saw not only Germany persecuting the Church, but France alienated and Italy in anarchy — the Powers, in short, ignoring the prelacy of Rome, the *régime* of the Vatican. By acts that speak such statesmanship as the world has rarely seen, all this has been changed. Germany, from being the arch-instigator of revolt, has become a mainstay of the Papacy. Italy, burning with revolutionary ardor to destroy the symbols of clerical tradition, has been pacified into rest; and her most turbulent demagogue openly avows that peaceful government in the peninsula can be secured only by the co-operation of the Church. So again France, the untamable, the reckless prodigal son of Rome, was transformed into dutiful obedience. Even Britain, the first and most mischievous derelict

of the Papacy, has been charmed into compromise, which looks very much like the preliminaries of reunion with Rome.* The Russian autocrat, too, has fallen under the Pontiff's spell, and there are sagacious statesmen who declare that it is only a question of time when the Greek and Roman Catholic will, as of yore, defer to one head.

Pope Leo's address in dealing with Germany in the early part of his pontificate, brought to a triumphant solution the most grievous complexity the Vatican has had to encounter since Napoleon's invasion of the Eternal City, ninety-eight years ago.

The "Man of Blood and Iron" smiled at the idea of such an effete institution as the Catholic Church standing in the way of his projects. Time, however, that grand old common arbitrator, works wondrous changes; and Bismarck, so potent then, has not only fallen from power, but is almost lost sight of now, while the Reichstag has recently repealed the law expelling the Jesuits from the German Empire. The recent magnificent public demonstrations in Cologne attending the funeral of Cardinal Melchers, whom he had imprisoned and exiled for his opposition to the odious May Laws, must have furnished Bismarck with some interesting reflections. The ex-Chancellor had, ere his enforced retirement from public life, learned the road "to Canossa," whither other powerful statesmen have since found it expedient to betake themselves.

This capitulation of the great political leaders of Europe before the "Prisoner of the Vatican" is one of the most striking signs of the times. They plainly perceive that the great ethical and religious force, of which Leo XIII is the head, is the only ally capable of stemming the socialistic current, which they themselves are unable to arrest with their half and half measures of social improvement.

For many years the profligate politicians and fraudulent financiers who grow rich upon what passes for self-government in Italy, have endeavored, without the aid of religion, to cope with the representatives of socialistic and anarchistic ideas; and by the confession of their official spokesmen at Naples in September, '94, they have failed. That Signor Crispi, the arch-enemy and unsparing persecutor of the Pope and of Catholicism, should suddenly veer round and confess that the administrative resources and the organized liberalism of Italy are impotent to save Italian unity and to restore the prosperity of the Italian people, without the active concurrence of that Church which he formerly affected to despise, is, as a leading non-Catholic journal said at the time, "an historical fact of great importance, which may be the starting point and forerunner of moral revolutions too great for the will of man to check their impetuous course."

King Humbert and his advisers now fully realize that were the immense power wielded by the Vatican exercised in behalf of the Savoy dynasty, the latter would be in a far better position to make headway against the growth of socialism; and any doubts they may have had upon this subject were dispelled by the support they received from the Pope

*A striking evidence of this is found in the address recently presented to the Holy Father by the Grindlewald re-unionists, signed by sixteen leaders of the non-conformist communions.

in quelling the late revolt in Sicily,— that "Isle of Fire," as Dante calls her, — which was a signal for the bankruptcy of Italian unity.*

In France, as in Italy, many of the most influential party leaders have come to appreciate the fact that it will be very hard to defend the institutions of civilized society without the aid of religion. In more than one recent crisis Leo XIII has rendered important services to France. Indeed, it is doubtful whether without his aid the Republic could have weathered the storm. The progress of revolutionary ideas in Europe has caused not a few of the chief Republicans, notably Jules Simon and Eugene Spuller, to seek reconciliation with the Vatican, whose importance they had for years underrated, and whose influence they had sought in vain to cripple.

"The French Democracy," said Emilio Castelar in a recent interview in the Paris *Matin*, "should be guided by the religious spirit — not by materialism. Can you not see," continued the great Spanish statesman and orator, "that religious faith has made the American Republic what it is? Do you think that this grand Democracy could have been founded without it? Did not faith and religious passion form the Dutch Republic?"

Sènor Castelar, who has lately, like those already mentioned, thrown himself into the arms of the Catholic Church, which he formerly assailed so savagely, thus describes the Holy Father in the same interview: —

> The Pope is one of the most accomplished politicians of our times. He is a Democrat of the most advanced type. The Pope is also a very well-informed man. Question him on European subjects, and you will find him as well posted as Metternich. Speak to him of the Catholic conquests in the New World, and you will find him well acquainted with all that has been accomplished. But in spite of his advanced ideas he does not wish to humiliate the crowned heads of Europe before their peoples. He respects the thrones, but is not prejudiced in their favor.

The fact that one after another the foremost statesmen in Europe are seeking shelter from the approaching storm by gathering under the canopy that surmounts the chair of Peter, is indeed significant. There is now absolutely no government that is not anxious to cultivate the good offices of the Papacy. This fact was very conspicuously demonstrated the other day by the King of Portugal's refusal to meet King Humbert at Rome during the former's tour through Europe.

Since Italian unity was declared and the Eternal City made the capital of the kingdom, no Catholic sovereign has ever entered the city of the Popes. For the last fifteen years King Humbert has been awaiting the return of the visit he paid to the Emperor of Austria at Vienna — but always in vain. Humbert has refused to receive Francis Joseph anywhere else and this same condition was made in connection with the recently projected visit of the King of Portugal. But if Dom Carlos set foot on the peninsula, he was primordially bound to pay his respects to the Pope, the spiritual Head of his very Catholic subjects. The Holy Father has consistently refused to receive at the Vatican any

* In a remarkable article on "The Diplomacy of the Vatican" which appeared some time since in the *Rassegna Nazionale* the writer, although avowedly hostile to the Papacy, is compelled to admit that "everything which in the last twelve years has been attempted by the Vatican to restore religious peace to those nations deprived of it, or to prevent greater ruin in those where the government showed symptoms of entering on a course of violence, has been successful."

Catholic princes visiting the Quirinal, for he considers that by so doing they acknowledge the rights of the usurper in opposition to those of the Holy See. When King Carlos found that he could not accept King Humbert's invitation without having the doors of the Vatican closed against him, he promptly struck Italy out of his itinerary altogether.

This action on the part of his "Most Faithful Majesty" greatly incensed the Italian government, which feels deeply humiliated at the ban under which the Papacy has thus placed it. When it failed to compel Dom Carlos to accept its conditions, it showed its displeasure by recalling the Italian minister at Lisbon. This course was justly considered not only undignified but impolitic, for it accentuated the mortification felt by the Italians. Its real significance, however, as the New York *Sun* pointed out at the time, lies in the proof it gives of the extraordinary "moral power of the Papacy, as represented by a feeble octogenarian, confined in the precincts of one palace, when pitted against the free and extensive power of the King of Italy." Commenting on the plight of the Italian government in this regard, the same journal remarks: —

> Whatever be the degree of alliance or relationship existing between the sovereigns of the world, Leo XIII has placed an interdict on the Quirinal as severe as any that could have been decreed during the Middle Ages, when the temporal preponderance of Rome had never been questioned; and weak and aged as he is, he is obeyed as implicitly as his predecessors were.

The English Protestant organ, the *Guardian*, has of late frequently expressed astonishment at the growth in strength of the influence of the Catholic Church amongst the Democracies of Europe, and in a recent issue thus refers anew to the fact: "Once more the Church, which twenty years ago was everywhere thought to be fighting a hopeless battle with the modern spirit, is not merely holding her own, but is actually reconquering territory which was once hers." Two important articles on the "Catholic Revival" written lately by Viscomte Melchoir de Vogue, and by Dr. Stuckenberg in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and in the *Homiletic Review*, respectively, are of special interest in this connection. The latter reluctantly admits that "in point of influence the Catholic Church has within the past decade gained vastly. Even in Protestant Germany," he says, "the Catholic Centre is the strongest party in Parliament.* Protestant divisions are everywhere confronted with Catholic unity. Even infidel Liberals respect the power of the Catholic Church, while they treat distracted Protestantism with contempt."

In corroboration of these assertions a well-known Protestant writer, in a very interesting survey of the religious life of Germany published not long since† says: "The former position of favor and influence (of the Church) has not only been regained but also strengthened. There is no doubt that Romanism is at the present time more active and determined than ever, and in this sense puts Protestantism to shame. Germany has been called, and justly so, the bulwark of continental Protestantism. This does not appear very manifest if we place the number of Protestants over against that of Roman Catholics.

* It may be noted that the present Chancellor of Germany is a Catholic. So are the President of the Reichstag, the President of the Bundesrath, the Minister of Justice for Prussia, and the Ranking General in Berlin.

† *The Sunday at Home*, June, 1894.

The figures as last reported stand 29,369,847 and 16,785,734, respectively, or in other words 62.68 Protestants to 35.82 Roman Catholics, the remaining 1.50 being mainly composed of Jews. These were the figures of 1885. Since then considerable changes have occurred; and if we judge by the complaints raised in some parts of the Protestant camp, we should conclude that the alteration was wholly in favor of Rome."

By far the most important and remarkable utterance yet made on the subject of the "Catholic Revival" took the form of an article in one of the leading English reviews by a well-known officer in the Royal Navy * who expresses his astonishment that the Pope, though still in captivity, should have attained in our skeptical time to a moral influence greater than the Holy See has exercised at any time since the so-called Reformation; that, far from showing any signs of decay, the Church is making such strides as to threaten to overshadow all other creeds; and that the Papacy is today "a greater power in shaping the destinies of the world than the Tsar, the Emperor William, or all the foreign secretaries who fret and fume through the length and breadth of Europe." The "unmistakable renewal in the strength and vitality of the Papacy" which this Protestant official affirms, formed the subject of an eloquent sermon recently delivered at the London Oratory by the Rev. Dr. William Barry, whose words are so forceful that no excuse need be made for quoting them *in extenso:* —

> The most astonishing event in our century is the resurrection of the Catholic Church. A hundred years ago, to human eyes, all seemed lost. It was the hour of rationalism — that power of darkness which boasted that it was the light. On high sat the Lawless One, exalting himself against all that was called God or worshipped. A whole nation wrote upon the tombs of the departed: "Death is an eternal sleep." The Vicar of Christ was led away captive, and died far from home. Churches were closed, children left without baptism; the clergy exiled in thousands or sent to the scaffold, or done to death in popular tumults. Men of whom the world was not worthy "had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings — yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment."
>
> It seemed that the Last Day was come. The Holy Catholic Church, once the Lady of Kingdoms, glorious and fair to behold, sat down in the dust by the bier of her dead Pontiff. A whole generation grew up which knew not the name or the grace or the life of the Carpenter's Son. The hearts of men failed them for fear. The fine gold was dimmed; the holy place lay desolate. And the best among Christians had spirit only to suffer. Had the issue depended on them, all indeed was lost for Christendom and the future.
>
> We look round again, and behold what a change! *Surge, illuminare Jerusalem!* Great is the power which makes itself manifest in weakness. Rationalism, measuring with its petty line the deeps of God, is dumfounded. Science, learning what it did not know before, lays its hand on its mouth. The feeble understanding in which man rejoiced, not praising the Giver, has stumbled and hurt itself at the doors innumerable of this strange, romantic, mysterious universe. It dares no longer to say, "That alone shall be knowledge which I have ascertained." With the spoiling of her goods there has come also to the Church a great blessing. She stands free from the charges wont to be made against her — of consecrating legal or illegal tyrannies, and seeming to ally herself with the mighty against those who had no shield from the oppressor. She likewise counts among the

* "The Modern Papacy," by Captain Gambier, R. N., in *Fortnightly Review*, July, 1895. The publication of this article is in itself a striking proof of the stupendous change in the attitude of Protestantism towards the Holy See. Two decades ago it would have been impossible to write thus in one of the foremost organs of English thought. Another notable proof of this fact was the recent appointment of Lord Acton as professor of modern history at Cambridge, he being the first Catholic to hold an important office in either of the great universities since the reign of James II. The new Lord Chief Justice of England is a Catholic. So is the present Postmaster General, while within the past few years the offices of Viceroy of India, Colonial Secretary, Home Secretary, and Attorney-General have also been held by Catholics. Last year the office of Lord Mayor of London was held by a Catholic for the first time since the so-called reformation. And now we have a Catholic Poet Laureate.

poor; she has gone back to the Catacombs with their simplicity of adornment, their multitudes who are rich in faith but have little else. She is not in the houses of kings: she is known as the Church of the Democracy. Yet because she has been tried by fire, and He that established her saith, "I know thy works and charity and service and faith, and thy patience," therefore has her light come as at the beginning, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon her.

The anti-Christian sectaries of Italy, to whom the overthrow of the Pope's temporal power was due, fondly hoped thereby, in the words of one of their leaders, "to decapitate the Papacy in Rome." The event, however, has completely falsified their aspirations. This loss did not bring even a wrinkle upon the fair brow of the Church. The Popedom has lost the material possession of Rome, but, on the other hand, she has splendidly enlarged the dominions of her moral conquests and the sphere of her social action. At the same time, how can the Papacy accomplish its mission unless, in its own possession, it stands apart from the trammel of secular power and aloof from the clashing of rival interests?

The reinstatement of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope is, as Cardinal Satolli forcibly demonstrated in the *International Journal of Ethics*, an international necessity which His Eminence illustrated by the position of Egypt, Belgium, and the District of Columbia, with its exceptional conditions. As the subject of any one state the Pope must be the object of suspicion or alarm either to that state or to other states. Still more, as head of the Catholic Church, must the Pope be independent of all human authority. Conversely his reinstatement, while satisfying a well-founded claim, and bettering the conditions of the Church, would be highly profitable to Italy. Without the least prejudice to the real unity of the nation, without any diminution of national power or hindrance to lawful aspiration, it would bring about domestic peace and improve foreign relations. The existing moral and religious depression of Italy springs not from the Church, as her enemies are wont to aver, but from other influences—notably the rationalistic movement which began in England during the last century. The true remedy is not Protestantism or rationalism, but a revival of Catholic faith and practices.

As the Pope declared last October, the promoters of the occupation of Rome followed an anti-religious deal, desiring to make the Eternal City pagan. This was lately celebrated, with the sanction of the new law, by noisy demonstrators led by a sect who are the enemies of God. "If," said the Sovereign Pontiff, "the Italians would shake off the masonic yoke and listen to us, we could open our heart to their most fondly cherished hopes; otherwise we can only prophesy fresh perils and greater disaster." Some idea of the strength of this hideous incubus may be gathered from the recent assertion of the London *Tablet* that: —

No defenceless mob in front of troops armed with weapons of precision, no rabble of the inferior races of Africa before a Zulu impi, could have been reduced to greater impotence than the Catholic multitudes on the continent in presence of the disciplined ranks of the secret societies, rallied to the watchwords of the revolution and backed by all the influence of the press.

There can be no doubt as to the wish of the Holy Father's declining days. It is "Peace." He would gladly, if occasion offered, take the initiative towards a European disarmament, and in doing so he would be faithful to the teachings of that

Prince of Peace whose representative on earth he is. Meanwhile what a sublime spectacle is that of the frail, old Pontiff, while war lords are sinking millions on battle-ships and fortifications for the purpose of slaughter, working as best he can to put war away from the hands of men, and to promote peace and good will!

"What matters it what the theological opinions of this man are?" exclaims a writer in the *Jewish Review*. "The well-rounded character of his life, the nobleness of his ideals, the fidelity with which even in these his last days he is endeavoring to save his fellow-man — this transcends theology and glorifies humanity. The world is the better for Leo XIII having lived in it."

AN IDYL.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

WINTER kissed his hand to Spring;
But Spring was young and bold;
While Winter seemed a sorry thing,
Ancient, wan, and cold.

She turned her back upon his plaint;
Down dropped his feeble hands;
His eyes grew dim, his breath came faint,
The moments ran like sands.

He wrapped him in his winding sheet,
And laid him down to die;
Spring danced, and sang, "Ah, life is sweet!"
Nor heaved one pitying sigh.

And when at last he lay in death,
And she must surely see,
She cried, with still more joyous breath,
"Here shall my garden be!"

THE STRENGTH OF ST. JOHN'S FOLD.

A SPANISH STORY OF TO-DAY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

G. L. De Cidoncha.

Part I.

PETRILLA was Eliseo's granddaughter, and Eliseo was head guide of the Tino Inn.

None of the habitual guests ever specified that Petrilla was pretty — it went without saying; otherwise she would not have been so popular. As for Eliseo, throughout the province he was accredited with being the Tino's stanchest servitor, and also its oldest appendage, save, perhaps, the weather-beaten signboard that creaked dismally above the portal, and whose lettering was well-nigh obliterated by the ravages of time and storm.

Petrilla had known no bringing-up; she had simply straggled from babyhood after a desultory fashion. However, the stars had been in happy juxtaposition at the child's birth, so asserted Mariana, who had consulted a seer on that auspicious occasion; and possibly that was why the good woman felt no concern about the training or care of her charge, who passed the days of childhood according to her own sweet will.

Petrilla lorded it over her playmates, not through a quarrelsome disposition, but by virtue of her winning nature, whose witchery was irresistible. When she was fourteen years old, Mariana sent her one day with a message to her grandfather. It was the first time that Petrilla had entered the Tino, and it was a lucky day for her. Lola, the matron, conceived a liking for the girl, and took her in hand kindly and peremptorily. A friendly priest taught her to read and write, and Lola prevailed upon Mariana to instruct the girl in the art of plying the needle. She also had her come to the Tino two or three days in the week, and there she initiated her into the mysteries of housewifery.

Such was the fruition of Dame Lola's undertaking, that Petrilla at the age of sixteen was both efficient and dainty.

"It was all in her," Lola would say, with a touch of pride in the

maiden, "but it had to be brought out. She catches at new ideas in a wink, and she is as trustworthy as she is apt and graceful; that is the best of Petrilla."

The travelling agents that frequented the inn presented Petrilla with all manner of curious tokens of their esteem. She accepted them graciously if she approved of the donor, otherwise she demurely declined the gift with a determination that no persuasiveness could alter. It was generally understood that Petrilla was to be treated with chivalrous homage, and it would have gone hard with any man who dared to trifle with her.

Petrilla had a strong attachment for the desolate convent and temple of St. John, in the neighborhood — the King's St. John the Toledeans phrase it, because the structure was erected by the Catholic sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella. When Eliseo accompanied tourists to the ruined fane, he would apprise Petrilla, who would invariably accompany the party to the gates and then slip away to her favorite nooks. She struck up a friendship with Pablo and Eulalia, the old couple who presided over the precincts as custodians, and they gave her leave to wander about as much and as often as she liked. Mariana wondered at Petrilla's fondness for Eulalia, unaware that her visits covered solitary rambles in the convent grounds. Neither did Petrilla make a confidante of Lola, fearful lest the matron's strict sense of propriety should disapprove her roaming through the deserted cloisters alone.

One day she sought her hallowed retreat. Climbing into one of the archways of the cloisters, she ensconced herself comfortably on the ledge below the defaced statue of a bishop, and gave herself to her accustomed reveries. Over the ancient court, which spread before her a rank prodigality of weeds and shrubs, and through the echoless cloisters she pictured stoled and hooded monks gliding, intent only on their prayers or pausing, as they came face to face, to exchange the funereal salutation, "*Brother, die we must!*" She shut her eyes drowsily, imagining the monotonous chant of the Holy Office. She seemed to be one of the inmates of the cloister herself. She heard the bell ringing for matins. She strove to obey, but the battered effigy of the bishop held her back.

She opened her eyes with a start. She had been dreaming, and the warm clasp she had felt was the glowing caresses of the sunbeams that had advanced stealthily upon her dreams. As she was about to descend from the ledge, her attention was arrested by the approaching footsteps of a stranger, a young man who spoke to her fluently, with a liquid intonation that showed him to be a Cuban. He bore a glass plate carefully in his hands, and held it before her for her inspection.

"Will you look?"

To her surprise she saw herself in a photographic negative, fast asleep on the ledge.

"Yes, it is I," she admitted, "that is clear; but where is your camera? Oh, there across the court, I see." Her puzzled expression changed to one of mirth, which appeared to relieve the young man.

"Do you know, sir, I call that a robbery."

"You must exonerate me," he expostulated. "You were so completely in the shadow that I did not

at first see you. Just as the picture took, the sunlight darted upon you, and there you were, caught in the camera. Of course, if you prefer, I will destroy this, but" —

"But what?"

"I should be sorry."

"Why?"

There was no suggestion of coquetry in her questions. It is doubtful whether in the whole province there was a more frank or direct being than this girl, enthroned in the cloister archway, her white robes gracefully clinging to her, and her dark wavy hair and shining eyes offsetting the remarkable paleness of her complexion. Her ideal beauty had, indeed, wrought her local repute, but her popularity was enhanced by her distinctiveness. She was superior to adulation. She had never bestowed a coquettish word or look or sign on any of her numerous admirers. She would not travesty love. She had imbibed aspirations in the solitary hours of her visits to the cloister. They were not for fame or wealth or love, but to make her life worth the living to others as well as to herself. She had never unveiled her convictions to any living being. She knew too well that it would only have exposed her to ridicule and misconception. But she lived in the hope of sometime encountering a kindred character who should intuitively understand her, and point out to her the course she must pursue to achieve her goal. Meanwhile she strove to be exemplary in small deeds, thus preparing herself for the great ones.

"Why do you want me in the picture?" Petrilla repeated to the stranger in the cloister, seeing he was slow to answer her inquiry.

"I will be candid with you," he rejoined honestly. "I was content with you as you were, but now I wish I might portray you as you are. Before, you seemed to me emblematic of the sluggish, unambitious existence that merely stagnates here upon the scenes of former greatness. Now I behold you symbolic of lofty cravings born, phenix-like, of the ashes of sacrifices forgotten by the world, but treasured in the storehouse of God."

Bareheaded and erect, he stood before Petrilla, his manly countenance transfigured by the power of his thoughts. She had imbibed his words as a thirsty pilgrim the crystal drops of the spring he has attained after weary journeying. When he ceased speaking she said quietly: —

"You are right. Do you not think you will do well to efface my likeness? It has meant more to me than it could to the thousands who might inspect it far from here: it has shown me what I must not, do not wish to be."

"And what are you to be?" he asked eagerly.

"What I hope to be, your words have depicted more vividly than any picture could."

Arturo Sotalva broke the negative.

They both smiled slightly. These two understood each other as some people do not after long years of close companionship.

"Did my grandfather Eliseo guide you here?" Petrilla inquired.

"Yes, and I bade him leave me, to take the views and rove over the place at my leisure. So you are — Petrilla?" he brought out the name diffidently.

"Yes," she said simply. It did not occur to her to ask how he had acquired the knowledge, for she was acquainted thoroughly with the ways

at the Tino. "May I come and watch you take the views?"

Before he could offer to help her, she had sprung lightly down from the ledge, and they went to the spot where he had left his camera.

While he busied himself at his task, she sat on the pavement in the graceful attitude of women in the churches of her country, and related Toledean traditions. Among the rest she recounted to him the legends of Leoncia and Sara.

"Leoncia," began Petrilla, "was an orphan whom Eugenio, a Toledean aristocrat, professed to love. One day he followed her into a church, and, kneeling near her at an altar of Christ on the Cross, invoked the image as witness to his vow to be faithful to Leoncia, if she would consent to plight him her troth. She thereupon assented; but soon after their betrothal he left her for another, and the townsfolk began to look on her askance, discussing possible motives of Eugenio's desertion of her. In pursuit of his new love, the young man once re-entered the church where he had pledged his faith to Leoncia, and again found the latter before the Crucified Christ, beseeching Heaven to touch her recreant lover's heart and testify to his having sworn her lealty. At that, the Christ, according to the tradition, stretched out one hand and pronounced the words, *I bear witness.* Eugenio was so impressed that he fell on his knees, and renewed his vows, which this time he kept."

"The Toledean maidens," added Petrilla, "have ever since flocked in unswerving veneration to the shrine of the Crucified Christ, whose arm remains lowered from the cross as when he bore witness to Eugenio's promises.

"The story of Sara, as chronicled in Toledean legendary lore," she continued, "is more plausible. Sara was a Jew's daughter, beloved by a Christian gentleman and noble. Sara became cognizant of a plot of the Jews to desecrate the Sacred Host, and at the same time to put to a frightful death her lover, whom they suspected of trying to convert her to Christianity. They intended to waylay and capture him on the night of their projected festivities, when he was expected to return to Toledo after a short absence. Sara issued from her house at nightfall, and, intercepting her lover beyond the town, framed an excuse for sending him on by another road than that on which his enemies were lying in wait. The Jews came upon her; and when she not only confessed to having saved her lover, but also declared herself a Christian, they crucified her."

"Sara," said Sotalva, when Petrilla had finished her narration, "was a heroine. Leoncia was only a suppliant for herself and what she cared for, but Sara's was a self-abnegation that might well inspire martyrs and convince infidels."

He was packing up his camera as he spoke.

"Have you finished?" Petrilla asked. "Have you been into the church? No? Will you come? I am as good a guide as my grandfather within these walls. I believe I even know some of the crannies he does not."

She led the way into the church. She made him go up into the king's tribune on one side of the High Altar, and she mounted to the queen's on the other side. Across the intervening space she directed his attention to the beauties of the

rare old temple. Sotalva was double her age and a scholar, but he listened to her as Philamon may have listened to Hypatia.

"She is a grand woman," thought Sotalva. "She possesses the simplicity of a child, and yet is strong with the strength of one of St. John's own."

They rested on the worn step of a shrine, and conversed in subdued tones as though the spirits of the dead lingered near them.

Sotalva told her that, though a Cuban by birth, he had long been a resident of New Orleans.

"A traveller that came once to the Tino," said Petrilla, "told us of the yellow fever scourge in New Orleans seven years ago. Were you there then?" There was a light in her eyes as of one who awaits the confirmation of a hope.

For a moment he did not reply. Then he answered briefly: —

"I was a nurse." He paused, and added explanatorily: "I had seen the fever in Rio Janeiro. One could not stand by and see people dying like dogs. I offered myself as a nurse. I carry now my credentials with me, for there is no knowing when they may become useful."

"You do it — for love?" She hung breathlessly on his answer.

He smiled.

"Did not the friars of St. John?"

In reply, Petrilla gave him an eloquent glance.

A silence fell on them. Sotalva was living over again his childhood, clouded by the loss of his mother and his father's unkindnesses. The boy had grown up among his books and preceptors, his father's austerity and the absence of a mother's love casting a sombre shadow upon his young life.

Arturo Sotalva was not a great man. He was more than that, he was a good one. The best that he had, whether of heart or brains or means, he gave freely to his fellowmen, and his left hand knew not of his right hand's doings. He did not follow the beaten track of services whose achievement is a source of emulation to philanthropists, but sought the lonely road of exposure and suffering that few dare to tread. Thus it was that Sotalva was oftenest found at the bedside of dangerous and loathsome disease.

Petrilla put an end to Sotalva's revery.

"I think," she said, "I know why you are in Spain. There is quarantine already."

"I am waiting," he replied. "Before summer is fairly here, I may be needed."

"And I?" demanded Petrilla. She had risen, full of enthusiasm, and was standing with her arms folded lightly upon her breast. "Are women not needed also?"

"You will be needed," responded Sotalva cordially, with a slight stress on the pronoun.

They returned to the cloisters and parted there.

PART II.

Creseca was one of the districts most heavily stricken by the cholera plague in '85.

The inhabitants of the primitive town of Vuenavilla enforced the quarantine laws rigidly, and the first of July dawned upon the provincial city lying white and wide-spreading amid her olive groves and cornfields, untainted as yet by the fell fiend of disease and death.

The radiance of that summer

morning was but a fallacy; in its atmosphere were lurking the noxious germs, whose poison should smite victim upon victim before the sun rode high.

A woman was the first to wither under the pestilential blast. Leaving a street fountain, her earthen jar poised carelessly on her head, her step wavered suddenly, and she dropped. As the water trickled from the fragments of the broken jar, so her life ebbed away. Two from among the affrighted throng that hied to the spot were conveyed to their homes in mortal agony. Then a lad was brought in from the fields, already dead. And two men as they traversed the streets, sank writhing in the death throes.

By noon whitening lips whispered tremblingly the appalling truth: the town was under the curse.

A panic seized on the populace, and reigned for successive days and nights. Scores of those who succumbed to the pestilence were abandoned by their nearest and dearest, and some unconscious, and others dead, were one and all shuffled off by the bands of drunken wretches who paraded the streets and penetrated the domiciles on their ghastly errand of collecting the bodies for burial, for the dead-cart was too often over-laden. Some who expired unexpectedly were wrapped in sheets and thrust out upon the doorstones, to be picked up like bales of merchandise by the bearers of the dead on their rounds; others had not even the faintest pretence of a shroud, but lay with their stark, upturned features exposed to the blazing heat. One unfortunate girl awoke from a lethargy to find herself on a pile of dead in the cemetery, on the brink of the common fosse into which they were to be thrown. The ruffians who had borne her there, refused to take her again to her home, alleging that it was not worth their while, as they would but have to carry her back for interment sooner or later. She fell back among the corpses and died, not of the plague, but of the shock and dread.

Oh, the woe of it! the unrestrained orgies, the crimes, the repugnance, the misery, the sacrifices!

Into the midst of it all came a stranger, such a one as the people had never known before. They looked on him in superstitious wonderment. Some said he was St. John (*de Dios*), others that he was an angel in disguise come to avenge and forefend.

Sotalva was indefatigable in his labor of encouraging the helpless, soothing the terrified, nursing the sick, strengthening the perishing, burying the dead. He aroused the half-stunned town authorities from their apathy and contrived to have a guard placed in the cemetery, that stopped the abuses committed there. The dead were disposed of promptly but decently. Sotalva himself, aided by a few young men whose energy had been kindled by his example, went every evening to lower the remains to the grave and say a brief prayer over them.

Sotalva had been toiling unremittingly for a month, when at last a dull throbbing in his temples warned him that he had overrated his powers of endurance. He sent a word, a single syllable, winging over the wires,—

"Now!"

That was all, but Petrilla understood. Throughout the summer she had been prepared, as a warrior girt

in his armor for the battle. Eliseo was thunderstruck at his grandchild's demand,—

"Grandfather, take me to Madrid on the next train, and put me on the night one for Vuenavilla."

"Vuenavilla!" repeated Eliseo, bewildered. "Are you mad? Vuenavilla! where the people are falling beneath the cholera like blades of wheat under the reaper's sickle."

"Yes, I know. That is precisely why I am going."

There was a dignity in the response that Eliseo did not essay to resist.

"But — but — you cannot travel alone from Madrid to Vuenavilla," he stammered. "Besides, what will people here say when I take you off and come back without you, you that have never been away from home?"

"Perhaps they will think I am at Aunt Fina's in Madrid, but it is of very little consequence what they think. As for my going alone, you will see." She was depositing a small quantity of essential articles in an antiquated carpet-bag, and she held up a habit of Dolors. "With this, which I shall put on when we reach Madrid, no one will attempt to molest me."

And no one did. On arriving at Vuenavilla the succeeding day, Petrilla presented herself to the mayor with the ingenuous introduction,—

"I am come to aid Arturo Sotalva. Where can I find him?"

The town dignitary bowed low. He would have liked to interrogate the beautiful woman, but her youthful countenance was serious, and her sombre garb was in itself a protection from impertinence. He coughed nervously, and stammered,—

"He — I — you do not know? they have just come to tell me — I am going to him. He has the cholera!"

Petrilla's presentiments were verified. As one in a dream she followed the mayor.

Sotalva's room was filled by those who a month ago had fled from the presence of their afflicted kindred, but who now pressed for a touch of their hero's hand, endeared to them beyond all ties of consanguinity.

Petrilla passed through the groups and bent over the dying man.

"I am here," she said softly and clearly. "Be at peace. I will carry on your work for you."

He was beyond speaking, but the glad light that for one brief moment illumined his countenance upheld Petrilla through the combat on which she entered as she closed those eyes, from which the strength of St. John's disciples would shine forth upon the world in love and rescue and guidance nevermore.

For the first time during the scourge, the bells tolled, and priests and people were in mournful attendance on the dead, when all that was mortal of Arturo Sotalva was borne to its final resting-place.

The cholera continued to rage in unabated fury. Sotalva had mitigated pain and mastered panics, but it was not given to man to allay the course of the demon of destruction.

The doctrine of the transmigration of souls was beyond the rustic people's comprehension, or they might have inclined to the belief that Sotalva's had been incorporated anew in the woman who had appeared among them when it departed from his body. As it was, the rumor that she was his sister was generally accepted as a fact.

Sister Petra, as they called her,

moved untiringly from house to house on her mission of mercy. Tiled and thatched roofs alike sheltered the recipients of her skilful care. None were too high for her to reach, none too humble nor too low for her to seek. Her gentle presence banished pride from the homes where worldly goods abounded, and transformed huts of direst poverty to mansions of hope, and converted dens of heinous offence to sanctuaries of purity. Yet she did not moralize to accomplish all this. What she herself did was of itself a sermon enacted, and far more efficacious than any dissertation.

The days lagged by, the long, long days rife with misfortune.

"God, keep me strong to the last!" was Sister Petra's prayer. And it was granted.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly at first, the frenzy of the pestilence slackened.

The town began to shake off the stupor that prolonged calamity involved. Homes lay waste on every side. Not a household but had been visited by the monster of despoliation, not a circle his venomous clutch had left unbroken, not a family but was diminished! Gaunt figures crawled out to their doorways darkened by desolation. Aged couples bent to arduous tasks formerly fulfilled by the children they had reared to sturdy manhood and womanhood, but who had been laid low in their prime while the old folks had been spared. Orphans, scarcely more than babes themselves, ministered to the wants of younger children.

But there was never a face too wan to muster a smile for Sister Petra, never a childish form that did not dart to meet her on her approach, never a baby's laugh but babbled out more merrily at her coming.

"He was an angel, and he left us a saint," the people said, with the fervor of their clime.

Loud were the lamentations when it was known that Sister Petra had vanished from Vuenavilla. To this day the people reverently guard her memory. Some think she may have been taken mysteriously up to heaven. Others live in the whimsical hope of her coming back some day for the leavetakings she dispensed with on her departure.

A few years ago, when the statue of Hernan Cortes was unveiled at the conqueror's birthplace, there were many visitors throughout that and the neighboring provinces. During that period it was discovered that a hand had traced indelibly on the marble cross above Sotalva's grave the ensuing references:

St. John { xi — 36 *
{ xv — 13 †

* The Jews therefore said: — behold how he loved him.

† Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

"I WILL NOT SHORTEN SAIL!"

ERNEST NEWTON BAGG.

"And his men began to mutiny before fourteen days were past, consulting to throw the Admirall overboard, and return to Europe."

— *Ancient Account.*

THE weary sailors all in vain the drear horizon scanned;
Naught saw their eyes save heaving main, and naught of promised land.
By angry doubt and open threat they caused his face to pale,
Yet firm he spake, "For three days yet, I will not shorten sail!"

O faith sublime, that yet abides when mortal help is past!
O splendid courage, that outrides the storm that breaks the mast!
Hark! O'er the tumult of the seas, the roaring of the gale, —
The watchword of the centuries — "I will not shorten sail!"

The raging tempests terrified, but faith in God prevailed,
And mutiny was forced to hide, as on and on they sailed.
Then Heaven's smile smoothed out the deep as they were onward fanned,
And, lo! — A world was waked from sleep when Pinta's watch cried, "Land!"

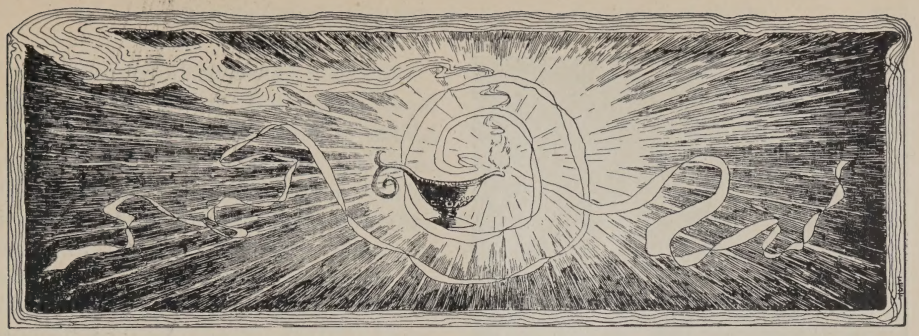
For these his fame resounds to-day from every vale and hill:
For faith, for hope, for courage strong, for all unconquered will;
His with earth's most illustrious names let loyal hearts maintain,
And glory that our land proclaims her debt of love to Spain!

Oh, timid, trembling soul, sail out for undiscovered shore! —
Far out o'er seas of wrong, and doubt, where ne'er was sail before;
Seek chart and compass from above! The course can never fail
Till in the Harbor of His Love, He bids thee "shorten sail"!

COLUMBUS ON THE DECK OF THE "SANTA MARIA"

From the picture by C. Von Pilotz.

1888



REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM FLORENCE.

E. R. Byram.

IN a memorial paper upon the life and character of the late Edward A. Sothern, his long-time friend, William Florence made use of the following sentence: "In his career is to be found a striking example of the intense individuality which results from the combination of those qualities which mark at once the sterling actor and the true gentleman." To those who enjoyed the friendship or the acquaintance of Mr. Florence, how easily, how appropriately, and with what significance can this little tribute be applied to himself. No actor in his private life, in this generation surely, possessed an individuality more marked or more distinct than William Florence. It was a noticeable and striking characteristic of his being, and was observable in all his communion with men. His individuality was of that peculiar personal quality which drew to him the approbation, the respect, and the admiration of his fellows, and it was the same to-day, to-morrow, always. Open, frank, sincere, honest, with his heart upon his sleeve, what wonder that the world was his friend, as he was the friend of the world. Such as he have no enemies.

In discussing the career of a man who, unaided except by his own persistent perseverance, has won especial honor in any department of human effort, it is interesting to trace, when practicable, the circumstances which led to this result. In the instance of Mr. Florence, this is a comparatively easy matter; for during the forty and more years of his public career, he was constantly and unremittingly before the public gaze, and his daily life was a part of the history of his time.

William Jermyn Florence was an American, born of Irish parents; and as he grew to manhood and became familiar with the principles of this government, he became imbued with that intense quality of Americanism characteristic of the descendants of the Celtic race, of which he was exceedingly proud. His love of country was always assertive, but never obtrusive or obnoxious, though many a time when travelling abroad his patriotism was aroused at taunts flung at his native land. An in-

FLORENCE AS JULES OBENREISER, IN "NO THOROUGHFARE."

stance in point can here be stated. On one of his early trips to England he was a guest at a fashionable London club. During his visit and in his presence one of the snobs, probably unaware that he was an American, gave utterance to a disparaging remark about President Lincoln. Mr. Florence's rejoinder was characteristic of the man: "As an American, I take exceptions to the gentleman's remark, but this is not the time or place for a guest to reply." With this he retired from the club, and was never again seen within its doors. Some sort of an apology or modification of the offensive speech was attempted, but it availed nothing.

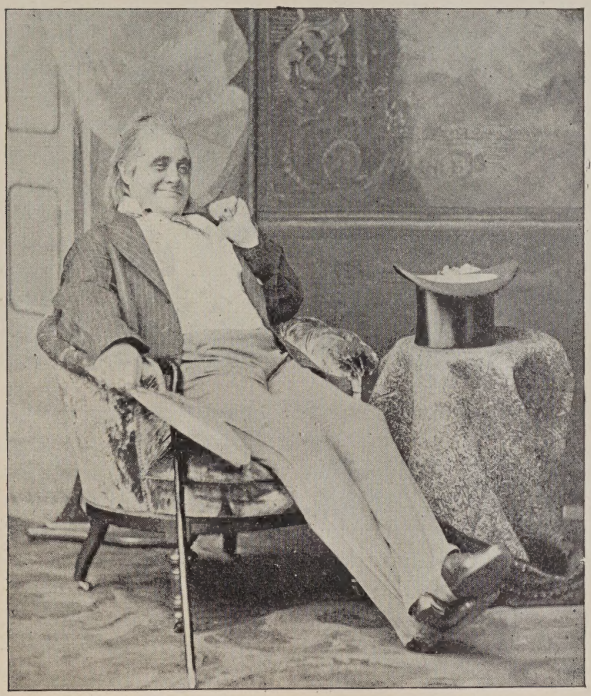
Mr. Florence was born in Albany, New York, July 26, 1831, and the house is now or was quite recently standing on Beaver Street. The family name was Conlin, and William was the eldest of eight children. His father died in 1846; and the mother, with limited resources, was left to fight life's battle as best she could. William left school to lend his aid in the support of the family. He went to New York; and after working in several kinds of business, he finally got into the employ of a costumer, one Taylor, on Prince Street. As he, like most boys, had a taste for the theatre, his employment brought him closer to his desire to be near professional people, as part of his duty was to carry costumes to the theatres.

He became a member of the J. E. Murdoch Dramatic Association, and his first speaking part was the character of Sam in the farce of "Raising the Wind." This occurred in the attic of an old building on the corner of Grand and Christie streets, which had been rudely fitted up as a "theatre," with benches built up circus fashion. His performance of Sam was described by an eye witness as the "callow effort of a fat-chap boy, fifteen or sixteen years old, who enjoyed the play as well as the audience, for he did nothing but laugh most of the time he was on the stage." This was in the early part of 1849; but before the year had expired he was in a legitimate company in the only theatre then in Brooklyn, playing mall parts, such as Old Dobbs in the "Omnibus," and other farces. It was in this company that he first saw Malvina Pray, who was in private life Mrs. Joseph Littell, wife of the "old man" of the company. Florence little thought

then that the handsome danseuse would eventually become his wife.

Subsequently he went to Newark, New Jersey, where he acted small parts with Barney Williams, F. S. Chanfrau, and others, and later he was seen at the Marshall Theatre, Richmond, Virginia, managed by W. F. Chippendale. This was in December, 1849, and in many of all the great stars, Forrest, the elder Booth, Cushman, Hackett, and the rest.

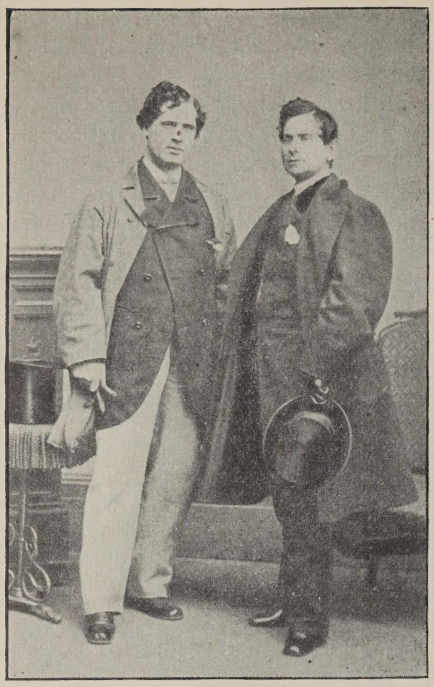
Following this engagement he went off to Canada with John Nickinson; and at last, in 1852, he was back in New York at the Broadway Theatre, under E. A. Marshall, and later at the Lyceum, under John Brougham. It was at the latter house that he



FLORENCE IN "THE PROFESSOR."

the sketches of Mr. Florence's career this latter event is erroneously given as his professional début. Simple characters, such as Peter in the "Stranger," were the best he got, and he soon returned to New York, playing a while at the old Richmond Hill Theatre. W. C. Forbes, the Providence manager, took him up, and he was there two seasons, gradually working his way into good parts, and playing with made his first distinctive mark, for he was only second to the great Brougham, and the two made many a hit in the sketches, burlesques, and farces, of which Brougham was such a prolific producer.

New Year's Day, 1853, was a red-letter day for William Florence. On that day he and Mrs. Littell were married, and for nearly thirty-nine years their wedded life was marked by a constancy, an affection, a con-



FLORENCE AND WILLIAMS.

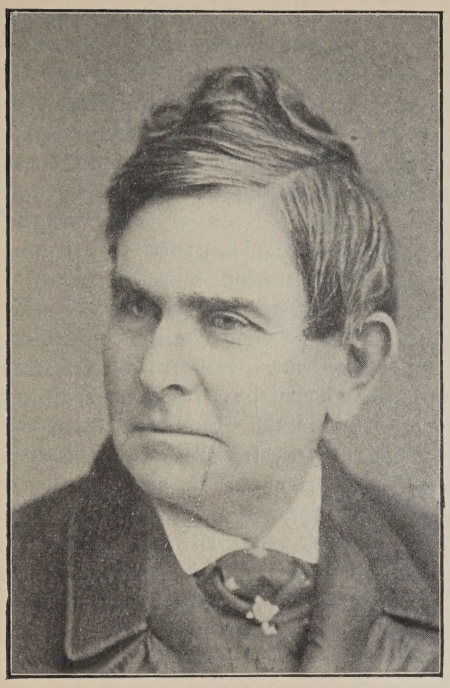
fidence, rarely noted on or off the stage. It was a happy, a congenial, and a well-ordered union. In age, tastes, religion, experience, they had much in common, and their long wedded life was one of harmony and happiness.

Mrs. Florence was the sister of Mrs. Barney Williams, who with her husband had already opened up a dramatic field, in the presentation of the rollicking Irish peasant and the broad, coarse, but honest Yankee girl. The Florences saw room for themselves in the same line of work, and forthwith proceeded to improve their opportunity. In its adoption, however, Mr. Florence was handicapped by the fact that the Williamses were first in the field, and had already made an enviable reputation and much money, and that Barney was better endowed by nature for characters in which the Irish peasant was pictured. His face will be remembered as extraordinarily Milesian, and his brogue — oh, what a brogue!

Dressed for a part, with knee breeches and shillelah, he was an ideal low comedy Irishman, but his abilities ended there, and he could do nothing else. He would have been lost in such Irish parts as McShane in the "Nervous Man," Captain Murphy Maguire, in the "Serious Family," Sir Lucius O'Trigger, in the "Rivals," or even O'Callaghan in "His Last Legs."

Mr. Florence, though of Irish extraction, did not have the faculty of presenting the low comedy Irishman as well as his brother-in-law, and his brogue was never the best. It was amply sufficient, however, for the higher range of characterization. It

MRS. FLORENCE.



BARNEY WILLIAMS.

was fitted for the drawing-room, while that of Williams' would only answer for the hovel. John Brougham is reported to have once said that with Williams' brogue you could make glue, but with Florence's you could varnish a house. But Florence had that which was superior to brogue or a pudgy Irish face. He could play any kind of a part, and all acceptably, if not well. Still better, he could conceive, write, produce, and his ability in these respects stood him in good service.

He came forth in new dramas, farces, burlesques, and sketches, all from his own fertile brain. If one piece did not go, a new one was substituted. Mrs. Florence required new songs, and her husband made them. One of her Yankee dialect songs, "As she went bobbin' round," was enormously successful, no less than one hundred thousand copies being printed and sold. It was sung by Mrs. Florence in their travels all over the country and in Great Britain. The Florences had all of John Brougham's fondness for burlesque, and early in their career they produced travesties on "Fra Diavolo," "Lalla Rookh," "Colleen Bawn," "Lady of Lyons," and other popular plays and operas, and generally with success.

While pursuing their starring tours, and during the brief rests which followed, Mr. Florence found time to write many serious pieces. "The Drunkard's Doom," "Irish Princess," "Eva," "Woman's Wrongs," "O'Neil the Great," and the "Sicilian Bride," were some of his efforts, and they all contained much that was meritorious, though they never rose to the grade of success.

The Florences went to England for the first time in April, 1856, and

MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.

FLORENCE AS THE HON. BARDWELL SLOTE IN "THE MIGHTY DOLLAR."

played an engagement at the Drury Lane Theatre, where they acted over two hundred times, making a sensation in their Irish and Yankee personations, and adding much to their fame and bank account. Following London, all of the great cities and towns of the United Kingdom were visited, and their success was duplicated, as the reports of their London season had preceded them. Their style of performance was an absolute novelty in England, Mrs. Florence being the first American comic actress they had ever seen. Her travesty on the Yankee girl was accepted by many as a genuine type of American character.

While in England on another visit, Mr. Florence saw Tom Taylor's drama "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," as it was then being played by Henry Neville. The idea struck him that he was equal to the part of Bob Brierly, though his best efforts had up to this time been confined chiefly to the lighter class of plays. He brought home a copy of the drama and made a study of Brierly, his wife also doing the same with Emily St. Evremond. He produced the piece at the old Winter Garden Theatre, in New York, in 1863, and its reception and success were phenomenal. It was the acting of Brierly that more than anything else established Mr. Florence in the hearts of American theatre-goers as one of the foremost actors of his time. It showed him capable of better work than he had before essayed. It could hardly be understood and believed that the same man who had made the people laugh till their sides ached in "Handy Andy," "Beppo," and as Bill Williams, in the "Returned Volunteer," now brought tears to their eyes in his picture of the misfortunes of the poor mechanic. Mr. Florence acted this part over three thousand times, and it will ever be remembered as one of the most famous exploits of his career.

Another great hit was made by Mr. Florence in his masterly impersonation of Captain Edward Cuttle in a not good comedy of "Dombey & Son." This play had been identified with the great Burton to such an extent that it was almost deemed an impertinence for any one else to attempt it. But Florence thought

differently, and with the Cuttle costume, bought at a sale of Burton's wardrobe, went before the public in the part. It was accepted as a most artistic characterization, and by many was classed as superior to the original. Florence appeared in it many hundred times.

In 1867, while Mr. Florence was in England again, he saw Tom Robertson's comedy of "Caste" at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Thinking it would be a good piece for America, he secured a copy, and upon his return home offered it to his brother-in-law, who was at that time manager of the Broadway Theatre. The distribution of characters was a strong one, and it is worth mention that besides Mr. and Mrs. Florence, Mrs. Chanfrau, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Effie Germon, George Honey, Owen Marlowe, and Edward Lamb were in the cast. The play was a great success, though it created a lawsuit with the Wallacks, who had it in rehearsal at the time and claimed a permitted authority from its English owners for American production. The defence of Mr. Florence was that he committed the play to memory by seeing it acted in London; and there being no international copyright law, or any law to prevent his production of the piece, it was so ruled and the suit resulted in his favor.

In this connection it can be stated that to an actor, no natural gift or accomplishment is so essential to success as the possession of a good memory, or, as it is termed in stage parlance, a "quick study." Some actors possess this faculty to a remarkable degree, and few were more endowed in this respect than Mr. Florence. He could in his younger days "wing a part" in a most astonishing manner, and many are the parts he has played with but a few hours' study and without a rehearsal. The achievement of his memorizing "Caste," referred to above, was not accomplished in one sitting, as has been stated by some, but was the result of four or five visits. In discussing this faculty with the writer he expressed a belief that it would be possible for him, or any actor of good study, to memorize a comedy sufficient to write it out in two or three visits. He stated that he committed the whole of the lines of Bob Brierly in one day from the manuscript.

Another of Mr. Florence's great serious parts was Jules Obenreiser in "No Thoroughfare." His conception and treatment of this character was at variance with that of Charles Fechter, though he has been accused of imitating that illustrious actor. How such an idea could be entertained the writer is at a loss to conjecture, as their styles were totally unlike, Fechter's being passionate, vehement, and fierce, while Florence's was calm, intense, and repressed. They were both vivid and striking personations, and will long live as the standards. Many of Mr. Florence's admirers have given him the first place.

"The Mighty Dollar" was the latest pretentious production of the Florences. It was constructed, as the writer has been told, upon lines and plans suggested by Mr. Florence, and was written by Benjamin E. Woolf. It was not, nor could it have been intended as anything but a caricature upon American life and manners. The characters of Bardwell Slote and Mrs. Gilflory were impossible human beings—he a vulgar, lying, ignorant, profane, political shyster of the rankest stamp, and

she a coarse, conceited, overdressed shoddyite, a sort of exaggerated Mrs. Malaprop. The play was produced first at the New York Park, in 1875, and the critics of that time scored it unmercifully, bringing in ridicule to aid their expressions of contempt. But people went to see it, and Mr. and Mrs. Florence repeated their performance of it more than three thousand times, and received as a result probably half a million dollars. Regardless of its motive, the fact exists that it was an extremely amusing stage creation, splendidly presented, and as such was accepted by the theatre-going public in a measure vouchsafed to few modern comedies.

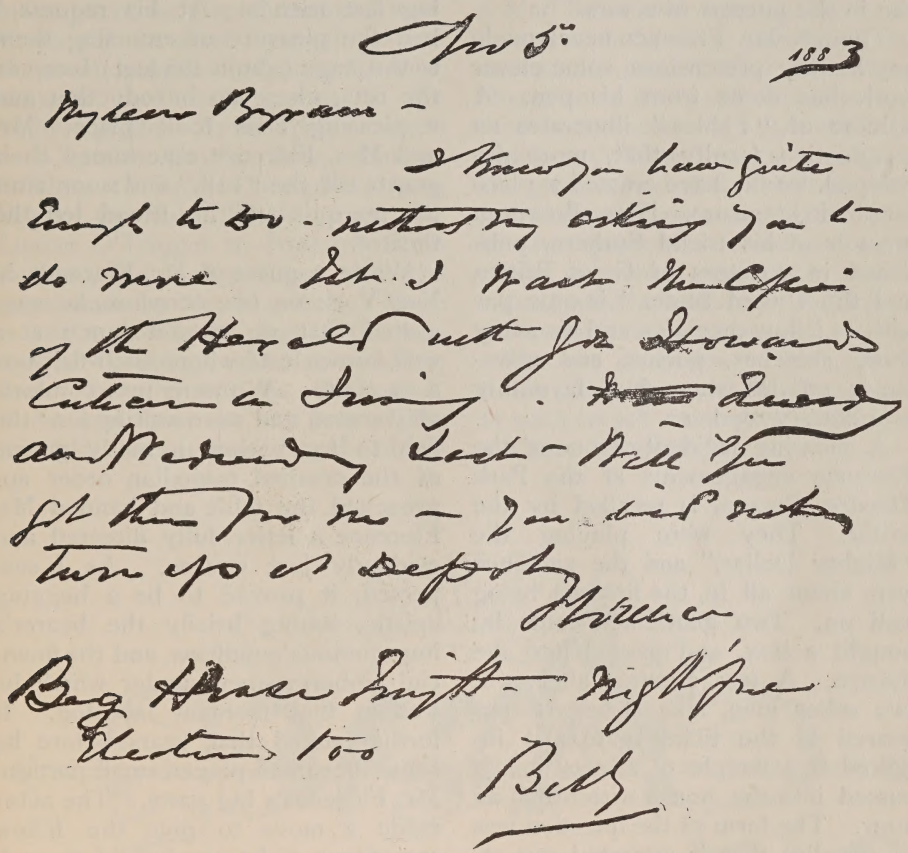
Mr. Florence's stage education and training were acquired in the severe school of the purely legitimate drama, where actors, and not stage carpenters and property makers, were the mediums by which a play was presented to the public. Machine shops, windmills, fire engines, and earthquakes were not, in his way of thinking, the chief essentials in the presentation of a dramatic plot, and in none of the vast number of plays with which he was identified did the mechanical element preponderate over or usurp the artistic. The actors, he believed, should develop the story, and not the steam engine under the stage.

True, he wished to see, and always did see, that the plays under his control and direction were well and properly mounted, and he spent thousands of dollars in stage decoration and ornamentation. But mechanical contrivances and stage carpenter's tricks, so much in vogue of late years, had no place in his regard except as secondary and not primary adjuncts. He also had an aversion for the modern farce comedy, so called, and his views on this subject are best given in his own words: "A play can be ever so funny and still have the comedy element, a legitimate outcome of plot and character; but these 'Wooden Soldiers' and 'Box of Beans,' and all that sort of stuff are a mere hodge-podge of incident, held together by the most worthless and trivial pretence of a plot, and devoted to showing how many times a man may be kicked, thrown down stairs, dropped into a washtub, or whacked with stuffed clubs in the course of an evening without being killed. They have cheapened dramatic art and have introduced to the stage a low element that was foreign to it in former years. These cheap and nasty performances are excellent weapons in the hands of the enemies of the stage, when they wish to prove the vulgarity and worthlessness of the theatre."

Like all public men, especially those of his profession, Mr. Florence's society was much sought, and he was ever a welcome guest at the clubs of the fashionable, the social, the literary, and the artistic. He was a marvellously good story teller, and always had dozens at his tongue's end. He was also, like his friend Sothern, a great admirer of a practical joke, and columns could be written of his exploits in this regard. One of the best scrapes he was ever prominent in was the famous dinner given to Philip Lee, husband of Adelaide Neilson, in New York. At this banquet Lee was introduced to the poet Bryant, the statesman Seymour, ex-Governor Carroll, and many other distinguished persons. Poor Lee was not till afterward made aware of the fact that Bryant and

Seymour were Dan and Nelse, of Tony Pastor's theatre, Carroll was John the comedian, and the rest of the celebrities were other jokers of a like ilk. During the evening, and at the table, a sham brawl was engaged in, the lights were put out, and poor

traits of representative men, born in the state, would be acceptable as adornments to the walls of the building. Upon the suggestion of several friends, Mr. Florence had a life-size portrait of himself painted by the late Lysander Thompson, at an ex-



FAC-SIMILE OF THE HANDWRITING OF WILLIAM FLORENCE.

Lee was frightened half out of his wits.

In Mr. Florence's career he experienced many a snub, but most of them were the result of his profession. Reference to two instances will suffice for this paper. Upon the completion of the State House at Albany, it was made public that porpense of over twelve hundred dollars. The portrait was tendered the committee, who finally rejected it on the ground that actors hardly came within the sphere of representative men. Shortly before Mr. Florence's death he presented the portrait to a long-time friend, Captain W. T. W. Ball, of Boston. The episode at the

swell Union Club, some years later was another instance of practical snobbery. Mr. Florence, who had been a guest at the club, was invited to enroll as a member. He was proposed and rejected, the only reason being given that the Union Club was an association of gentlemen, and not run in the interest of actors.

Though Mr. Florence never made any literary pretensions, some clever work has come from his pen. A volume of "Fables" illustrates an imaginative faculty that, more developed, would have created a place for him in literature. His well-written memoir of his friend Sothern, published in "Actors of Great Britain and the United States" is on a par with its fellow-memoirs, and his many short sketches, poems, and newspaper articles show him favorably as a literary worker.

A pleasing incident of one of the Florence engagements at the Park Theatre, Boston, is recalled by the writer. They were playing the "Mighty Dollar," and the audience were about all in, the first act being well on. Two gentlemen came in, bought a box, and passed into the theatre. A few minutes afterward, two other men, also strangers, appeared at the ticket gate and inquired if a couple of strangers had passed into the house within half an hour. The form of the question was so peculiar that it attracted my attention, and the reply was that nearly all the audience were strangers, as usual. "Well, we mean persons of note," said the speaker. Further inquiry developed the fact that they were detectives (one a Canadian and the other from New York), and that the two noted persons referred to were the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General of Canada, and a companion. The detectives were a body guard of the marquis, and, upon being given admission, identified the party. Becoming interested, I noticed the pleasing effect of the play upon the distinguished gentlemen and observed that Mr. Florence recognized their presence, they being fast friends. At his request I had the pleasure of escorting them to the stage (about ten feet) between the acts, where an introduction and a pleasing chat took place. Mr. and Mrs. Florence entertained their guests till the "call," and soon after the marquis and his friend left the theatre.

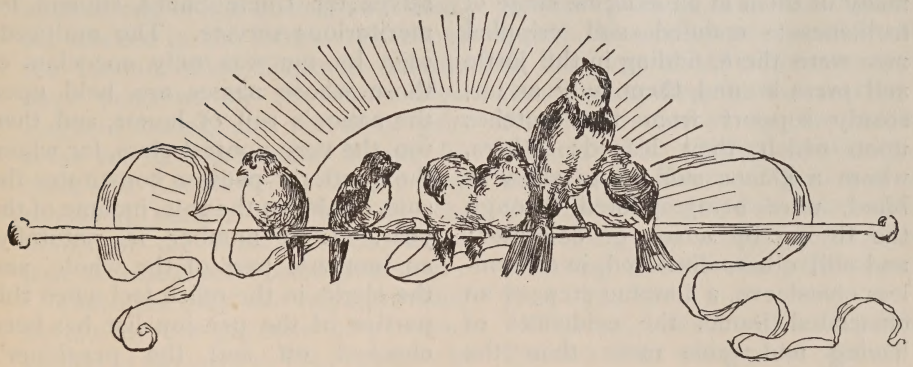
While a guest of Mr. Florence in New York on one occasion, he suggested that we should lunch at a well-known café where shell-fish was a specialty. We were just comfortably seated and were waiting for "the fish to fry," when a seedy genius of the crushed tragedian order approached the table and handed Mr. Florence a letter, fully directed and evidently just written. As I suspected, it proved to be a begging epistle, stating briefly the bearer's impecunious condition, and the financial embarrassment under which he was at that moment laboring. It further stated that years before he somewhere had played small parts to Mr. Florence's big parts. The actor made a move to give the fellow something, as he usually did to such people, when to his surprise the mendicant remarked that what he particularly desired was a personal letter of recommendation to the manager of a street railway company, that he might procure a situation as conductor or driver of a horse car. The request was declined. It was always believed by me that this incident was a put-up job, by some

practical joker, and that the fellow was paid for his part of the affair.

In glancing back over the life, character, and ability of Mr. Florence, I find a remarkable figure. As an actor, his versatility was astounding. If in his time he played many parts, he played them all well. From the smallest beginnings and the most humble characters he went through the whole gamut to the highest grade. From Irish peasants to Captain Cuttle, from George D'Alray to Jules Obenreiser, from Beppo to Bob· Brierly, from Sir Lucius O'Trigger to Bardwell Slote —these, and such as these, were the steps made by Mr. Florence. There is not a parallel to this in the history of the stage, and there is little hope that it will be duplicated. Fame and favor in any one of the theatrical lines indicated in the above list would suffice for the actor of the present day.

In private life Mr. Florence was a man to be admired. Even tempered, mild mannered, with a grace and dignity that accompany the travelled and observing gentleman, with a kind heart and a sympathetic for the less fortunate, outspoken and earnest in denunciation of wrong, liberal to a fault with his means— these were some of the attributes which contributed to his popularity and made him a desired friend. His personal acquaintance, aside from his own profession, embraced many of the prominent statesmen, men of letters, artists, members of the learned professions, and clergymen.

He was an honor to his country, to his profession, and to himself, and as such he left an impress which will not soon be effaced.



RESPONSIBILITY.

Frank H. Sweet.

Our life is ours in sacred trust,
To shape as best we can,
For if we fail, our failure must
Impair God's perfect plan.

A GLANCE INTO A PENSION OFFICE.

EDWARD GERARD.

STEPPING from the elevator at the second floor of the Post Office Building in Boston a short time ago, my attention was arrested by a remarkable crowd of old-ish people of both sexes who filled the entire passage, and straggled far down the corridors which radiate toward the rooms in the other wings of the building.

The sight was sufficient to attract any observer who might chance that way, as the motley host had several characteristics which marked it as no ordinary gathering. Old and decrepit men and women were there, many of them in an extreme stage of feebleness; maimed and crippled men were there, finding in the jostle and press around them only an unsteady support from the crutches upon which they leaned; others, whom a glance sufficed to show as blind, were being piloted through the throng by a son or daughter; and still others disclosed, in an armless coatsleeve, a limping step, or an emaciated frame, the evidences of having undergone more than the usual hardships and vicissitudes of life.

On all there rested only too plainly the stamp of hard pinching poverty; and this, with the other proofs of disability and age, invested the group with a most pathetic as well as a picturesque interest.

The explanation of the strange assemblage was found in a sign upon one of the doors toward which the crowd was patiently and wearily struggling. The sign read: —

U. S. PENSION AGENT.
Office hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

The quarterly pensions were just due, and the crowd inside and outside the office door was the vanguard of the army of applicants which besieges the coffers of the department with unremitting persistency every business day of the year.

The gathering before me, however, was not characteristic either of the entire list of pensioners, or of the manner in which they present themselves for Uncle Sam's stipend for meritorious service. The multitude seen by me was only one class of those whose names are held upon the nation's roll of honor, and that, too, the very poorest class, for whom the quarterly pension constitutes the sole, or almost the sole, income of the year. Their number is, naturally, an immense part of the whole, and the clerks in the office feel when this portion of the pension list has been checked off and the pensioner's voucher for the money safely filed away, that their greatest labor for the quarter is ended.

Four times a year, as regularly as the pension commissioner in Washington declares his quarterly dividend, the scene above described is enacted at the Pension Department in Boston and with slight variations

at all the pension offices in the country. On the fourth day of March, June, September, and December the pensions fall due; and these dates, eagerly looked forward to by thousands, witness the advent of the first detachments, which continue along for fully a week from early morning until early evening.

The number of pensions paid by the local department in Boston during the first week of every quarter averages one thousand daily, or more than seven tenths of the entire list. To accommodate the crowd the pension office is opened during this period at 6.30 in the morning, and does not close until long after every other federal department in the building has finished its daily duties. When the first great rush is past, and the anxious throng has thinned out to a number more easily handled, the office does not open until 9 A. M., and closes at 5 o'clock. Even under this routine the department is one of the busiest and hardest worked in the federal service, as the Boston office dispenses all the navy pensions for the entire New England States, and the army pensions for Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. Of the fifty thousand names enrolled on the books of the Boston office, about nine thousand are Boston pensioners.

There are only two ways provided by law for the payment of pensions —that of payment to the pensioner in person or the sending the amount to him by check through the mail. Both modes of payment presuppose the execution of a voucher under oath by the payee, either at the pension office or before a proper authority, attesting his or her identity with the person named on the pension list. No pensioner can delegate any one else to collect his pension; his proper signature or mark must be upon the voucher, and the oath must be made by him in person. This is one reason why there are so many maimed and invalid pensioners in the quarterly crowds at the office. Their physical condition would suggest the deputizing of some relative to collect the amount for them, but under the law they feel compelled to appear in person, preferring to do so rather than await the slower means of payment by mail.

It is a common occurrence in the first throngs that repair to the local office to see an aged man or woman drop fainting from weakness in the waiting line. In fact, no quarter passes by without this happening, and the department has come to recognize the keeping on hand and the application of restoratives to enfeebled pensioners as part of its customary routine.

The amounts paid range from the slender pittance of two dollars a month, the smallest pension disbursed, to the more liberal allowance apportioned according to the severity of disability incurred in the nation's service. The average pensioner receives about twelve dollars a month, this amount being calculated chiefly from the great number of pensioners receiving it under the pension act of June 27, 1890.

This act, known as the Dependent Pension Bill, which was almost an exact copy of the act of March 18, 1818, granting revolutionary pensions, gives to every soldier or sailor who served ninety days and over in the late war, who, by reason of present physical infirmities, is prevented from performing manual labor, a monthly pension of twelve dollars, and to the widows of deceased sol-

diers and sailors an allowance of eight dollars per month.

The highest pension paid in Boston is one hundred dollars per month, and the pensioner is Lewis A. Horton, who has the unique honor of being the sole surviving Massachusetts veteran of the war who lost both arms in his country's service. Two other soldiers shared his distinction at the close of the war — the renowned Captain Plunkett, of Worcester, who died several years ago, and Private James Hodgdon, of Bradford, Massachusetts, who died in the early seventies. Mr. Horton is a modest, retiring man, and is loth to enter upon his war record when addressed on the subject; yet his career as a seaman in the navy during the war was replete with stirring incident and adventure, and greatly redounds to his honorable patriotism. Enlisting in May, 1861, at the age of eighteen, he was assigned to duty on the U. S. steamship Massachusetts, and in less than two months was a prisoner among the rebels, being taken off Cedar Keys, Florida, on July 2, 1861. Eight months experience of rebel prison life at Tallahassee, Monticello,and Richmond did not make the Southern cause any more attractive to him, and shortly after his discharge from the service in March, 1862, he re-enlisted and was assigned to the U. S. steamship Rhode Island, aboard which he was made captain of the maintop by Commander Trenchard. He was one of the boat's crew sent by the commander of the Rhode Island to the rescue of the Monitor's crew when that vessel foundered in the storm of December 29, 1862, off Cape Hatteras. Driven out of sight of their vessel in the gale, the boat's crew was reported as lost, and suffered great hardship without food, water, or compass, until rescued by a schooner and taken into Beauford, where they rejoined their vessel ten days later.

The accident by which Horton lost both arms was the premature discharge of a cannon which he was loading for a salute off Cape Haytien on November 3, 1863. He was blown through the porthole into the sea, and with difficulty rescued from drowning by his shipmates. Both arms were torn off near the elbow, and it was afterwards found necessary to amputate them both near the shoulder.

Curious facts are brought to light in an examination of the rolls in the Boston office. From them it appears that there is still one pension of the Revolutionary war paid in New England. Miss Frances Thatcher, of Norwich, Connecticut, daughter of Abijah Thatcher and grand-daughter of "Union John" of the Connecticut militia of 1776, is the sole New England recipient of a pension based upon the revolution of 1776. By special act of Congress Miss Thatcher receives eighteen dollars every month for the services of her grandsire in the colonial revolt. She is an elderly maiden lady, and draws her allowance regularly through the mail.

In the last annual report of the commissioner of pensions it was stated that twenty widows and daughters of revolutionary soldiers were still living, and of these, two widows nearly one hundred years of age were residents of Windsor, Vermont. In other pension offices there are still a few names of widows of revolutionary soldiers on the rolls.

On the Boston rolls on July 1, last, there were the names of seven veterans of the War of 1812.

Of Mexican war pensioners there are upon the Boston rolls 200 survivors and 126 widows.

The highest amount ever paid to an individual pensioner by the Boston department was that given to Joseph Fuller, seaman on the U. S. steamship Flambeau. Fuller lost both eyes in the war, but on account of misrepresentations of personal opponents his pension was held back for many years. When the department had satisfied itself of the validity of his claim, he was paid fifteen thousand dollars for arrears, and now draws at the rate of seventy-two dollars per month.

A peculiarly touching case coming under the notice of the pension office in Boston is that of Edward A. Monies, of Beverly, a seventy-two-dollar pensioner. Monies is pensioned for scurvy and its results contracted in Andersonville Prison. Though but fifty years old he is confined to a chair in his house, totally helpless, palsied, and scarcely able to speak intelligibly.

There are hundreds of similar instances of the war's sad results to be learned from the pension rolls, and a conversation with the pension agent makes the eight million dollars disbursed during the last fiscal year in pensions by the Boston office seem a poor recompense for the untold suffering and life-long disabilities incurred in the republic's service.

The stringent laws and safeguards surrounding the pension departments do not always suffice to protect them from the imposition of fraudulent pensioners. One case of this nature was unearthed in the Boston office two years ago, as a result of which one Frederic Baggert, alias George Watson, is now serving a seven years' sentence in jail. Baggert resided in Wollaston, and represented himself as a seaman of the U. S. steamship Savannah. By a neat system of executing false vouchers in Wollaston, Boston, and elsewhere, he succeeded in drawing a pension from the New York and Philadelphia agencies and two from the Boston office for a long time. He was finally detected by the Boston agency and punished as stated. It was evident at his trial that Baggert was only the tool of some more cunning thief, as personally he was a man of very inferior mental calibre, and must have had a brighter intelligence directing his scheme. His associate, however, was never discovered.

Speaking with the pension agent in regard to the number of survivors of the war who lost either a leg or an arm in the service, I learned that there were over three thousand soldiers and sailors thus crippled on the books of this department alone. Every veteran so maimed is entitled to an artificial apparatus in lieu of the lost member. This artificial leg or arm, or its equivalent in money, is supplied by the pension department every three years in addition to the regular monthly pension, and it is the duty of each local pension office to go over its books at the stated time and forward to the head department in Washington a list of all living pensioners entitled to this extra consideration.

VISION OF ERIN.

Seen by an Irish Bard at the time of the Battle of Fontenoy.

MARTIN ERIGEN.

I.

I saw the waving of her raven tresses
  Upon the solemn air,
Her hand uplifted, like a hand that blesses
  At the ending of a prayer.
A queenly form without a queen's defiance
  In loneliness she stood;
A mother she, but with no high reliance
  Upon her motherhood.

II.

Her eyes were dim with tears of many weepings,
  And hunger in her gaze,
Like one who sowed in hope, but has no reapings
  Through all the harvest days.
Her face was pale, oh, pale as Death's reflection
  Upon a moonlit wave;
Her sorrow great, like some true friend's dejection
  Beside his dead friend's grave.

III.

I saw her stand beside the heaving ocean,
  Her gaze was far away;
She heeded not its turbulent commotion,
  The dashing of its spray.
And in a moment, like the sun's red beaming
  Across a ridge of snow,
There came into her eyes a fiery gleaming
  And o'er her face a glow.

IV.

I heard her furious in her exaltation
  Shouting forth these words:
"Remember Limerick, soldiers of the nation,
  Now smite them with your swords."
The very air around her danced and fluttered
  In waves of maddening joy,
And but one other word she softly uttered,
  That sweet word "Fontenoy."

QUEER SUPERSTITIONS IN CORSICA.

THE Corsicans have an aptitude for learning, but they have a still greater love for liberty; and the protracted struggles they have had to sustain against the enemies who threatened that liberty from without will in some degree help to explain the mental condition of a large proportion of the race. The very character of the country, too — the lofty mountains, the wild and gloomy gorges, the dark, monotonous extent of forests — all tend to nurture a host of superstitions, which retain a firm hold upon the minds of the dwellers among them. In the towns and the most frequented parts of the island, there is a well-defined fringe of civilization; but in the more remote districts, where the little hamlets cluster like eagles' eyries on the mountain-sides, the natives preserve in all their integrity many of the peculiarities and customs of olden times.

The national characteristics of this people are strangely complex; brave, hospitable to strangers, virtuous and intelligent, with a love of freedom and a simplicity of life unspoiled by contact with the outer world — these wholesome traits are yet counterbalanced by an insatiable thirst for revenge, a ferocity in resenting insult or injury, that belong rather to a wholly savage than to a semi-civilized nation. The vendetta, which in bygone days made murder not only justifiable but righteous, has at times almost depopulated the island; and though now put down by the government with a strong hand, there are still occasional outbreaks of savagery that carry one back to that early period when the philosopher Seneca inveighed in no flattering terms against the barbarians amongst whom he was condemned to spend eight dreary years of banishment.

It is not astonishing that the folk-lore of such a people is full of interest to the student, and that a rich harvest may be gathered from the national songs and ballads, the quaint tales and curious legends that abound. The wild *voceri*, too, or funeral dirges, are often strangely pathetic, and recall in some degree the wailing chants and lamentations of the ancients at the funeral obsequies of their dead. There is scarcely a male amongst the hardy mountaineers who cannot sing these songs, or relate stories of giants and fairies, of saints or the devil,— the latter plays an important part in most Corsican folk-tales,— or who is not able to rouse the enthusiasm of his attentive audience by narrating some stirring incident of the wars the island has had to sustain against the Saracens or the Genoese, for the memory of these long-past struggles for freedom is ever fresh in the minds of the people.

When the summer days are ended and the vintage is over, when the shepherds have brought down their flocks and herds from the upper pastures of the mountains, when the autumn evenings begin to grow chilly

and damp, and it is no longer the season for outdoor amusements, then the villagers are accustomed to gather together in one house rather larger, perhaps, than its neighbors, to pass the hours in friendly intercourse. A huge log burns in the wide open chimney; the frugal supper of chestnuts is roasting amid the embers; the pitcher of home-made wine circulates freely; and while the young people laugh and jest, the women knit, and the men discuss the result of the day's sport or fishing, the incidents of the last vendetta, or the latest exploits of some well-known brigand. Then there is a pause; the conversation flags, and some one calls upon the *raconteur* of the party for a story — *una fola.*

We can picture the scene; it is like a study of Rembrandt; the circle of eager faces lit up by the ruddy glare of the great log, and in the centre the old man, leaning forward, his clasped hands resting on the table, his eyes shut in concentrated thought; silence reigns, except for the clinking of glasses, the click-click of the women's needles, the crackling of the burning wood, and the occasional "pop" of a chestnut, or the outbursts of merry laughter at some spicy anecdote or well-turned jest.

In some of the so-called "fairy tales" it is curious to trace a resemblance to much of the familiar nursery lore of our childhood. Cinderella appears,— though under another name,— and we might almost suppose that the Arabian Night's Entertainment had penetrated into the mountains of Corsica, as we hear of the poor peasant Stevanu, who discovers the secret of the brigands' treasure cave in the depths of a vast forest. The magic words "Serchia, unciose!" remind us of the "Open Sesame" that brought wealth and prosperity to Ali Baba, and the sequel of the story is no less familiar.

It is not only the nursery tales of our childish days, however, that reappear in these popular *foli* of the Corsican peasantry; many other familiar stories have found their way into the wild mountains and wooded valleys, and are curiously interwoven with threads of local coloring. Shakespere might be a name unknown to the swarthy herdsman; but tell him the story of King Lear, and of the fatuous decision that brought his life to so pitiful an end, and his dark eyes will flash and his mobile features kindle with interest as he gives you its counterpart from his store of legends, save and except the tragic sequel of the play.

If we turn to the class of legends properly so called, we shall see how deep a vein of superstition runs through the nature of the true-born Corsican. Not even the Irish peasant can have a firmer belief in the "good people" whom he sees dancing in the pale moonlight by the edge of a lonely bog, or beneath the green shade of the forest trees, than has the hardy mountaineer of this wild island in the fairies supposed to haunt some gloomy grotto or rocky cave. Their presence there is as certain and their personality as real to the credulous villagers as were ever the dryads and nymphs of old to the cultured, imaginative Greeks and Romans. From time to time they appear in human form to some favored mortal, but vanish out of sight if he dare venture on too familiar an approach.

How much or little of these wild fancies may have owed their origin

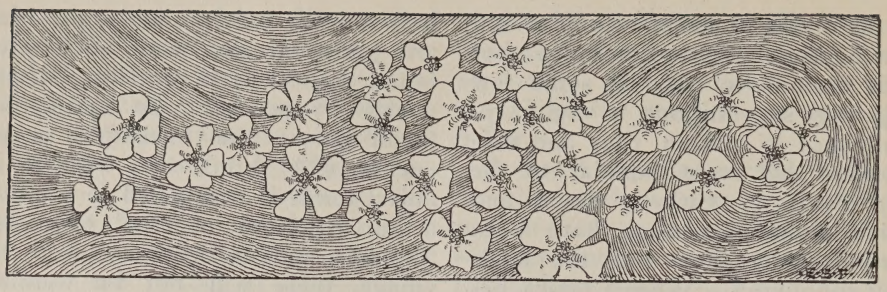
to the myths of ancient Rome would now be impossible to determine; but it is curious to trace in some few lingering superstitions a vague resemblance to certain rites and ceremonies that were familiar to the Romans from earliest times, and which would doubtless have been introduced by them into the lands they conquered. When Corsica became a Roman province, heathen temples were erected here and there, in which the augurs were wont to propitiate the gods by sacrifices, or to foretell future events through such mystic signs as the flight of birds and the entrails of beasts. Of these one dim remembrance still exists in the practice of soothsaying by means of bones. The fortune-teller will take the left shoulder-blade (scapula) of a goat or sheep, and in the vague lines or marks upon its polished surface pretend to read the destiny of the person who seeks his aid. That the left shoulder-blade alone is efficacious is proved by an old proverb, "The right one deceives."

Many famous Corsicans are said to have had their fortunes told by means of the scapula, the most noteworthy example being that of Napoleon I. When the future Emperor was a child, an old herdsman of Ghidaggo renowned for his skill in augury examined the scapula one day, and saw depicted there a forest tree rising straight and tall with wide-spreading branches, but scanty and feeble roots. From this he foresaw that a Corsican would one day rise to honor and renown, and would become a mighty ruler for a time; but that his reign, though glorious, would be short and his overthrow complete.

Omens and portents are firmly believed in, and probably nowhere are ghosts treated with such profound respect as in Corsica. Many a stalwart peasant who would not flinch before the onslaught of an enemy, will shrink and tremble in abject terror if compelled to traverse a burial-ground at dead of night. Should a sudden death occur in the village, there will not be wanting those who will tell you, with scared looks and bated breath, that they at least were prepared to hear the sad tidings, for did not the *malucella* — a bird of evil omen — utter its wailing cry three nights in succession over the roof of the dead man's house, and was not the sound heard of a muffled drum beaten by invisible hands upon his doorstep?

In this class there is one specially grim superstition which relates to the Squadra d'Arrozza (the Brotherhood of the Dead). It is supposed to consist of those whose earthly career was ended long ago, but who still retain a semblance of the duties they were once called upon to perform. Before the death of some exalted personage, just at the midnight hour they sweep through the silent streets, each phantom form concealed beneath a cloak and cowl, and bearing a lighted taper. Not a sound is heard as this ghostly procession passes by, but woe betide the unfortunate individual who may chance to cross its path.

We might easily multiply these instances of strange credulity, that, handed down as they are by word of mouth from father to son, have grown into the very hearts of the people. They are nurtured by the very conditions of the life the Corsican leads, amidst the wild scenery and beneath the blue, cloudless skies of his beautiful island home.



THE CROSS OF CONG.

THOMAS J. BUTLER.

O pilgrim, if you bring me from some far-off land a sign,
Let it be some token still of the green old land once mine.
A shell from the shores of Ireland would be dearer far to me
Than all the wines of the Rhine-land or the art of Italie. — M'GEE.

AMONG the varied objects so full of study for the Christian archæologist, and more so for the Irish antiquary, not the least interesting, for their history if not their beauty, are the numerous sculptured crosses to be met with in almost every part of the country. Of course, not all of them show the same degree of finish or excellence of workmanship, though stamped, every one of them, with a certain Celtic vein of similarity. But if one were to be selected more chaste and classsic in its design, more exquisite in its delicacy of execution, and more interesting in its history, the distinction would doubtless be given to the peerless "Golden Cross of Cong," the gem of Irish metal work, and the finest amongst the choicest efforts of Erin's early genius in the way of enamel and jewelry.

The shaft of the cross is thirty inches in height, and the arms are nineteen inches in breadth. It is made of oak covered with plates of bronze and brass, adorned with a richly interwoven tracery and filagree-work of the most minute character, washed in many places with a thick layer of gold. The front and back plates are elaborately carved with an intertwined pattern or strap-work, with here and there grotesque figuring. Supported upon a raised boss on the central plate at the junction of the arms, is a large convex polished crystal, under which was placed originally the relique brought from Rome. Thirteen jewels remain of the eighteen which were disposed at regular intervals along the edges, and spaces for nine others are visible along the face of the shaft and arms. Two beads remain of four settings which surrounded the central boss. The shaft terminates below in a highly decorated head of a grotesque animal, which rises out of a spherically ornamented ball or globe. Beneath this globe is a socket richly carved, into which was inserted the

staff or pole by which the cross was carried.

The early history of the cross is soon told, and all but contained in the inscriptions which are carved upon it. These indentations are around its edges or sides in large Irish characters, sharply defined and deeply indented into the plates, apparently by dies or types. Taking these inscriptions as the sources of our information, we gather that the cross was made to enshrine a particle of the true cross on which suffered the Founder of the world! Some would have it that originally this venerable relic had been sent from Rome to King Turlough O'Conor, but it seems far more probable that it was brought home by some western prelate who had been present at the First General Council of Lateran in 1123. As a shrine for this highly prized gift, the "Golden Cross" was constructed, under the patronage and especial care of Turlough the Ard-Righ, whom our annalists, not without reason, call the Augustus, in his time, of the west of Europe. In him the arts of peace found ever a zealous patron, and during the years of his reign Celtic art in its three great branches — architecture, sculpture, and metal work—attained a perfection hitherto unknown, and afterwards perhaps never surpassed. With his own right hand he fought his way through more than fifty battles to the kingship of all Erin. Clear of head, he played off the ancient jealousy of the Eugenians and Dalcassians to his own advantage; the sons of the soldiers of Brian the Brave he compelled to acknowledge his sway; and notwithstanding the bardic utterances of the gray-bearded harpers, an ard-righ was seen to come out of Connaught, and Rathcrogan became the rival in splendor and glory of Ailleach and Tara.

But though Turlough's reign was red with blood of many battles and at times his deeds perhaps stained with cruelty, yet he seems to have been a prince of lofty aims and generous impulse. From his battles and forays, numerous as they were, he found time for the cultivation of the peaceful arts and the amelioration of his people. He founded a chair of divinity in the great school of Armagh, and at Tuam he erected a hospital for the aged and infirm. To the clergy he was ever kind, to their churches never sparing, and, dying after a long, happy, and prosperous reign, he well earned the praise of the Four Masters who described him as a man full of charity and mercy, hospitality and chivalry, and "the flood of the glory and splendor of Ireland."

One of the inscriptions breathes a prayer for Donald MacFlannagan O'Duffy, "under whose superintendence the shrine was made," and who we are told, was archbishop of Connaught. To this family of the O'Duffys, which flourished throughout the whole of the twelfth century, and which gave bishops or abbots to Elphin, to Clonfert, to Cong, and Mayo, are due not a few of the most beautiful memorials extant of the artistic genius of early Erin. Throughout the whole of these sad and stirring times they were the tried and trusty councillors of Turlough and his son Rory; and to them, as much as to those princes, must be attributed the many works of art produced during this period. Originally the O'Duffys belonged to the province of Leinster, most probably to Meath, but later on some

members of the family settled in Galway and Roscommon, where they appear to have done well and risen to good positions. As a matter of fact, at the time we are treating of they had almost all the ecclesiastical power of the province—the principal abbacies and bishoprics—in their own hands; and to none safer or holier could such trusts be given. Their power they used for the glory of the Church; and in Ireland's darkest days, when the day-star of liberty was fast fading away, they were the men who by prayer and effort sought "to render light the chains that bound their native land."

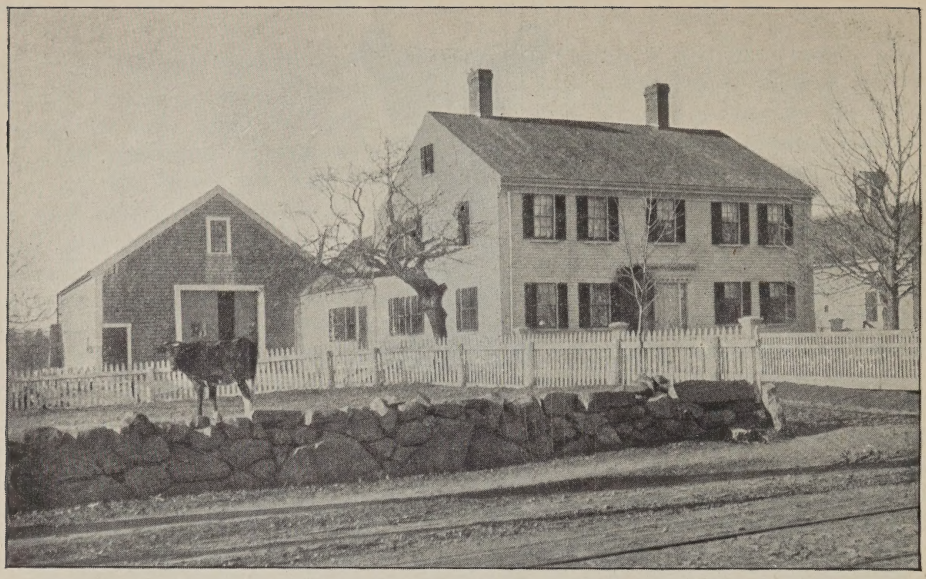
To this family belonged Donald "of the Yellow Staff," one of the most distinguished prelates of his time, and Maurice O'Duffy, a near relative of Donald, perhaps a brother who appears to have succeeded him as high-bishop of Connaught. Like his predecessor, he cordially co-operated with Turlough in the diffusion of knowledge and development of art. He died in the new abbey of Cong, which he himself had helped to found. The Four Masters add that he was "chief senior of all Ireland in wisdom, in chastity, charity, and the bestowal of jewels and food."

A prayer is asked also among the inscriptions for Maelisu MacBratdan O'Echan, "the artist who made the shrine." The MacEgans were from time immemorial Brehons in various parts of Connaught, but especially throughout Roscommon. To this latter branch the artist would seem to belong. Already for the O'Duffys he had wrought what has since come to be known as the chalice or cup of Ardagh, and he was therefore the very man we should expect these far-seeing prelates to recommend to King Turlough for his cross. The selection, as the result showed, could not be a better one, for no description can convey an adequate idea of the rare beauty of this cross. To be appreciated it must be seen, and Irishmen can point to it with confidence as an example of what native talent might and would have produced had circumstances, even the most meagre and scanty, been afforded it in the past.

How the cross first came to Cong is disputed. Perhaps it was brought from Tuam by Maurice O'Duffy, who, as we have seen, was bishop of that see, and came to Cong to end his days, or by King Rory O'Conor, who ended his checkered life in the same holy retreat. Many centuries after it was found by Father Prendergast, the last abbot of Cong, in an old oaken chest. It was the custom to place it upon the altar of the village church for the veneration of the faithful at Christmas and Easter, until it was sold to Professor McCullough, who presented it to the Royal Irish Academy in 1839.

By what title, if any, the person who sold it to the reverend professor had the relic, is a subject of much doubt. Whether the vendor of this precious reliquary was a trustee for others or the actual owner, are questions upon which we are unable to throw any light. May we venture, however, to hope that, now that the ruins of a troublous past are all but cleared away, and a future bright, clear, and serene is slowly but surely opening before us, this glorious relic of a faith "oft doomed to death, but fated not to die," will again come back to us, and that we shall see the day when again, as of old, it will be borne in solemn procession in the noble Cathedral of Tuam.

THE FAMOUS GOLDEN CROSS OF CONG.



HOME OF MARY E. WILKINS AT RANDOLPH, MASSACHUSETTS.

A NEW ENGLAND RECLUSE.

ALBERT DOYLE.

AN old-fashioned farmhouse is her cloister, a desk her altar, and soulful thoughts are the offerings which she makes to the deities.

On a wide, elm-bordered street, but half a mile from the post office in Randolph, Massachusetts, lives Mary E. Wilkins, perhaps America's greatest writer of short stories. Here she has lived since her early girlhood, and here she has written those sweet tales which have charmed readers of all countries. The "rosary of her years" is a blessed one. Each bead tells of some joy given to the world, and speaks of pure messages breathed into an age which sorely needs them.

It is a joy to read her books. It is like taking a breath of fresh, pure country air, full of sweetness, and laden with odors of the wild grape, and of new-mown hay, and of violets. You read of blue skies, and green fields, and white fields, and honest, hard-working men, and hard-working, honest women, and country girls and boys, simple and lovable, like many whom we knew in the past. And that is the sad part of her stories. We cannot remember any of her characters now living with us, yet we know we have met them in the dead days, and we grieve that they are gone, and love the writer for bringing them back to us.

When I thought of preparing this sketch of Miss Wilkins and her home for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, I received from her, in reply to a letter of mine, a note in which she said: —

"I really feel honored that DONAHOE'S, a distinctly Catholic magazine, should feel interested in a writer of different religious antecedents like myself. It makes me hope that my work may not have offended any of those religious faiths which should be held sacred in any soul where they exist, but has simply served the common cause of humanity, which implies all creeds."

Have you ever seen the likeness of Roumania's beautiful queen, "Carmen Sylva?" It is of her picture that I thought when I first saw Miss Wilkins. The same firm, classical mouth, and the same eyes as "steadfast as the twins of Loeda." She has blue eyes, and auburn hair, and a small, graceful figure. Her complexion is charming, and is said to be her one vanity. Her gowns are marvels of simplicity and good taste. She is all one imagines her to be from her books, and that is a great compliment to her.

The street upon which her home is located is one which is noted for its beauty. Its praises have often been printed. It passes through the village from north to south, and winds over the Blue Hills, Bostonward. To describe her home her own words will do, as written in that sweet, unsatisfactory story "A Symphony in Lavender."

"The house is one of those square, white-painted, green-blinded edifices, which marked the wealth and importance of the dweller therein half a century or so ago. It has no beauty in itself, being boldly plain and glaring, like all of its kind; but the green waving boughs of the elms and the lilacs, and the undulating shadows they cast, toned it down and gave it an air of coolness, and quiet, and lovely reserve."

There is a barn connected with the house, and a row of rambling outbuildings lends to its picturesqueness. A wide hay-field lies back of and beside the house, and in the barnyard is a cider press, and usually a row of shining milk cans, airing in the sun. A pretty black and white heifer stood in the yard while the photograph which accompanies this article was being taken. Opposite her house is an old school building. The scene has one flaw for a picture; for modern customs have deemed it necessary to illuminate the street with incandescent lights, and to run trolley cars in front of the door of this real old New England farmhouse.

The north side of the house is occupied by Miss Wilkins. She has a reception room and a library down stairs, and the furnishings and decorations of these rooms have many evidences of the simple yet artistic tastes that you would expect in her home. Warm colors predominate, and bright bits of bric-a-brac, comfortable couches and fauteuils, and a cheerful old-fashioned looking fireplace give an exceedingly hospitable appearance to the apartments. Here all of her stories are written, not in one particular room, for she has a desk in each of them, and writes in the room her fancy chooses. Her bookcases are well filled with all the better books of fiction and poetry. Her favorite writers of English prose are Dickens and Thackeray, and complete sets of the works of these writers are on her shelves.

Her writing is legible, and her language and punctuation are perfect; and as her stories are formulated from start to finish in her brain before they are put on paper, she

Yours very sincerely,
Mary E. Wilkins

never copies her manuscript, and it rarely demands correction. She has an odd little trick of abbreviating her conjunction "and" to "ad." Her stories she writes on white letter paper with black ink; but for her personal correspondence she uses an unruled gray paper of note size, with her address in blue letters at the top of each sheet.

The first of her stories to receive critical attention was "Two Old Lovers," which appeared after a number of fairy tales and dainty morsels of versification had been printed. It was followed by others in quick succession, each establishing with more firmness her literary prestige, which reached its greatest height in "Pembroke."

Oliver Wendell Holmes was among the first to recognize her great ability. He sent for her to visit him at his home. James Russell Lowell read her stories and sent her kindly letters of praise. She visited both of them before they died, and received from these two world-famous littérateurs not only praise, but thanks, for having written such sweet and simple tales. Dr. Conan Doyle writes from across the water that "Pembroke" is the novel of a century. Hamilton Mabie says that "Pembroke" is one of the two novels in a century which have a psychological depth.

Miss Wilkins now has so many engagements to write, that she will accept no more. Instead of seeking publishers, editors seek her, and yet with all her fame and her increasing fortune she still preserves her sweet modesty and simplicity of manner. She flits about her house in wrappers of tasteful hue, aiding in the household duties of the good family with whom she lives. She takes a daily walk down the shaded streets of the town, and occasionally drives out in the old-fashioned family carriage. Frequently, too, she may be seen behind a pair of thoroughbreds in a stylish cart placed at her disposal by one of the opulent residents of the town, for Randolph is not so rural as some writers would have us think, and there is but very little provincialism shown in its houses or its stables.

In manner Miss Wilkins is not so reserved as she appears to strangers. It is her natural diffidence and non-obtrusiveness which give her the

reputation of frigidity. She waits for her visitor to make the advances. She attends the social functions of the town, as well as all the literary receptions in Boston. She plays whist well, is a substitute member of a whist club, and attends the meetings frequently. She talks as well as she writes, and has a vast fund of anecdotes which she tells in a most interesting way.

She has a famous chafing dish, and from it she brings forth many delightful confections. Each Saturday evening she entertains a small circle of friends, and from her magic lamp she conjures a host of good things. She attempted at one time to count the different dishes which she prepared by means of her chafing dish, but they were too numerous to tally. These Saturday evenings of Miss Wilkins' are charming gatherings, and invitations to them are coveted by Randolphites. Music and card playing and *bon mots* enliven the early hours, and then the edibles, true Bohemian dishes, are brought forth. Delicious rarebits, mutton-chops, and salads are standard features of the feast, and broiled live lobsters, sent that evening from the city, are never omitted from the menu.

The majority of those who live near her and know her by sight, display the greatest astonishment as they speak of her fame. They do not seem to understand how the little dramas, full of situations, characters, and words so familiar to them, could have given the writer such a high place in the literary world. Every newspaper utterance in regard to her is greeted with the same words of surprise. Their astonishment knew no bounds when she wrote a two-thousand-dollar prize detective story, and they are amazed when they hear a stranger from distant parts inquire if Randolph is not the home of Mary E. Wilkins. It is only very recently that they commenced to point her out on the streets to visiting friends.

Miss Wilkins does not court notoriety. She is very retiring and modest, and says that an interviewer is a *bête noir* to her. She has always been averse to having anything of a personal or opinionative nature appear in print. She says that in regard to most subjects broached by interviewers, her opinions are not sufficiently formulated to allow of expression. Even close friends have been refused "personal talks" for publication. She does not think that letting the world know her idea of the new woman, or the name of her favorite flower, book, or hero, will make the world wiser. She is always hospitable to writers who call upon her, and in an impersonal way will give them every assistance.

Miss Wilkins' friends are all devoted to her. They call her familiarly by her first name — Mary. Her middle name was her mother's, "Eleanor." Her modest charities make her much loved; and although to public charity she has made it a rule never to give pecuniary aid, she is always ready to assist by writing a salable story, or by giving photographs or autographs to be placed on sale.

THE THREE JOSIAH QUINCYS.

MICHAEL E. HENNESSY.

HE inauguration of Josiah Quincy as mayor of Boston makes him the third chief magistrate of that name to hold the office. It was Mayor Josiah Quincy from 1823 to 1828 and again from 1845 to 1849. The former was the second mayor of Boston, and was a candidate for the office in 1822, when Boston decided to lay aside town government and dignify herself as a city. The second Mayor Quincy was his son and the present mayor's grandfather, and the present mayor is the fifth of his name to gain a national reputation in the public service.

The first Josiah Quincy, born in that part of Braintree, Massachusetts, now called Quincy, in honor of Edmund Quincy, its founder, was a merchant. He was forty-six years old before he served in a public capacity. That was in 1755, when he acted as one of the commissioners to build Fort Ticonderoga.

The second, born in 1744, in Boston, died of consumption at sea off the Massachusetts coast, a week after the battle of Lexington. He had been abroad as one of the colonial commissioners, pleading their cause in Europe. He occupied the foremost rank in the legal profession. With John Adams he defended the accused in the Boston massacre trial. He was only thirty-one when he died, but he had already won a high place in the annals of American patriots.

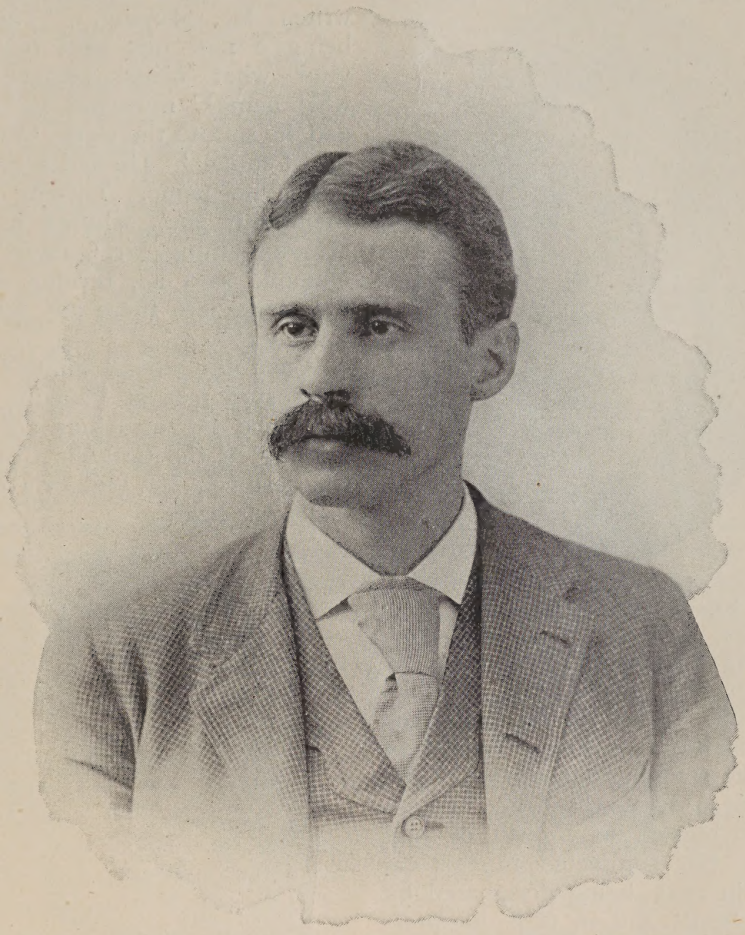
It was this Josiah Quincy's oldest child who became the second mayor of Boston. He was only six years old when his father died; but a good mother schooled him and trained him to be manly, brave, honest, and fearless. He served as mayor six years and brought about a great many needed reforms. There are two monuments in Boston to mark the career of this distinguished man. One, his statue in bronze, stands in front of City Hall, and is the work of Thomas Ball, the sculptor; the other is a granite pile known as the Quincy Market, which he built during his administration, and which is to Boston what Spitalfield is to London. From 1829 to 1845 he was president of Harvard College; and from the latter date until his death, in 1864, he occupied himself in writing history and biography.

There is an interesting story connected with the mayoralty candidacy of the first Josiah Quincy. It was Greek against Greek, Federalist against Federalist. Mr. Quincy opposed with all his power the granting of the city charter to the town, and was the moderator at the last town meeting held in Faneuil Hall. Harrison Gray Otis was slated for the first mayoralty nomination, but the plan of the slate makers was not generally known until the night of the caucus to nominate a candidate. Mr. Quincy's friends presented his

name with his consent, and made a hard contest for him. Otis was nominated, but Mr. Quincy went to the polls as a candidate also. The Democrats nominated T. L. Winthrop. On election day, the vote stood: —

Josiah Quincy	1,736
Harrison Gray Otis . .	1,384
Thomas L. Winthrop . .	361
George Blake	156
Scattering	63
Total,	3,700

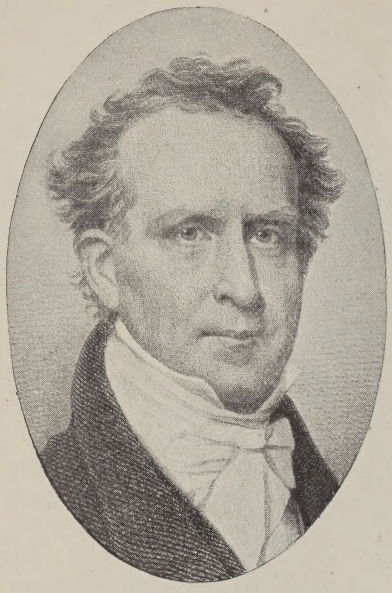
Mr. Quincy had a clear lead, but after several conferences both he and Otis withdrew, and Jonathan Phillips, father of Wendell Phillips, was elected by practically a unanimous vote, receiving 2,456 votes, as against 194 for all others. Mr. Quincy was elected the following year, and read his inaugural to his townsmen in Faneuil Hall. The old State House was used during his term of office as a city hall.



HON. JOSIAH QUINCY, THE PRESENT MAYOR OF BOSTON.

Mr. Quincy was an aggressive

mayor. He had decided views on all public questions, and was never backward in announcing them. In



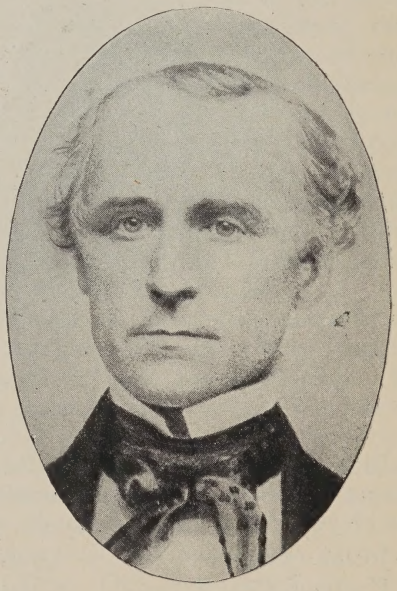
HON. JOSIAH QUINCY.
Mayor of Boston from 1823 to 1828.

the six years that he was mayor he accomplished many great public improvements. With characteristic boldness he made himself chairman of all the standing committees of the Board of Aldermen, and in 1826 appointed himself as Fourth of July orator. His son acted in this capacity in 1832, being designated by Mayor Wells, and in 1891 the present mayor served as Boston's Fourth of July orator.

A notable event during Mr. Quincy's term of office was the visit of the patriot Lafayette. Boston honored the old hero with an enthusiasm that would have challenged the warmth of his own people of France.

In after years when Mr. Quincy was at the head of Harvard College, he grew to be very absent-minded. Mr. A. B. Muzzey, an old friend, tells a story illustrating his peculiarity in this respect. "He went to the Cambridge Post Office for mail," writes Mr. Muzzey. "The clerk, being a new one that day, asked 'For what name, please?' 'For what name?' muttered Mr. Quincy, and he said to the clerk, 'You know me of course.' He had actually forgotten his name. Turning away, a friend met him, saluting him with, 'Good morning, Mr. Quincy.' 'Ah! Quincy,' said he, turning again to the clerk, 'are there any letters for Quincy?'"

When the liberal minded people of Boston met at Faneuil Hall to denounce the atrocious act of the burning of the Catholic Convent at Charlestown, Mr. Quincy's eloquent voice was heard.



HON. JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.
Mayor of Boston from 1845 to 1849.

This Josiah Quincy's son, born in Boston in 1802, became identified with its municipal government as a

member of the Common Council, and was president of that body and elected mayor for 1845, 1846, 1847, and 1848. Like his father he possessed a progressive spirit and was an earnest worker in behalf of Boston's good. He reformed almost every department at City Hall, introduced the Cochituate water, and built the Charles Street County Jail.

He brought to the mayor's chair the knowledge and experience gained as a judge of the municipal court. He attacked the saloons and the criminals à la Roosevelt; and when he went out of office, Boston was a more moral city, at least to the public eye. Mr. Quincy took a great deal of interest in the criminal classes, and besides constructing the Charles Street County Jail, he obtained from the legislature the right to build other correctionary institutions. He was elected as a Whig in a three-cornered fight in which the Know-nothings of the day put up John T. Heard as a candidate.

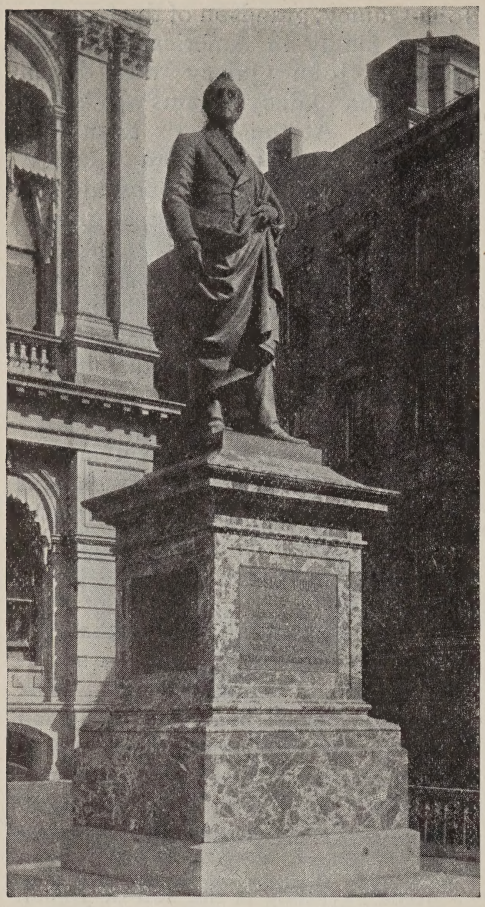
Such, in brief, is the history of these distinguished men. The blood of the Quincys, the Adamses, and the Hancocks was commingled by marriage. Were the present mayor of Boston disposed to rest on his family laurels and seek political preferment on past greatness, he would no doubt be able to muster quite a number of followers in sentimental Boston; but Mayor Quincy does not live in the past nor rest on family records. I doubt if he has ever referred publicly to his historic connections. In talking with him, you would never learn from him that he had any ancestors.

It is interesting to note, in this connection, that John Quincy Adams the sixth president of the United States was named after his great grandfather, John Quincy, grandson of the founder of the family in America, Edmund Quincy. John Quincy was dying when John Quincy Adams was being baptized. At the latter's birth Mr. Quincy's daughter, John Quincy Adams' grandmother, requested that the boy might receive his great-grandfather's name. Speaking of this touching incident, Mr. Adams once said: "This fact recorded by my father, has connected with that portion of my name a charm of mingled sensibility and devotion. It was the name of one passing from earth to eternity. These have been among the strongest links of my attachment to the name of Quincy, and have been to me through my life a perpetual admonition to do nothing unworthy of it."

It can be truthfully said that the present mayor of Boston has steadfastly followed the same motto. The truth has never been told of Josiah Quincy. Republican papers revile him, and friendly journals, thinking it would offend him, withhold many of the most interesting things about him.

Josiah Quincy is the son of Josiah Phillips Quincy, son of Josiah Quincy, second of that name to occupy the Boston mayoralty chair. At his next birthday Mr. Quincy will be thirty-seven years old. He is after his father the last male representative of the famous family; and unless he forsakes the order of bachelorhood to which he is still allied, this illustrious Boston name will die with him.

As a schoolboy, Josiah Quincy is described by his mates as a precocious lad; and when he went from his ancestral home in Quincy to college, Harvard men remember him as an industrious, hard-working, taci-



MONUMENT TO THE FIRST MAYOR QUINCY IN BOSTON.

turn young man, who cared more for literature, history, political economy, and the classics than for football, baseball, or rowing. When he graduated, at the age of twenty-one in the class of '80, he was the class-day orator.

A contemporary of Mr. Quincy's great-grandfather, speaking of the graduate's oration on Commencement Day, 1880, says: "I was reminded of the noble figure, resonant voice, the eloquent and high-toned principles of his distinguished grandparent, and of the noble patriotism of the long line of Quincys."

While at college Mr. Quincy manifested an aptitude for literary composition. His father is of a literary turn of mind, and the mayor inherits his scholarly traits. He was one of the editors of the college journal, *The Crimson*, in which capacity he had an excellent field to develop his facile pen. His writings of to-day are pruned of the dry humor which characterize quite a number of the contributions of his college days. In his poetic comment on the annex girl printed in *The Crimson* of 1879, Mr. Quincy coined the much quoted line —

"'Cultured girls don't marry, sir,' she said."

Soon after his graduation from college Mr. Quincy tutored for a while at Adams Academy, Quincy. After a tour abroad and a course at the Harvard Law School, he was admitted to the bar. As a lawyer, however, he is little known. He early turned his attention to public affairs. His ancestors were stanch Federalists and Whigs. When the Republican Party was formed the family gave it its influence. Mayor Quincy, following in the footsteps of his forefathers, cast his lot with the Republicans; but when in 1884 the Republicans nominated James G. Blaine for the presidency, Mr. Quincy, ignoring all family traditions, left his party, and with all the ardor of his nature supported Grover Cleveland for President.

He liked his new political associations so well that he burned his bridges behind him. The bargain thus made has proven one of mutual satisfaction. The democracy accorded him a high place at its council board. In return Mr. Quincy has unselfishly given ten years of

an active life to the advancement of that party.

As soon as the tariff agitation came to the front after the first election of Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Quincy became an active tariff reformer, and was made secretary of the Massachusetts Tariff Reform League. He was one of the founders of the Young Men's Democratic Club, which was at one time such a powerful factor in state politics. The Democrats of Quincy then elected him to the State House of Representatives. He was its representative in the Great and General Court as long as he desired, sitting in the legislature of '87, '88, and '90. In 1888 he was the Democratic nominee for Congress in the second district. Being a heavily Republican district, Mr. Quincy was defeated, although the vote he received was a most flattering one.

As a legislator, Mr. Quincy demonstrated his ability as a leader of men. He showed himself possessed in a high degree of the wisdom of the statesman as well as the resources of the politician. By combining these attributes he was enabled to dictate terms to the Republicans on legislation, and prevented the passage of many of their measures, although his party was in a minority in the House. While in the legislature, Mr. Quincy was elected secretary of the Democratic State Committee, a position which gave him additional political prestige. Another young rising politician of the same school, Nathan Matthews, Jr., was made chairman of the Executive Committee. In their efforts to rehabilitate the party, they were ably assisted by the present United States Consul General at London, General Patrick A. Collins. Old lamps were exchanged for new, the rusty political machinery was put into good running order, and the party was well prepared for the campaign of 1890, with William E. Russell as the nominee for governor. The Democrats had not elected a governor since the Butler days.

The McKinley bill, a corrupt lobby at the State House, and foolish Republican tinkering with the liquor laws, created a desire for a change, and swept William E. Russell into the governor's chair. Matthews and Quincy were praised for their great leadership. The former was rewarded with the mayoralty of Boston; and when it came to sending delegates to the National Democratic Convention in 1892, Mr. Quincy was one of them. He had had many conferences with Mr. Cleveland prior to the opening of the convention, and was one of his chosen leaders at Chicago. Before the Massachusetts delegation returned home they elected Mr. Quincy a member of the National Democratic Committee. In the campaign of 1892 he was given charge of the literary bureau of the committee, and conducted it with his characteristic ability and skill.

Then came the election of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Quincy's appointment as assistant secretary of state. Mr. Quincy was put into the State Department by Mr. Cleveland for a specific purpose, to relieve Mr. Gresham, the Secretary, of what he regarded as a disagreeable task, the distribution of the patronage of this branch of the Federal service. To Mr. Quincy, however, the duties of the office were not disagreeable. In fact, he liked them. He came into contact with the working politicians of the entire country. It gave him

an insight into his countrymen and party workers he had never enjoyed before.

Mr. Quincy has been openly denounced as a "looter of consulships"; but when it is remembered that he did little else than follow practically in the footsteps of his distinguished Massachusetts predecessor, Mr. William Fisher Wharton, in displacing men of one political persuasion for those of another, the accusation carries with it its own negation.

Having accomplished his Washington mission with ability and despatch, Mr. Quincy, in response to urgent demands, returned to Massachusetts to take up his party's cause at home once more.

In the fall of 1894 there was a good deal of talk about running him for mayor of Boston, but he decided that the time for his election was not ripe. There were too many discordant elements in the field which needed coaching and coaxing before the party candidate could be elected. These conditions were filled in 1895, and from the moment Mr. Quincy entered the field as a candidate there was an unlimited enthusiasm in the Democratic ranks. The campaign which closed in such a blaze of glory for the party was directed by Mr. Quincy personally, who never left the helm. True, he had able and experienced assistants, but the man who planned the campaign and conducted it was Mayor Quincy. He closed up the ranks and charged the Republican forces with a united front.

Forty thousand three hundred voters put their mark of approval against the name of Mr. Quincy on election day, electing him by a plurality of 4,441. Quite an increase has taken place in the vote cast in December, 1895, for Josiah Quincy for mayor over that of 1823 for his great-grandfather. At the latter election Josiah Quincy received 2,505 votes as against 2,180 for his opponent. In 1845, when Josiah Quincy, Jr., was elected mayor, his vote was 4,457, and he had a substantial plurality. The city over which the present mayor presides is not the Boston over which his great-grandfather ruled with such an iron hand. Its population then was about 44,000 in round numbers. Under the second Josiah Quincy it was about 94,000. Now it reaches 500,000. Its area has expanded by the annexation of Roxbury, Charlestown, Dorchester, Brighton, and West Roxbury, from 3,667 acres to 23,707 acres. It cost to run the city under the first Quincy about $250,000 annually. Now it costs nearly $21,000,000. The valuation of real and personal property in the city under the first Josiah Quincy was $44,896,800. Under his grandfather it grew to $135,948,700. The last published figures of the assessors give the valuation as $928,109,042.

During the recent campaign, an old gentleman with ruddy face walked into Mr. Quincy's headquarters. His countenance bore an expression of delight as he took Mr. Quincy's hand, and said in a cheery voice, "I want to wish you success. I remember, as if it were yesterday, when the good ship loaded with food for the starving Irish entered Queenstown harbor in '47. Your grandfather was mayor of Boston at the time. He worked nobly to raise the funds for the cargo, and I thank God I'll have the opportunity of showing my true Irish gratitude by voting for you, his grandson, to fill the same office as he did."

Mr. Quincy thanked his caller and

observed that it was a pleasure to meet him, and expressed the hope that he would call again.

Mayor Josiah Quincy of 1896 possesses many of the traits of his distinguished grandfathers. Above all things he is an honest man. His word is above par. Like his grandfathers he has the courage of his convictions. He is a loyal friend, though he is not a man who wears his heart on his sleeve. Distant to acquaintances, never effusive to friends, strangers leave him, as a rule, with the impression that he is cold and calculating. His own intimate friends chaff him over his coldness, and tell amusing stories at his expense, on account of this peculiarity.

I remember an incident which admirably illustrates Mr. Quincy's manner even with those of high degree. It was when Mr. Cleveland was on his way from Buzzard's Bay to New York to receive the official notification of his party nomination for the presidency in 1892. Mr. Cleveland was accompanied on his trip by Mr. Stevenson, candidate for vice-president, the latter's cousin, General Ewing, and several newspaper men. The party went by boat from Fall River; and after he had been shown his stateroom, Mr. Cleveland donned a slouch hat and came down to the lower deck of the boat. He took up a position near one of the pillars which support the saloon deck, and was evidently expecting somebody. He was about to turn away as the men were getting ready to haul in the gang plank, when a tall, lank individual, swinging a bag, came down on the run.

"Hello!" exclaimed Mr. Cleveland, "there's Quincy."

When the latter joined the party he made neither excuse nor explanation of his tardiness. The President extended his hand and had to do most of the shaking.

Mr. Quincy is an undemonstrative man. If you are introduced to him you must not expect a hearty laugh and a vise-like grip, with a "Glad to see you!" exclamation. You will be received with dignified reticence. You will never catch him idle. You may expect to find him, from his build and complexion, a nervous individual, but you will be mistaken. He eats heartily, works fifteen hours a day, exercises much, and sleeps as soundly as a new-born babe.

Like many other public men, Mr. Quincy has taken to the wheel for exercise. He supports neither coachman nor valet. He is plain, reticent, matter of fact, caring little for display of any kind. Occasionally he goes to the theatre, but he takes more delight in acting as stage manager in some good political show. He neither drinks nor smokes, and no politician has ever seen him irritated. His most intimate friends have never heard a profane word from his lips. Mr. Quincy dresses well, but his clothes are not showy. He is a rapid walker, and strides along the streets, head and shoulders thrown back, his hands generally thrust into his pockets. He is a man whom, once you meet him, you will always remember.

THE TROUBADOUR'S SONG.

JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

I.

BERTHA my beautiful, Bertha my sweet,
Would that the world I could place at her feet —
Maiden as pure as the star-lighted snow,
And pink as the petals the wanton winds blow
Of the rose that grows
Where the glycera glows,
And the rhythmical rivulet rimples and flows!

II.

Bertha my beautiful, Bertha my fair,
When she unfastens the floss of her hair,
The floss and the flax that she wears in a fold,
And shakes out the music in ripples of gold,
Such a gleam, such a beam,
Is ne'er dreamed in a dream,
Such a glory ne'er seen on a sunlighted stream!

III.

Bertha my beautiful, Bertha my pearl,
Never was seen such a golden-faced girl,
Never, oh, never, since pretty pink Phyllis
Crowned her fair forehead with sweet amaryllis,
And bells from the dells,
And ferns from the fells,
Where the crimson convolvulus daintily dwells!

IV.

Bertha my beautiful, Bertha my love,
Brighter than Berenice beaming above,
Brighter than Leda's sweet diamonded daughter,
Oh, soft as sunshine that plays on the water
Is the light so bright,
Of her eyes black as night,
And her angel-like features and figure so slight!

V.

Bertha my beautiful, Bertha my own!
Would that her troubadour reigned on a throne;
Would her trouvère had an empire, he'd give it,
For musk, nor vanilla, nor sassafras, civet,
The cinnamon-vine,
Nor the eglantine
Is so sweet as Berthilda, Berthilda divine!

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

A GLIMPSE OF CORK IN THE LAST CENTURY.

JOHN J. O'SHEA.

IT was neither daybreak nor midnight when Councillor Ulick Boyce, a most worshipful and most waggish member of the Cork Corporation, sallied forth from the doorway of Market Lane Tavern, in that good city, on the night of the First of July (old style), and prepared to discover the road to "home, sweet home." The hour was, in fact one of those which imposes no great labor on the striking mechanism of the clock.

Now, it was not because it was the First of July (old style) that the councillor was found sallying from that famous and fashionable resort at that easily demonstrated hour of the day — if hour of the day it be. It was not that he or the goodly company he had left — although good sound Protestants to a man — had been celebrating that glorious and memorable anniversary in any particular fashion; but that simply it was his fashion, and their fashion for the most part too, to go there o' nights and give themselves up to the delights of wit, mirth, and that dangerous "deludherer," Irish whiskey punch.

The Anchorites were a set of philosophers whose reason for existence as an incorporated body was that there is too much made of the troubles of life as a serious evil, and that all of them may be effectually disposed of by getting any number of good fellows — save thirteen — around a well-stocked table, and shutting the door fast for the evening. There were regular club nights, when new members were initiated, but this was not one of them. Members dropped in there whenever they liked, of an evening; some members dropped in every evening, and Councillor Ulick Boyce was just one of these.

People often asked why these gay bachelors — for bachelorhood was an indispensable qualification of membership — called themselves Anchorites. Their own explanation was that the name was selected because of the simplicity and austerity of their regimen and habits of life; the more malicious said that it was chosen because of the tendency of their ship of life to get "three sheets in the wind" so often, that it

took all the "anchors" it carried to hold her fast. This latter explanation met with general acceptance.

Now the path homeward which Councillor Boyce had to traverse on his road to St. Finn Barr's (or St. Barry's, as the natives had it, by way of affectionate brevity) ran by a thoroughfare notorious for its demonstrative loyalty to the house of Orange on such anniversaries as this. The place was named Clothiers' Lane, from the fact, perhaps, that it was a place where any Irishman who "turned his coat," as the saying goes, was welcome there, but no other kind.

The locality was a sort of Ishmael in its circumstances. The hand of every other quarter of the city was against it, and its hand against all the rest. It was, in short, a "planted" district of Cork — Ulster people or the descendants of Ulster people being mainly its denizens. To protect it at times from the consequences of its own aggravating reliance on the Bible and the glorious memory of King William III, required the whole military force in the Cork garrison.

It had been a normally "hot" First of July in Clothiers' Lane. A fusillade of blank cartridges had been maintained with the rattle of the drums all the day, and occasionally a bullet got in somehow with the charge. Several of these bullets did damage among the hooting crowd gathered at either end of the lane. One of them had killed a woman, and nothing saved the place, consequently, from sack by the enraged outsiders but the bayonets and sabres of the English garrison.

On his way toward the eastern end of this place of arms, Councillor Boyce heard a watchman, one of the old city squad, going his rounds. He was informing such citizens as happened to be awake, in tones as far-reaching as a pair of well-seasoned lungs could make them, that it was "past one o'clock, a woman killed at Clothiers' Lane, a fair night, and all's well."

At first Councillor Boyce gathered nothing but a confused sense of the meaning of this announcement; but when the cry was repeated by the watch, and proximity had made it quite clear, he was startled enough to pause in his walk and wait for the guardian of the night to come up.

"Is this true what you are shouting, Collins?" he inquired, in a tone of some anxiety.

"It is, sir," returned the old man addressed. "Doctor Shinkwin just tould me of it. The poor creathur lingered on until about eleven o'clock. He had hopes of bringin' her round down to that, but 'tis all over with her now, your honor."

"Then you oughtn't to call it, Collins; you'll frighten everybody in the city and maybe get up a riot," expostulated Councillor Boyce.

"I'm only doin' my duty, your honor. My ordhers are strict, to call out everything that goes on during the night. I can't help it if there's a riot, I'm only carryin' out the law an' obeyin' ordhers."

With his lantern swaying from side to side from the top of his pole, like the dance of a will-o'-the-wisp in the gloom, Collins moved off to apprise other wakeful citizens of the news, or to waken those who were slumbering by his stentorian warnings.

Moving on somewhat more soberly and thoughtfully than before, the councillor soon came to the corner of a thoroughfare which crossed the

Western Road — a strategic line where it was thought necessary to maintain an armed watch. The gleam of a bayonet and the sound of voices caught his attention as he approached.

"Who goes there?" rang out sharply as he drew near.

"A friend, Councillor Boyce, member of the Corporation," he answered, showing himself under the light of the oil lamp beneath which the sentry was posted.

"All right; pass on, councillor," replied the man to whom the person of the councillor was familiar.

"Whom have you here—a couple of beggars, eh?" demanded the councillor, as his eye lighted upon a pair of figures whose way the sentry stood barring.

"I can't tell, sir; .they haven't the countersign or a pass, and I cannot let them into the city," the man replied, in a tone of annoyance.

"What's their story? I'm a magistrate, you know, and may be able to settle the difficulty," said the councillor good-naturedly.

"Plaze your honor, this is Jerry Hogan, the blind piper, that lives out at Carrigrohane beyant. His wife has been taken sick in the night, an' he's come to look for a doctor for her."

"A blind man to look for a doctor! Not so bad for Carrigrohane, anyhow."

"There's many a man that goes home blind at night that can see as well as any other in the mornin'," retorted the leader of the blind piper with a cool impudence which he thought might be the best policy under the circumstances.

Councillor Boyce felt the laugh was rather against himself, but he was too jovial a soul to take offence. He enjoyed a joke even though it touched himself a little on the raw.

"Faith, he'll want for neither eyes nor tongue while he has you to rely on, sauce-box," he replied, with a laugh. "Step forward here under the light, Jerry Hogan, and let us look at you."

As he spoke a figure, hitherto unnoticed by the councillor, stepped out from under the dense shadow under the lamp.

"By your leave, councillor, I will have a look at this fellow too," he said gruffly.

"Look as long as you like, but don't address me," replied Councillor Boyce, recoiling a step as the other advanced.

"Oh, you needn't be so hoity-toity, Mister Boyce. I'm a loyal man, engaged on lawful business, and loyal men have no right to turn up their noses at me — if they are loyal men."

He seemed, in the dim light, a big-boned, heavy-jawed, sinister-looking fellow, and he spoke in a deep, harsh key, whose very tone was a sort of challenge to one's good temper.

"None of your insolence to me, Fowler," retorted Councillor Boyce, now fully aroused to a sense of his dignity. "If you presume to repeat it, I shall order your arrest where you stand. Now get through your business, whatever it is, and leave me to transact mine."

Cowed into submission, the truculent-looking individual directed his attention toward the two men, scanning them from head to heel, turning them round so as to bring their faces into the strongest light he could get from the smoky oil-lamp, and looking closely at the cut and quality of their garments.

"I have nothing to say to them," he at length said to the sentry in a sulky, dissatisfied way. "You can deal with them as you see fit."

"And you say you are Jerry Hogan, from Carrigrohane, my good man," said Councillor Boyce cheerily, now coming again on the scene. "Now, is your wife really so ill that you cannot wait until daylight to get in for a doctor?"

"Lord bless you, sir! do you think I'd get out of bed to walk in here if she wasn't. She is so bad that I couldn't wait to go to Ballincollig to get a pass from Mayor Hawkes, who knows me well, but took chance of getting through here, by comin' across a dacent sinthry."

"Mayor Hawkes! Well, he's a friend of mine, and if you turn out to be a French Jacobite, a Tory, or a rapparee in disguise, I'll hold him accountable. Pass him along, sentry."

The man obeyed, somewhat reluctantly, but Councillor Boyce, never heeding his doubting looks, took the blind man by the arm, and said:—

"Now, when you're getting back remember the password," and he whispered "Shandon" into his ear. "Be sure you remember the word. Now get along that street there to Dr. Shinkwin's, just opposite the next lamp. There's a large brass plate on the door. Off with you. Good night."

"Good night, and God bless you forever, your honor, for 'tis yourself that has the good heart," replied the blind man, as he shuffled off, his guide leading him by the hand.

"All right, so far, glory be to God, Denis," he whispered to his guide as soon as they were out of ear-shot and well into the gloom. "Now you know the way to Castle Street; that's where we want to go."

"Yes, I remember the way," answered the man addressed. "You're sure, though, Jerry, that the number is nineteen."

"Sure enough, avic — an' besides 'tis a house you can't be mistaken about. It has three steps up to the hall door, an' there's ne'er another in the street that has any steps at all."

The pair groped their way through the silent and deserted streets without meeting any further molestation, until they came to the place of which they were in search. They ascended the steps, and the blind man rapped gently with his knuckles upon the panels of the door — a peculiar knock, whose meaning was at once understood by some listener within, for the door swung back noiselessly, as if its hinges had been oiled and no fastenings held it.

"Ah, Jerry, my faithful fellow, you have succeeded in getting in safely," whispered a voice inside, as the door closed on the two men.

"I did, your reverence, glory be to God. I may thank Denis Cody here — the Lord forgive him for all the lies he told to get past the sentries."

"And how is her ladyship, and the two young ladies — all well, I hope?"

"All finely, glory be to God, your reverence. And here is the packet that she wishes you to give master Dermot. And will you be sailing for France to-morrow, your reverence?"

"Yes, Jerry, please God, if I can get away."

"Her ladyship tould me to tell you you ought to go at wanst, sir, as

you have the chance. 'Jerry,' says she, 'if you can succeed in gettin' in in the middle of the night, an' gettin' the password somehow, it would be the best thing for Father James to steal out of the city while 'tis dark, an' Denis Cody can go along with him as far as Passage, where the ship is lyin', an' see him aboard safe. You could stay in the house till Denis came back.' This is her ladyship's plan, your reverence, an' I think it a mighty good one."

"Upon my word, I think she was right, Jerry. It seems a fine idea. What do you say, Denis? Are you prepared to risk it?"

"Faix, I'm ready to go, your reverence; there's no risk about it; now that we have the password we can go anywhere. Only, to tell the truth, your reverence, it is a good walk to Passage, an' we're afther walkin' from Carrigrohane already."

"Oh, I forgot, to be sure you must both be hungry and thirsty. Molly is in the kitchen below; afraid to go to bed as long as I was up. She'll make you a bit of supper, and then we can start."

While these incidents were transpiring, others of no less importance were taking place not very far away. It was to be a night of adventure with Councillor Boyce. After a short talk with the sentry, Fowler having disappeared into the darkness, the worthy councillor made a fresh start for home, but he had got no farther than the corner of Hanover Street when he was hailed by a friendly voice: —

"Hallo, Boyce, old fellow! Not got home yet, eh? Nice fellow you are to be prowling about the streets at this hour! Fine example for a corporator to show the citizens!"

"Deuce take it, Lindsay! What brings you here at this illegal hour? A pretty fellow you to hold me to an account for late hours."

"I'm on my way home to my loving spouse and the bosom of my family, after doing nothing worse than enjoying an oyster supper with the *literati* over at Bowling-green Street. But I say, Boyce, there's sport in the wind, I think, if you're up for it."

"Sport! What do you mean? 'Tis too near the dawn, I think, for any thought of such a thing."

"Oh, there's plenty of time; it isn't two o'clock yet. You know that hangdog scoundrel, Fowler?"

"Yes; he was here only a few minutes ago, trying to get two poor devils of countrymen into a scrape with the sentry beyond."

"The priest-hunting dog! — he's on for more mischief to-night. He told me he's on the watch for a notorious Jesuit for whom there's a reward of a hundred pounds, for he's suspected of being in complicity with the Jacobites."

"Well, and what of this? I don't see any fun as yet."

"Well, there's old Blackader, the alderman, gone up there so drunk that he fell asleep on the steps of the house beside Beale the Quaker's. The people, for fear he would be robbed, out of charity brought him in and let him stretch in the hall, for they weren't able to get him to stand or sit. They're true-blues like himself. I think their name is Swan."

"Well, what does all this amount to? Lindsay, I'm afraid your reputation as a joker has been acquired under false pretences. Let me see. First, we have a priest hunter on the hunt; then a drunken alderman lying up in a strange house" —

"And two bright fellows outside

who are not able to make anything out of so promising a situation! Oh, go hide your bemuddled head! Now what have we to do, if we want a rare scene, but to put Fowler on the scent and get him to kick up a jolly row at the Swans' door and denounce them as harboring priestly traitors and spies?"

The councillor at once fell into the humor of the thing. He had grown to detest the priest hunter, and anything that promised to bring that individual into ridicule or discomfort was welcome.

George Beale, the Quaker, referred to by Lindsay, was the proprietor of a grocery store near the corner of the Grand Parade. The place he owned had been in the possession of the family since the days of William Penn. No family in Cork held a higher place in public esteem than his. They were foremost in every philanthropic work.

Beside the grocery store was the Beales' private house, which had its entrance in a deep recess around the corner of the Grand Parade. At the opposite side of the angle in which the hall door stood, was the entrance to the house in which Alderman Blackader had found a shelter in the hour of his immolation on the altar of Bacchus.

The old man had been disturbed by the noise next door, and was wakeful from that time forward. He got out of bed, and, raising the blind slightly,—for it was contrary to martial law to have any light shown after nine o'clock,—looked out upon the sky, in which the first faint hint of coming dawn was perceptible. His attention was arrested by the sound of feet hurriedly turning the corner; and looking out again, he saw the figures of two men scramble up the steps and crouch in the shadow of the deep doorway.

Peering under the blind and listening at the couple of inches of space which he always kept open, old George Beale had little difficulty in making up his mind as to the character of the runagates.

"Thank God, we escaped their clutches, so far, Father James," he heard one of the men say in a subdued whisper. "'Twas the same man that stopped us as we were thryin' to get past the sentry—Fowler the gintleman called him, I think, but he picked up a couple of others since then."

"If we could only get back to Castle Street we'd be safe enough for the present, Denis," the other figure whispered. "I fear they must soon come up with us here."

"We daren't cross that big square, Father James," the other rejoined. "'Tis open to every point of the compass, so we'd be sure to be seen if they're in the neighborhood."

George Beale listened eagerly, drinking in every word of this whispered dialogue. Too well he knew what it signified. Son of a creed which had known deep persecution itself; neighbor to Catholic merchants who, under direst oppression, had never persecuted their fellows, all his instincts urged him to come to the succor of the fugitive priest. He hardly hesitated a second about it, although he knew it was a perilous thing to do.

He groped his way downstairs and undid the fastenings of the door. The two men lurking in the shadow were so startled at this that they seemed about to take flight; but a sentence from him, spoken in a very low and cautious tone, quickly reassured them.

"Be not afraid, friends. Come in here with me, if you seek a place of refuge. I am George Beale, of the Society of Friends."

Wondering much at what they thought was almost a miraculous intervention, the two fugitives promptly accepted the invitation.

"It is dark here," he said, when they had got inside the house, "but take my hand and I will lead the way. Until we get into a place of safety it is best not to have a light."

Meanwhile Fowler and his party had been overtaken by Lindsay and a companion named King, whom he had found ready for mischief at the club. Councillor Boyce did not show himself, but remained at the corner of a narrow lane close by, whence he could see and hear most of what happened. Presently he was joined by the others.

They soon heard a furious knocking at Swan's hall door, and in a little while a red streak of light shot out from the opened portal. Then succeeded the loud tones of angry altercation. Swan was a powerful and sturdy burgess, and had a voice like a Stentor. He resented the imputation upon his character of harboring a priest, and the disturbance of his family's repose at such an hour, in a manner that none could mistake. The three wags could hear him quite distinctly.

"See here, Fowler," he shouted, "if you don't take yourself off double quick, I'll smash your hang-dog mug with this tongs. By—— I will. I always knew you to be a disgraceful scoundrel, but I never before took you to be a fool. The idea of Richard Swan, captain of the Loyal Volunteers, harboring a popish priest! Faugh! Get away, you dirty jackal!"

Fowler was overawed by this volley of abuse. His replies were so low that the listeners could not catch them, but they concluded he was expostulating and endeavoring to persist in his object. The interview ended by Swan making a dash at him; and then the watchers, convulsed with the effort to repress their natural emotions, saw the trio take to their heels in the most undignified way.

Taking a circuit from the lower end of the lane, where they had been enjoying the fun, the three jokers emerged on the Main Street, where they soon discerned the fugitives in counsel. Lindsay and King sauntered up quite innocently, just to inquire how matters sped. Fowler cursed at them savagely for sending him on such a fool's errand. Lindsay asseverated with the greatest earnestness that his story was true, only that he might be mistaken as to the house. Perhaps it was Mr. Beale's house, the one next it, he suggested. At all events he advised Fowler to keep a watch upon both for some time. Staggered by his earnestness, Fowler promised to take his advice.

"Let us stroll about for a little, boys," said Lindsay. "The morning is delicious, and this fun is not less so. We may have some more of it yet."

It was almost broad daylight when George Beale opened his door to look up and down the street in order to reconnoitre the neighborhood. His guests were anxious to slip away if the coast were entirely clear.

As he held the door in his hand, drawing in a pleasant draught of the fresh morning air, a man suddenly darted from around the corner of the street and flung himself up the steps.

"Let me in, sir, if you please, just for a little time. I'm in danger! I'm pursued!"

George Beale's naturally benevolent heart at first prompted him to do unhesitatingly what was so suddenly demanded of him. But the appearance of this fugitive did not prepossess him. He was tolerably well clad, just like a comfortable trader, a brown suit with plain frogged edgings, and silver buckles to his shoes. But his clothes looked as if they had been flung on in a hurry; under his tri-cornered hat his powdered wig sat all askew, and his knee breeches were not buttoned at the side over the stockings. He looked, moreover, like one who had been drinking, but had been frightened into a false sobriety by some sudden alarm. His face was haggard and not over-clean.

"I do not know that I should be doing right in letting thee in, friend," replied George Beale. "Thee had better go home, I think."

"Home! I daren't go home now. I had to fly from it. Oh, sir, don't refuse me. My life is at stake, I tell you!"

"I may be wrong, but I cannot do much harm in letting thee in, friend," replied George Beale reluctantly. "But, understand, I undertake nothing whatever beyond letting thee have shelter for the moment."

He opened the door and gave the fugitive admission. He brought him no farther than the hall, however, but bade him sit in one of the chairs which stood there beside the hat-rack.

Fowler had adopted a new plan of operations. Convinced that his intended prey must be somewhere in the locality, he had impressed into his service a wretched outcast whom he found wandering about the streets. This creature lay huddled up in the shadow of a doorway on the side of the Parade opposite George Beale's house, so that nobody, save in a very strong light, could discern whether the mass meant shadow or substance. This creature he left to watch while he and his companions strolled about the town to keep their blood in circulation.

"Well, any stir about the place since?" queried Fowler, coming up to this unsuspicious looking sentinel.

"Yes, a man was let in there without knockin' a little while ago. The ould man himself was on the steps as if he was lookin' out for him."

"And nobody came out since?"

"No."

This was enough for Fowler. He was sure he was now on the right scent.

He whistled for his companions. He had no dread this time, for George Beale, the Quaker, was a very different man from Richard Swan, the captain of the Loyal Volunteers.

The party were not well inside the house when another squad came on the scene. It was the sheriff's *posse*.

"Did you see a man running this way lately?" queried the leader of the outcast.

"Yes; he's gone into that house there beyant."

Without further parley the party moved across to the hall door of George Beale's, and the leader knocked loudly.

"Hello, Fowler! what are you doing here?" queried the leader.

"Looking for a traitor, a popish priest, who, I am given to understand, is in hiding somewhere about here."

"Oh, I see; the old game. Who is that hiding there behind you?"

"'Tis Isaac Rashley, a friend of mine."

"The very man I want. Come out here, Isaac Rashley. You are my prisoner."

"For what?" demanded Fowler insolently. Many a time had he defied the magistrates in the execution of the law against "the garrison" of Clothiers' Lane, relying on the government to back him up in every case.

"To answer a charge of murder," replied the official curtly.

"Do you mean for shooting the woman yesterday?"

"Yes."

"She was a Papist. The law says that a loyal subject may take the life of a Papist if his own be in danger. Papists, you know, have no rights before the law."

"I'm not here to settle points of law, but to do my duty."

"Well, I'll take it on myself," said the ruffian coolly, "to say that Isaac Rashley needn't go with you. He'll be produced afterwards if he's wanted."

The sheriff's man was at a loss how to act. He was, in truth, not a little in dread of this troublesome "loyalist."

"I do not want to quarrel in this respectable man's house," he said, after a pause. "Now, if you will leave the matter to one of the town magistrates, whether I'm justified in acting on the coroner's warrant or not, I'll abide by it."

"Very well; send one of your men for one," assented Fowler. He believed that any of these magistrates would certainly decide in his favor.

But he was somewhat taken aback when the magistrate who entered very shortly afterwards — not having very far to come — was Councillor Ulick Boyce.

"Well, what is the trouble here?" he demanded brusquely. "Why is a magistrate wanted at such an unearthly hour of the morning?"

"I have a warrant for the arrest of this man, sir," replied the sheriff's officer, "on the charge of murdering a woman named Elizabeth Stack. The accused has fled from his own residence, and I find him hiding here. Now, this gentleman [pointing to Fowler] interferes and says I have no right to arrest any one on the charge of killing a Papist."

"I knew Mrs. Stack," said the councillor. "She was a Protestant. I often saw her in Christ Church, which I attend myself."

"That may be, sir," interposed Fowler, "but she turned Papist lately."

"When?"

"Before she died."

"How long before?"

"I don't know."

"You seem to know all about it well enough up to this point. Do you know?" he asked, turning to the sheriff's officer.

"The coroner told me, sir, that she called for a priest while she was in the infirmary, and one attended her there."

"That settles the point. I knew the woman to be a Protestant when she was shot, so, Mr. Fowler, your objection falls to the ground. Take your prisoner away, officer. He is yours according to the letter of the law."

Foaming with rage at his disappointment, Fowler flung himself out of the house. Where he expected to find a fugitive priest he found

only a brother "loyalist" with his neck in a fair way for the halter. Never in all his hunting experiences had he had such a night of frustrations as this. No one enjoyed his discomfiture so heartily as Councillor Boyce; and even the gentle Quaker, George Beale, was "moved by the spirit" to laugh more demonstratively than was his wont, as he told the jovial councillor, in whom he knew he could confide, of the man of whom Fowler was in search being behind the parlor door all the time listening to the comedy.

Father James got away safely to Passage next day and thence to La Belle France, with the fond mother's message to her student son. Rashley escaped the gallows, but not a sentence of twenty years' "transportation."

TO A ROSE.

MARY F. M. NIXON.

Translated from the Spanish.

FAIR floweret of the forest, wondrous rose,
Thou art September's pride, the harvest's joy;
The cold north wind chills not thy calm repose,
Nor wintry blasts thy sweetness ever cloy.
Go, beauteous rose; swift to my dear one hie;
Fair queen of flowers, now leave thy throne to make
A crown for my more peerless queen. Then die
Upon her chestnut hair. For her dear sake
Bestow thy color on her pallid cheek;
Receive her tears, if sad she seems to be,
Within the secrets of thy bosom deep—
And if those perfect lips, most dear to me,
Should touch thy petals like a dewdrop fair,
Ah! whisper to her how for her I long;
Dear rose — pray tell her, as thou tarriest there,
With her my life would be a joyous song.

SWEET LAVENDER.

From the picture by Paul Heydell.

THE PIAZZETTA.

THE BAKER'S LIGHTS.*

WHEN you go to Venice, friend reader, enter the town by the extremity of the Grand Canal or by the Cannareggio; land at the Piazzetta at the base of the Lion's Column; then turn round and feast your eyes on a wonderful sight. Before you are the waters of the lagoon, girdled in the distance with a belt of green islands. To the left is the ducal palace, and on the right rises the colonnade of Sansovino. When you have seen the sun disappear, after tinting the marble walls with purple and gold, keep your place awhile and fix your eyes on the side wall of San Marco

* From the French of A. de Lêtre in *Le Monde Moderne.*

THE BAKER'S LIGHTS.

on a level with the balustrade. Before the mosaic Madonna you will see two little lights come out like two stars at nightfall.

Many a time have I stood there in revery under the soft, clear sky, guessing vainly for the meaning of those beacons which gleamed from dusk till dawn. Here evidently was one of those legends of love which thrill the hearts of Venetian maidens.

A legend there must surely be, and I reflected that my best chance of hearing it would be from an old fisherman in whose house at Chioggia I had once passed a few weeks. I resolved, therefore, to quit Venice for a few pleasant hours with my old friend Beppo.

Beppo was delighted to see me and one fine evening as we watched the sun sink below the horizon he began: "People are moved at the sight of our Piazzetta to-day; but what a sight it must have been when the crowd that gathered there was dressed in all kinds of rich and many hued garments, and Turkish ambassadors or Prussian merchants elbowed their way through groups of young nobles, discussing or reciting the last sonnet of the reigning poet! Old times are changed now — the Piazzetta is peopled only by drab tourists, and the waters of the lagoon are no longer furrowed by the old fishing-boats, with their sails of all colors from lemon green to scarlet orange. The fishermen have disappeared, and with them we have lost much of our picturesqueness, and many of our old legends are in the way of being forgotten. Still here are some left, and the one which seems to interest you so keenly, old as it is, has come down to us as a sad proof that human justice is not infallible."

I.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century, during the dogate of Andrea Contarini, there lived an old fisherman in Venice whose possessions were limited to his boat and his granddaughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen years, with flaxen hair and eyes of velvet. She was the only one left

of his numerous family, and with an old man's worship he loved this last child which Heaven had left him as balm for his sorrows and hope for his old days.

Annunziata was certainly one of the fairest of Venice's fair daughters, and when she accompanied old Marcello, her grandfather, in his fishing-boat, she might be taken, through the mists of evening, for a sea-goddess rather than the daughter of a simple fisherman. No wonder, then, that love, which blossoms so quickly here, had already touched her heart, and that at sixteen Annunziata was plighted to a stalwart youth of her own rank in life. Tonino was a baker, who loved his work only second to the fair eyes of his betrothed.

The young pair had enjoyed the happiness of two pure young hearts for whom all the earth is love and gladness, and now, when the sun would rise once again, the priest of the God of Goodness would bless them, and the betrothal be changed for the wedding ring. The two modest dwellings were *en fête*, friends had brought their gifts, and Annunziata's companions had transformed the fisherman's hut into a perfect bower of blossoms. When they had left, Tonino came to pay a last visit to his betrothed, and Annunziata, radiant with happiness, begged the old man to take them out in his boat. The night was calm and clear, and the perfumes of spring were in the air.

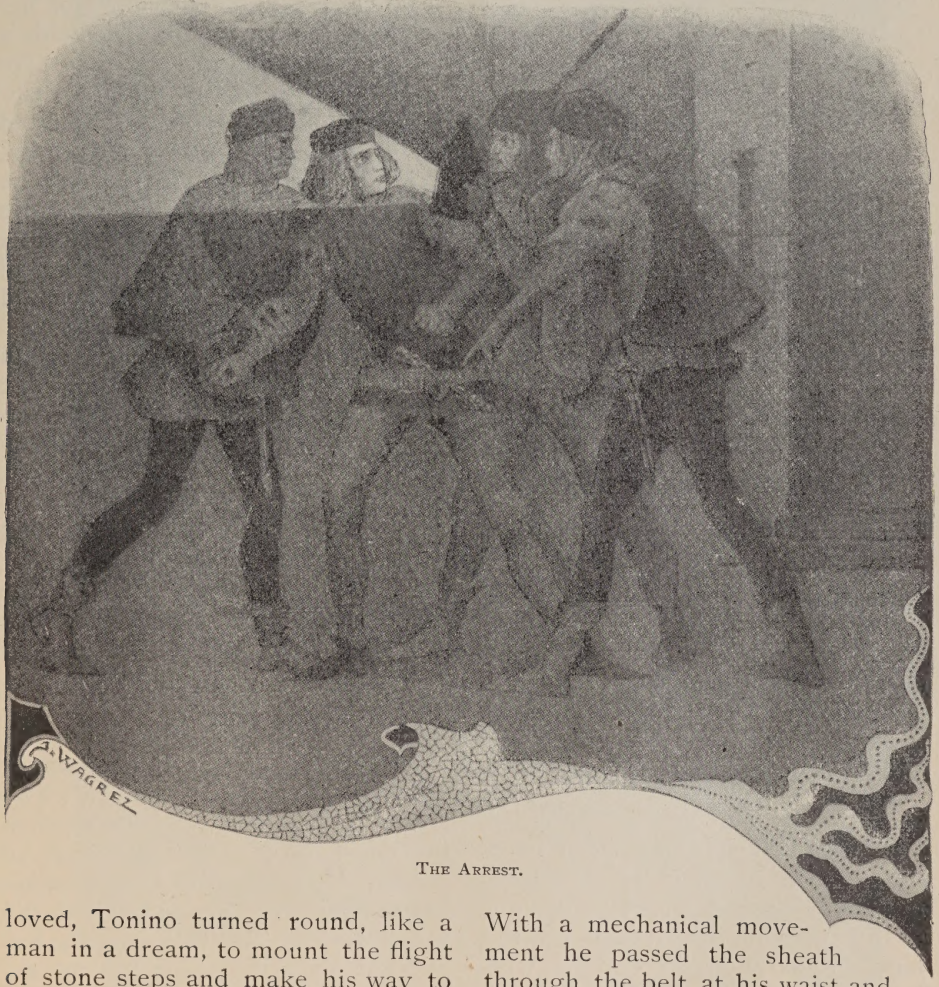
"Annunziata begged the Old Man to take Them out in His Boat."

Marcello was only too glad to gratify the lovers' wish, and soon the boat was away on the waters with its freight of three happy human souls.

Hour after hour the little bark glided light as a bird through the blue waters, till at last the silent stars began to pale in the heavens and the old man turned the prow to the Piazzetta. The night was near its end. Not a soul was to be seen except the guard pacing the palace

colonnade, — a night of calm and shadows and silence.

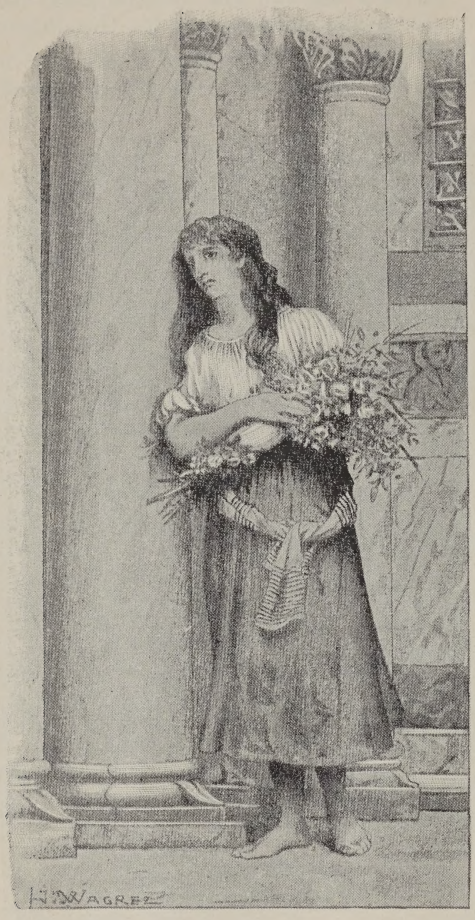
After one last lingering look at the vanishing boat that bore his beloved, Tonino turned round, like a man in a dream, to mount the flight of stone steps and make his way to the little home where Annunziata would await his coming every night through the long, long years that lay before them. His eyes were on the ground as he walked, pondering on his happiness, when suddenly he caught a gleam of something bright through the darkness. He stooped and picked it up. It was the sheath of a dagger. He looked up and down the silent street for the owner, but there was no one in sight. Calm and solitude lay all around him.



THE ARREST.

With a mechanical movement he passed the sheath through the belt at his waist and continued on his way.

The unhappy youth did not see that a dead body was lying in the shadow, but he had scarcely gone a hundred yards when a dazzling light flashed in his eyes, strong hands were laid roughly on his shoulders — he was arrested in the name of the Signoria on the charge of the



"The Smile of Madness Flickered on Her Lips."

murder which had just been committed. His denials, protestations, prayers, were useless. Had he not on his person the sheath of the dagger which was still dripping with the blood of the murdered man? In one fell moment his brimming cup of gladness was dashed from his lips, and the heavy gates of the prison closed upon him like a nightmare of damnation, while poor Annunziata slept on, cradled in sweetest dreams.

The day broke — one of those days of pure light which sometimes visit Venice in spring. Annunziata's companions were with her betimes, some aiding her in putting on her white bridal gown, others arranging the curls of her yellow hair, and all filled with a joyous impatience. Outside there was a goodly gathering of the fishing community, who had adorned their boats for the bridal procession. The hour grew late, but no Tonino came; later, but still no sign of the groom, and then, little by little, a vague uneasiness began to creep through the crowd. Could anything have happened?

The joy gradually faded from the bright faces; somebody must go for news. A boy is sent to Tonino's home with orders to return quickly; but when he reaches his destination there is a murmuring crowd before the door, and every one is asking his neighbor what can have become of the unhappy baker. Nobody has seen him, his friends have looked for him in vain! The only news to coincide with his disappearance is that a nobleman has been murdered during the night, and his assassin taken almost red-handed. The boy returns and tells his story in the midst of a silence like that of death. No sooner has Annunziata heard the sinister news than with the prescience of hearts that love, she has guessed all, and knows that the accused now lying in the depths of the pit is none other than her lover.

But it cannot, it must not be! She will penetrate the stone walls! She will throw herself at the feet of those men and say to them "It is a mistake, my Tonino is not guilty; look on us, we are so young, and our hearts are all love, our thoughts are far away from all these mur-

THE "THREE."

ders! We were on the threshold of happiness; you must see you are mistaken; give up the innocent and look for the real culprit."

Poor girl! she might have known that those doors were the doors of doom, and that whoever entered by them came out only by the light of the red lamp when the secret waters took his stiff body into the depths of the Orfano Canal.

The fate of the hapless baker soon became known, and gloom hung over the old fisherman's cabin. Annun-

ziata moved about like a shadow. Her old songs were no longer heard. A sombre fire burned in her eyes, and every day her cheek grew more wan and thin. Still all hope was not dead within her, and in her young soul she believed in the justice of men.

The fatal night of the trial came. Tonino was taken from the dungeon where he had lain for days, alternating between the stupor and madness of despair. He read his fate in the pitiless eyes of the magistrates almost before the trial began, but a last flicker from the lamp of hope lit up his few pathetic words of appeal for justice. He conjured his judges by the God that made them and the mothers that bore them, not to quench the two young lives that depended upon their verdict. But the bare facts of the case were deemed more than ample ground for their verdict of death, and the following night the red lamp flashed its sinister gleam over the waters, and poor Tonino's body went where thousands had gone before.

Of all the joy and hope that had been, nothing was now left but a poor old man and a pale, sad girl. There are great sorrows which cloud the reason forever. When Annunziata learned the terrible judgment which took her lover from her and destroyed her future, her beautiful eyes, which could not weep, opened wider than before. The smile of madness flickered on her lips — that most pathetic madness which will not believe in misfortune. For her, Tonino was not dead. No, he was coming to her and the flowers she offered to the grand ladies in the streets, asking them if her Tonino was not really coming, were meant for him. Every one had a glance of pity for the poor girl that wandered, so white and thin, from one group to another.

Some years after the condemnation of the baker, a strange confession threw a lurid light on the unhappy trial. A notorious robber was taken who had for years filled Venice with his crimes. There was no need to put him to the torture. With an incredible cynicism he recounted the long list of his atrocities without the faintest sign of repentance. One revelation he kept for the day of his trial, and it was an avowal of the murder for which Tonino had been condemned.

The wheel of fate had turned, and now it was Tonino's judges who were brought to trial before the dread tribunal of The Three for their arbitrary decision. They were condemned to death, and their property confiscated and devoted to a fund for a yearly Mass for Tonino's soul, and for the two lights, which every night since have gleamed over the Piazzetta. But even this was not deemed sufficient memento of the tragedy. A special magistrate was appointed to examine every flaw in the evidence against prisoners accused of a serious crime. Whenever he found reason to interpose his veto, he rose before the judges, and by pronouncing the warning, "*Remember the baker,*" a new trial became necessary.

When Beppo had finished his story I declined his offers of hospitality and returned to Venice. It was deep night when I landed at the Piazzetta, and as I caught the gleam of the Baker's Lights, I felt that I had learned that evening the lesson of a life time. Have we not all reason to *Remember the baker* in our judgments?

A March Gale.

THE OLDEST LIVING SISTER OF CHARITY.

GEORGE BARTON.

IF nobility of character, earnestness and purity of purpose, great natural executive ability, together with unaffected piety and humility, count for anything in this uncertain world, Sister Mary Gonzaga of Philadelphia will rank high in the bright galaxy of women whose lives have illumined the history of Catholic Sisterhoods in the United States. Sister Gonzaga has a remarkably long and eventful history. Celebrating her golden jubilee more than eighteen years ago, she can look back over a series of years in the course of which she has been teacher, nurse, Mother Superior, head of a large orphan asylum, and the executive of a great military hospital, where nearly fifty thousand sick and wounded soldiers received the self-sacrificing attention of a staff of forty Sisters of Charity. Sister Gonzaga, who is credited with being the oldest living Sister of Charity in the United States, is now spending the tranquil evening of a busy and eventful life, as the Mother Emeritus of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, one of the magnificent charities of the City of Brotherly Love.

This venerable woman's name in the world was Mary Agnes Grace. She came from a respected Baltimore family, and was born in that city in 1812. In December, 1823, she was sent to St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg, Maryland, and the four years she spent in this institution helped to make that certain foundation upon which her subsequent successful career was built. She had early conceived the idea of retiring from the world and devoting her life entirely to the service of God. Accordingly on March 11, 1827, she was received into the community of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. In April, 1828, in company with Sister Stanislaus McGinnis and Sister Lucy Ignatius, Sister Gonzaga went to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to open a school. On the 25th of March, 1830, she made her holy vows, and two months later was sent to Philadelphia to St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, with which her future years were to be so intimately connected. On October 24, 1836, the institution was removed to its present site, and upon the death of Sister Petronilla, the superioress in August, 1843, Sister Gonzaga succeeded to its management and remained in charge until October, 1844. Here she went on with her good work, placid and calm in the midst of the turbulent waves of anti-Catholic bitterness and persecution, which at times threatened the lives of innocent women and children. In the latter part of 1844 she was sent to Donaldsonville, Louisiana, as assistant in the novitiate of Southern postulants.

After some years of service in New Orleans and a reassumption of her charge at St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, she was sent, in 1855, to the

Mother House of the Order in France, where she remained a year, obtaining and imparting much valuable information regarding the work and duties of Sisters in an administrative capacity. In May, 1856, she returned to the United States, and the following year took charge of her old love, St. Joseph's Asylum, for the third time.

The beginning of the Civil War, a few years later, was to mark the most eventful epoch in the career of Sister Gonzaga and to develop her extraordinary qualities of administration. The Satterlee Military Hospital was established in Philadelphia. Dr. Walter F. Atlee, who is still living, an honored physician of the Quaker City, felt that the interests of the government and of the soldiers would be benefited if the Sisters of Charity were installed as nurses in the army hospital. He had several interviews with the surgeon-general and with Secretary of War Stanton. As a result of this the Sisters of Charity were invited to assume charge.

On June 9, 1862, Sister Gonzaga, accompanied by forty Sisters, assembled from all parts of the United States, left the asylum and entered upon their duties in the hospital. It is difficult to estimate the good work done by them during the period they spent in this place, which has been aptly styled the "shadow of the valley of death." In those three momentous years they nursed and cared for upwards of forty-eight thousand soldiers. Only those who have had the care of the sick can begin to estimate the amount of ceaseless labor and patience involved in such a vast undertaking. The sick and wounded comprised both Union and Confederate soldiers, and the gentleness of the Sisters endeared them to all under their charge.

Sister Gonzaga, although in her eighty-fourth year, still retains clear and vivid recollections of those trying times. She rarely introduces

SISTER GONZAGA.

the subject herself, but once it is brought into conversation, she talks with enthusiasm upon it. The hospital was one of the largest in the country, and everything was arranged on a generous scale.

Sister Gonzaga remembers two events in the history of the hospital with particular distinctness: the first was after the battle of Bull Run, and the second the days following the battle of Gettysburg. After the battle of Bull Run the soldiers were brought to the hospital by hundreds. At the time of the three days' battle of Gettysburg there was a terrible

period of suspense for the people of Philadelphia. They knew that a battle was taking place somewhere in the neighborhood of the State Capitol, but they had no information regarding the result. The earliest intelligence came with the first consignment of wounded soldiers to the Satterlee Hospital. Then there was much rejoicing over a Union victory. The sick and wounded from the blood-stained battle-field were received in thousands. One careful estimate puts the number at four thousand.

Such an emergency as this tested the capacity of the women in charge, but Sister Gonzaga came through the ordeal with flying colors. The surgeon in charge of the hospital was Dr. Isaac Hayes, who achieved much fame in the celebrated Kane Arctic Expedition, and who afterwards headed an expedition of his own. The wards of the hospital were very commodious and comfortable, each one accommodating at least seventy-five patients.

ST. JOSEPH'S ORPHAN ASYLUM, PHILADELPHIA, where Sister Gonzaga now lives.

Dr. Hayes was a kind father to the Sisters, consulting them upon everything that would contribute to their comfort and happiness. Through his kind offices and those of Dr. Atlee they secured a chaplain, Father Crane, who said Mass for them once a week.

There is an old and very rare print of the Satterlee Hospital from which it is clear that the hospital occupied many acres of ground. Yet the histories of Philadelphia remain singularly silent regarding it.

All during the war Sister Gonzaga, besides managing the hospital, remained in charge of St. Joseph's Asylum, which she visited at regular intervals. At the close of the war she relinquished her work at the Satterlee Hospital to give her whole time to the asylum, the other Sisters from the hospital returning to their various missions.

Sister Gonzaga has had frequent visits from grateful soldiers who were nursed back to life through her Christian devotion. One who heard of her serious illness a few years ago, called upon her, and then as the outpouring of a grateful heart sent the following letter to the Philadelphia *Evening Star* as "a soldier's tribute to the noble work of Mother Gonzaga during the war: "—

In your valuable paper dated yesterday, the announcement was made that Mother Gonzaga, in charge of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, southwest corner Seventh and Spruce streets, was lying dangerously ill. In reciting her many acts of charity for the young orphans under her care and protection, victims of epidemic, etc., during the many years of her life, you were not aware that the short notice touched a tender chord of affection in the breast of many a veteran of the late war.

Mother Gonzaga was a mother to sixty thousand soldiers, as patients under treatment in Satterlee United States Army Hospital, Forty-fourth and Pine streets, from 1862 until 1865. Those who were under her care, no matter of what religion or creed, who received the midnight visits of Mother Gonzaga, made in silent steps after "taps," and by the dim gaslight, will recognize her familiar countenance surrounded by that white-winged hood or cowl. They will recall her form bending to hear the faint breath or whisper of some fever patient, or to attend to some restless one throwing off the bedclothes, kindly tucking them in around his body as a mother would to a child, then gliding to the dying to give them expressions of comfort — those who recall these scenes, I say, think of her truly as an angel of peace and sweetness.

Administering medicine when required, loosening a bandage or replacing the same, watching a case of a sufferer in delirium — at all times annoying to those near him — was her daily duty. To see her always calm, always ready, with modesty and fidelity faithfully performing a Christian duty as an administering angel, when physicians, surgeons, friends, and all human aid had failed, was a beautiful sight. No poet could describe, no artist could faithfully portray on canvas the scenes at the deathbed of a soldier that would convey to those not having witnessed them, the solemnity of the quiet kneeling, the silent prayer, a murmur faintly heard as a whisper, of a Sister of Charity paying her devotion to Him on high, and consigning the spirit of the dying soldier to His care.

As one of many thousands under her care, I shall always think of Mother Gonzaga as one of a constellation of stars of the greatest magnitude — surrounded by many others that were devoted servants, among whom I would mention Dorothea Dix, Annie M. Ross, Hettie A. Jones, and Mary Brady. We soldiers cannot forget the service they rendered.

J. E. MacLane.

During the years succeeding the war, Sister Gonzaga devoted her energies to building up St. Joseph's Asylum, and much of its success can truly be attributed to her energy and ability.

On the 12th of April, 1877, Sister Gonzaga celebrated the occasion of her golden jubilee in the Sisterhood. On the previous 19th of March she had attained her fiftieth year in the community. It was an event not soon to be forgotten. She on that day received the blessing of the Holy Father, Pius IX, and bishops, priests, Sisters, and the laity vied with one another in showing the reverence and esteem in which they held the simple religious.

Ten years later she was recalled to the Mother-House at Emmitsburg by her superiors, who desired to relieve her of her responsibility as the head of such a large institution. Born to obedience, she promptly responded to the order,

and left the house which had become as a home; left friends who had become endeared to her, and orphans who truly regarded her as a mother. There was not a murmur from this woman who was being taken away from associations with which she had been lovingly and intimately associated for nearly half a century.

Her Philadelphia friends, without solicitation, spontaneously addressed petitions to her superiors requesting her return to the scene of her life's labors. In the words of one who loved Sister Gonzaga, "Heaven was stormed by fervent prayers for the return of the mother of the poor." She remained at Emmitsburg for sixteen months, and at the end of that time returned to Philadelphia. Her home-coming on the 20th of December, 1888, was made the occasion of a great demonstration. The Sisters, the orphans, the managers of the asylum, and a host of friends participated.

She has remained at St. Joseph's Asylum ever since — the pride and ornament of the institution. Increasing age prevents her from supervising the active management of the asylum. Her experience and advice, however, are always at the disposal of others, and Mother Mary Joseph, the present head of the house, frequently consults her venerable predecessor on matters of management.

The actual extent of the good done by Sister Gonzaga is scarcely realized by those who are around her. Many of her charitable acts have been done quietly, even secretly. There was one story with almost the pathos of a tragedy in which she was concerned. The daughter of an estimable family went astray, and the parents in the first violence of their anger and grief turned her out of the house. A few months passed, and then, their better judgment gaining sway, they attempted to find and forgive the child they had disowned. But they searched in vain, and finally in despair turned to Sister Gonzaga. She had not the slightest clue to the missing girl, but she pledged herself to bring her back. In a short time she located the erring one in the insane ward of the Philadelphia hospital. The girl was restored to her remorseful parents, and by careful nursing was gradually brought back to reason.

Sister Gonzaga has a countenance of great benignity and firmness, a high forehead, a kindly mouth, and eyes which even age has not been able to dim. She is a model of graciousness and good breeding, and her well-balanced and well-trained mind is seen in a remarkably strong and accurate memory. The story of her life is well worth the telling, serving, as it does, as a model and incentive for those who would be successful in their chosen vocation. Sister Gonzaga's magnificent work has practically been unknown to the world. Beyond a fugitive paragraph now and then in the newspapers, nothing has been written concerning her wonderful labors in peace and war. Such a thing as a complete sketch or biography has never been attempted. A reflection on this fact is not without profit. Sister Gonzaga of course stands out conspicuously as a woman of great force and power; but there are many hundreds of others who are quietly, unostentatiously doing work which, if it were properly known, would be appreciated and applauded by the world.

CONFERENCES ON HISTORICAL CRITICISM.

FATHER CH. DE SMEDT, S. J., PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF BOLLANDISTS.

Continued from February number.

SECOND CONFERENCE.

I MUST beg your whole attention for this conference; not, however, that the principles which I have to expose are so abstract or so difficult to understand. You will find in them, I flatter myself, only the language of the simplest common sense. The whole difficulty, or at least the more or less painful effort, consists in putting away the mists which misconceptions and confusions of ideas and language have amassed around them under the empire of passions quite other than that of historical truth.

This is particularly the case with tradition properly so called — tradition both oral and popular.

Anybody who has interested himself in historical research must have been more than once brought to a standstill before a problem very delicate to resolve. Facts present themselves of which no trace has been detected in any contemporary writing or monument; they have remained buried for centuries in thick darkness; and suddenly, after all this long interval, we see them blaze forth and become accepted as indubitable. Thousands of mouths relate them, often with most elaborate details, but without ever advancing a serious guarantee to assure us of the fidelity of the accounts. In such a case it is said that these facts are made known to us by the testimony of oral tradition, of tradition properly so called.

To define the nature of the services which tradition can render, and to determine in consequence the rules to be followed in the employment of its indications, it is very important to keep before our minds the notion we have just given. Some advocates of traditions which flatter their local or other vanity are sometimes disposed to take the term "tradition" in a more general sense, in which it is made to comprehend written evidence, and to not fail to observe that tradition is the only natural and ordinary means at our disposal to acquire knowledge of the things of the past. It must be clearly understood, therefore, that we are speaking here of tradition as distinct from and even exclusive of written evidence. We are treating of accounts of which the first authors are entirely unknown, as well as all the intermediaries who must have passed them down to the epoch at which we can verify their existence. The written evidence which we have concerning them serves only to fix this epoch.

Let us also set aside the tradition which has for object revealed dogmas not consigned to the Sacred Writings. The authority of this tradition is guaranteed by the privilege of inerrancy accorded by God to the teaching Church and to the belief

of the universality of the faithful. By virtue of this privilege, when it can be shown that at any epoch of history whatsoever there has been a consensus morally universal and unanimous, among all the particular churches of Christendom in positively professing a certain doctrine as belonging to the divine revelation, although not consigned to the Sacred Books, it is quite indubitable for us Catholics that this doctrine is true and certain with the certainty of faith. Its definition by the supreme ecclesiastical authority only proclaims this certainty and manifests it in set terms to all the faithful.* It is clearly understood that we are not here dealing with this kind of tradition, the fidelity of which is guaranteed by a special supernatural providence.

But it must also be clearly understood that we do not admit what are called *Catholic traditions*, and which are treated as though they participated in the smallest degree in the character of inerrancy of dogmatic tradition, opinions which have been current during a notable period of time among a certain number or even among the universality of Catholics with regard to facts which certainly do not form part of the deposit of revealed truth, and the certainty of which has never been assured by the infallible judgment of the Church.

To make this observation more practical, we may say at once that it applies especially to the Roman martyrology and to the historical legends of the Roman breviary. Quite recently a number of articles appeared in the Roman review *La Civiltà Cattolica* on the authority of the Roman martyrology. The author of these articles comes to the definite conclusion that this martyrology has absolutely no dogmatic authority, and no special value as an historical document; his conclusions apply with even greater force to the legends of the Roman breviary. I had the idea of presenting a work of this kind to the Scientific Congress of Catholics which was held last year at Brussels, and had even announced it when I became aware of the articles in the *Civiltà*. They have caused me to renounce my project. I reached the same conclusions and by the same arguments; besides, I had summarized these arguments in a book published some twenty years ago.*

Neither is any particular value to be attached to an historical tradition because it has been received by the Fathers of the Church. Their testimony is of great weight when it concerns dogmas or dogmatic facts; but there is nothing to authorize us to regard them as possessing any privilege in the matter of reliability of information or of critical sense with regard to facts purely historical, and there is no profit to be derived from the vague principle of the respect due to the early Fathers, and the general recommendation of not abandoning their authority except for very grave reasons. These rules are too elastic to serve as bases for the judgments of science, and too easily twisted to meet the exigencies of a preconceived thesis.†

In short, I see no serious motive for distinguishing from popular tra-

*I have treated this question at somewhat greater length in the essay already quoted, *Principes de la Critique Historique*, pp. 162-171.

* *Introductio ad Hist. Eccl. Critice Tractandum.*

† Cf. *Principes de la Crit. Hist.*, pp. 176-181.

ditions those which are sometimes designated by the name of ecclesiastical traditions, because they are mainly current in ecclesiastical circles, such as in monasteries or among the clergy, and even consecrated by liturgical monuments. The clergy and monks of the Middle Ages were as a rule well provided for in the matter of credulity, especially in things concerning the honor or interests of their Church. It might even be shown that they were a little more than bold in turning everything to account for the making of facts of this kind, and thus giving birth to apparent traditions.*

Let us now come to the rules which are to be followed by the critic in the use of this kind of information.

To begin, we give two or three which we regard as entirely illusory.

It has seemed wise to some to admit, generally speaking, as true the substance of the facts affirmed by tradition, excluding the details in which the caprices of rumor and the popular fancy often delight to embroider them. This rule may be confirmed by more than one example. Is it not found to be perfectly justified, for instance, in the traditions about the fall of man, the deluge, the dispersion of peoples — traditions which are found everywhere, always identical in substance, but with a marvellous variety of detail?

But unfortunately there is also a whole crowd of cases in which all of truth that the tradition contains is reduced to a single detail, round which the popular imagination has built a whole story. Examples abound. I will quote one or two which are rather piquant.

During the pontificate of Urban VIII a petition reached Rome from a church in Spain, asking for indulgences for the feast of a *Saint Viar*, whose body the church claimed to possess. The Pope was struck by the strangeness of the name, and before granting anything wanted to know something about the monuments on which the cultus of the alleged saint was based. Inquiry resulted in the fact that all the proofs of his saintship were reduced to a stone placed in the spot where he was believed to be buried, and on which his name in clear characters might be read: S. VIAR. The stone was carefully examined by epigraphists a little more skilful than the clergy and people of the Spanish burgh, and these scholars had no difficulty in recognizing on it the remains of an inscription almost completely obliterated, in which mention was made of a (PRÆFECTU)S VIAR)UM, or *superintendent of public ways*, at the time of the Roman domination.*

Of course nothing more was said about feast or indulgences. We are not told whether S. Viar had had his legend. It is hardly doubtful that if his cultus had been adopted, it would not be long before an account of his martyrdom would also be transmitted.

Some popular beliefs have their explanations in a chance resemblance of names, which had given rise to an imaginary connection between the men or things bearing them, or again in kinds of *rebuses* composed about these names and afterwards transformed into traditional facts. To this

* Cf. work cited, pp. 171-176.

* *Iter Italicum*, Mabillon (Paris, 1724), p. 143.

last category belong, with many others, the naive legend of Saint Christopher, whose name *Christophorus* signifies *Christ-bearer*,* and that of Saint Lucy. This latter saint, like *Saint Clare*, was invoked to cure diseases of the eyes on account of her name.† Hence, doubtless, the custom of representing her carrying two eyes in her hand or on a plate, and eventually the legend according to which she plucked out her eyes to escape the importunities of a young man enamoured with her beauty.‡

These examples clearly show the falseness of another rule which we have seen proposed in a work on some local saint about whom there were only traditional data to go by. The author solemnly gave utterance to the opinion that we must regard as worthy of respect and credence a tradition connected with a material object or an ancient monument which it explains. It is nothing but the exact opposite which is to be affirmed. This kind of traditions must be regarded as particularly suspicious. The silliest and most evidently false traditions rest in the vast majority of cases on the fantastic and altogether naive interpretation of some relic of an old building, or of some representation the origin of which is entirely unknown.

How would it be if we had to take seriously all the places called *Cæsar's Camp* or *Mount Cæsar* which we find in north and central Europe, and which have got their names from ruins of military constructions, the greater part of which have nothing Roman about them and obviously belong to mediæval art, or those called *Pierres de Brunehaut*, the name given to the remains of Celtic monuments, and all the other products of art or nature which have been connected with some fabulous legend of some national or local hero or saint? The reason, as has often been remarked, is that a people among whom education is but little spread always preserves the characteristics of childhood. It has its simplicity, credulity, active and warm imagination, and the tendency to particularize, to gather around some one figure that stands out more clearly in its memory everything that reminds it of the class of men to which its hero belongs, without haggling over marvellous details, anachronisms of dates or manners, or an odd medley of facts and personages.

Finally, there is a third rule often proposed and invoked. A tradition will be prudently accepted as true when it fulfils the following three conditions: first, if its subject be a striking public fact which must necessarily have had a great many witnesses; then, if it has been universally admitted during a considerable lapse of time; and lastly, if during all this time no disclaimer has been raised against it, even on the part of those who would have every reason to contradict it and who were even chiefly instrumental in forming it.

Nothing could be easier than to justify this rule by *a priori* considerations. It may even seem to be severe rather than indulgent. And yet, taken as a universal principle, it cannot stand against the testimony of history. History shows us things that are absolutely false which have yet fulfilled all the conditions indicated. We shall give only one ex-

*Cf. Cahier, *Caracteristiques des Saints*, *Tome* I, pp. 56–65.

† Cf. ibid., p. 156.

‡ Cf. ibid., p. 105.

ample (though a remarkable one), which will speak for a good many others.

This is the famous tradition of Pope Joan. Here certainly we have a striking fact. It was related as having been witnessed by the whole town of Rome, where the alleged popess had borne the tiara for more than two years; the catastrophe which terminated her reign took place in a solemn procession at which the clergy and the people were present. No very laborious researches were necessary to show the complete falseness of this titbit of history so little to the credit of the Roman Church. And yet nobody troubled about it until after the middle of the fifteenth century, and even then you find only two or three authors venturing on a timid doubt as to its certainty. Further still, it was Catholic authors and especially members of two great religious orders entirely devoted to the Holy See, who propagated it. John Huss was able to use it at the Council of Constance, as an argument against papal authority, without any of the fathers or theologians of the Council raising their voices to deny it.

During the whole course of the fifteenth century the most distinguished theologians and canonists made not the least difficulty in admitting it, and it was so universally accredited that Cardinal de Torquemada, one of the most learned and ardent defenders of the Holy See at the time, did not hesitate to write: "Since it is certain that a woman was formerly regarded as pope by all Catholics, it is not impossible that some day a heretic may be held as such, although he would not be such in reality." Finally, the odious fable appeared in books printed at Rome, under the eyes and with the sanction of the ecclesiastical authority, up to the middle of the sixteenth century. It is hardly necessary to insist on the conclusion that follows from all this against the rule that we have just enunciated.

So far we have only cleared the ground of the important question of the authority of popular tradition by putting aside the vague and false ideas with which it has been encumbered. Now at last we shall enter openly and directly into it.

What value is to be attached to this means of knowledge? The answer is clearly furnished, if I am not mistaken, by a perfectly natural comparison.

We cannot help observing at the first glance, I think, a striking analogy between the characteristics of oral tradition with regard to the facts of the past, and the characteristics of public rumor about current events. On both sides we have the same innumerable hosts of entirely unknown intermediary witnesses, generally at one on the substance of the facts, but often very much opposed to each other in the matter of details. On both sides, too, we are in the same ignorance as to the quality of the primitive witnesses, and finally we have in both instances a multitude of cases in which the news propagated by common report has been found to be true and a multitude of others in which it has been entirely false.

Let us now take the case of a judge who is apprised by public rumor of certain facts which have a very important bearing on a case which he is to investigate. Does he confidently accept the information which comes to him in this way? Or, on the contrary, does he turn a

deaf ear to it? Neither one nor the other. He eagerly collects the accounts that are being hawked about, compares them, sees on what points they agree and differ. But he is in no hurry to come to a conclusion. He suspends judgment and waits for the official accounts. Above all he tries, either by himself or by trusty agents, to learn by whom the reports were first propagated, and thus get at the first source; that is, at the direct and immediate witnesses. And if the character of the persons charged with the official accounts is such that he is afraid to trust them, and if his own agents and himself cannot succeed in discovering the primary authors of the rumors in circulation, he will remain indefinitely in the state of doubt, and will content himself with a greater or less probability until he finds the means of becoming better informed.

Why should we not act in the same way before a popular tradition? Has it not the same claims on our attention, and have we not the same grounds of distrust in regard to it? Has it not often been of assistance in putting sagacious critics on the road to important discoveries which they would never have attained by means of written or figurative monuments alone? And on the other hand, have not such critics had to recognize in their study of historical documents the strange and, if I may use the term, the capricious medley of fact and fiction which they find at every step in popular traditions? The man who would hesitate to answer these questions in the affirmative must have but a poor acquaintance with works of modern erudition.

It would be therefore equally rash to take no account of oral traditions and limit proof to written evidence and contemporary monuments on the one side, and on the other to put entire faith in these traditions provided only they be not in formal contradiction with other historical data, although they receive no confirmation from such data. A popular tradition can never of itself suffice to establish with certainty the truth of an historical fact, but it may serve frequently as the starting-point of fruitful researches; sometimes it will give us an explanation of historical enigmas, which we would vainly look for in the writings of the time; often, too, it will enable us to discover precious details in these writings which we would otherwise have never remarked on account of the brevity or obscurity with which they are expressed, but which become manifest and in a manner revealed by the light that tradition sheds upon them.

What we have said applies especially to an isolated tradition. But, as in the case of written evidence, great light may be obtained by the comparison of different traditions referring to the same fact. Hence the apologists of the Christian religion are not wrong in taking pains to collect the traditions that are to be found spread among all peoples — the rudest and most savage as well as the most civilized — concerning the idea of a primitive creation, an original fall, a reparation by sacrifice, the degradation resulting from the fall, and the like, and that they detach the point of agreement of these traditions with regard to the main fact from the strange fables in which this fact is wrapped among the greater part of them, to conclude thence the existence of a primitive and universal doctrine in

conformity with that which divine revelation gives us about these facts.

So, too, when we find among two savage tribes who have been constantly at enmity certain traditions relating to a period of their history when they were in contact, we can often, in spite of the very different colors in which the memory of the event has been preserved on either side by national feeling, draw from the comparison of these traditions almost certain data concerning this event and some of its most remarkable features.

Let us therefore carefully collect popular traditions, compare them with one another, examine their value in the light of the other information furnished by science; and, when this light is not to be had, let us have patience until new discoveries bring it, contenting ourselves till then with the probability, of whatever degree it may be, resulting from tradition. In this way we shall lose none of our riches and shall not expose ourselves to the danger of exaggerating their importance, and have them regarded as suspicious by mixing among them pieces of bad coin.

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After the argument from tradition, the negative argument almost inevitably presents itself, not as its ally, but as its natural enemy.

We shall begin, for the advantage of those of our readers who are unfamiliar with the theories of criticism, by explaining what a negative argument means in the proper sense. It is that which is deduced, not from a more or less formal denial made by a writer in opposition to an assertion of one of his confrères (that would be one of the most positive of testimonies against the truth of the fact affirmed by the latter), but of the silence on the subject of this fact of contemporary documents, and of those of an epoch not far removed from that in which it must have taken place.

Does this silence always constitute a conclusive proof in favor of those who deny the fact? Or at least can it in certain cases furnish a conclusive proof? Those are the questions we have to solve. The first, it is easy to see, has a close connection with the question of the value of oral tradition, or rather it is identically the same, looked at from a different point of view. If it is answered in the affirmative, the argument drawn from tradition must disappear forever.

I shall not stop (in spite of the interest which the investigation would contain) to enumerate, as I have done for the question of the authority of popular tradition, the divers incomplete, unreliable, and consequently false rules proposed, by otherwise distinguished scholars, on the value of the negative argument. Opinions of all shades are to be found in them, from that of Baronius, who did not hesitate to lay down as a general axiom — to which, by the by, he was himself very often unfaithful — "that no attention is to be paid to what is related by a modern author about old events, if he does not produce the authority of a witness more closely connected with them," to that of J. B. Thiers, a doctor of Sorbonne, who is not afraid to affirm that we must always give in to the testimony of any learned, grave, and intelligent man, however modern he may be, in regard to the fact which he guarantees, even when the silence of all the old

authors can be alleged against him.* We shall rather apply ourselves at once to the formulation of a precise and practical rule.

For this we have only to observe the method adopted by the great masters of scientific history, on the occasions on which they have victoriously employed the negative argument to destroy some long-accredited historical error. We shall always find that they have endeavored to show these two points: first, that the author whose silence is invoked by them, as a proof of the falseness of the fact in question, could not have been ignorant of the fact if it had really happened as alleged; secondly, that if he had not been ignorant of it, he would not have failed to mention it in such of his works as we possess. The more certain these points are, the more force will the negative argument possess. If there can be no doubt about either of them, we shall deem ourselves fully justified in attributing to a writer's silence the same value that would be contained in a formal testimony enunciated by him in denial of the truth of the fact.

Nothing could be more rational than this process. It is put into operation every day in our courts of justice. What is more common in juridical debates than to see a charge or a defence upset by a purely negative piece of evidence? Honorable men are cited who must certainly have been witnesses of the fact alleged by the other side. If they affirm that they have no knowledge of it, their depositions are rightly regarded as solid proofs of the falseness of the allegations. Well! what difference can be pointed out between the value of evidence of this kind and that of the negative argument under the conditions we have indicated? None, it seems to us, except that in the former cases the witnesses formally say that they know nothing, while in the second we learn this from their silence; but this silence in the given circumstance is as expressive as an express statement.

We see from this how little foundation there is for the assertion of those who claim that a negative argument can never prevail against a formal text, and especially one contemporary with the fact. If the text does not present complete and incontestable guarantees of knowledge and veracity, its authority may very well be weakened and destroyed by the silence of a surer and more prudent writer. How often does it not happen in the courts that the deposition of an ocular or auricular witness becomes open to suspicion, or is even completely set aside, through the deposition of another witness who, although in a good or even a better position than the first for seeing or hearing everything, declares that he saw or heard nothing! The same must be true of historical inquiries whenever, by a certain concurrence of clearly proved circumstances, the silence of a writer becomes equivalent to a declaration of this kind.

It is to be recognized, too, that it is an error to say with Mabillon that the negative argument can be made available only after we have read all the works of all the authors of the time at which the event is alleged to have taken place. On the contrary, a single work of a single author will in some cases furnish the matter of a very solid nega-

* For more details see *Principes de la Crit. Hist.*, pp. 215–225.

tive argument. But on the other hand, Lannay has no better foundation for maintaining that the universal silence of writers during a period of about two centuries forms a sufficient proof of the falseness of facts which are not mentioned by them; for it is quite possible that none of the authors who have written in this interval should have been led by the exigencies of their subject to adduce these facts. In this case their silence has by no means the significance of contradictory evidence.

The rule we have just laid down leaves nothing to be desired, we think, in preciseness or practical utility. But its application to antiquity presents a danger which it will be well to point out.

In this age of publicity it is impossible for an event of any importance to take place in any part of the civilized world without the news of it being at once spread far and wide, and the principal details becoming known in such a manner as not to be effaced for a long time from the memory of those they particularly interest. It is astonishing to see the facility with which some modern writers forget that formerly things were very different, and promptly set up a negative argument, in their opinion inexpugnable, on the supposition that such a glaring fact of history should not have been known to such a cultivated man who flourished shortly after. Yet there are certain features here to show how prudence in this matter would be in season. We shall mention two rather striking ones.

Every one knows the celebrity enjoyed in the fourth century by the Œcumenical Council of Nicæa, and the veneration with which its decisions were accepted in the Catholic world, particularly in the West. Besides, it could not have been very difficult to procure a copy of its decisions, since the symbol of faith, the dogmatic sentence, and the twenty disciplinary canons are easily contained in two or three pages. The African Church possessed an authentic copy of them, brought from Nicæa by Cecilian, bishop of Carthage, and afterwards produced at the Council of Carthage held in 418. How is it possible to believe that in the fourth century itself an important personage in this church could have been ignorant of any of the Nicæan canons? And yet it was so in the case of Saint Augustine. He himself attests that at the time he was ordained bishop he did not know of the canon (the last part of the eighth) which forbade there being two bishops in the same town, and that Valerius, the old bishop of Hippo, was equally ignorant of it. These are the holy doctor's own words: "I was ordained bishop during the lifetime of the holy Bishop Valerius, my father and my pastor, and I occupied with him the Episcopal See. I did not know at the time that such a division had been forbidden by the Council of Nicæa, and he himself was also unaware of it." *

The other example is not less surprising. The most ordinary divinity student in our time would be ashamed not to know the main features of the story of Saint Cyprian, the great bishop of Carthage. Well, one of the great doctors of the Church, Saint Gregory, of Nazianzen, displays, and that in a panegyric in honor of Saint Cyprian, such ignorance of the personality of his hero, that he confounds him with the magi-

* Epist. 213 (al. 110) n. 4.

cian of Antioch, who had nothing in common with him beyond the name and the fact that both were martyrs of the faith.

We can see from this that, for the absolute rejection of an ancient fact or document, it is not sufficient to show its great importance on the one hand, and on the other that silence about it has been observed by a Saint Augustine, a Saint Jerome, or any other Father of the Church, even when their silence is a clear proof that they knew nothing whatever about it. It must be shown in addition that the particular circumstances in which these Fathers lived make this ignorance altogether inexplicable. Then only can the proof be deemed conclusive and of a nature to produce complete certainty.

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Going on with our exploration of the arsenal of historical criticism, we find ourselves in presence of another instrument which you will perhaps be surprised to hear us recommend, since it is taken from a faculty which it would seem the critic must regard as his great enemy — the imagination. Yes, the imagination; it constitutes a factor no less important than the vigor and rectitude of the judgment. This is something which will, doubtless, amuse or disconcert some of our readers. But they must not be in too great a hurry to protest. In the judgment of the most illustrious of modern scholars, it is by supposition, conjecture, hypothesis (we use these terms as synonymous, as the habits of scientific language have not yet sufficiently well fixed their shades of meaning to distinguish them with preciseness), that we owe nearly all the progress of science. The following are some of their words quoted by M. Ernest Naville in his excellent essay *Logique de l'hypothèse*: "'In a conversation about the part which the imagination plays in scientific works,' says Mr. Liebig, 'an eminent mathematician gave me his opinion that the majority of mathematical truths are not acquired by deduction but by imagination.' Claude Bernard is equally positive: 'An anticipated idea or an hypothesis,' he says, 'is the necessary starting-point of all experimental reasoning. Without it no investigation could be made or instruction be acquired — we could only pile up sterile observations.' Again, let us listen to a philosopher, Bordas Dumoulin: 'The property of genius is to discover, and nothing essential is discovered in nature which is not the fruit of hypothesis, nor in any other science which is not the fruit of hypothetic genius.'"

I am not disposed to go as far as these learned mathematicians, naturalists, and philosophers, at least, as far as historical science is concerned, and I would not absolutely say with M. Naville, echoing all these authoritative voices, "Science has never made a step except by the employment of correct suppositions." For, after all, it is evident that science makes a step, and a great step, when the discovery of a document, hitherto unknown, furnishes a testimony at once explicit and of incontestable authority with regard to an important fact previously environed by darkness, the subject of discussion and of contradictory hypotheses, which the exhumed document suddenly dispels; and yet supposition has nothing to do with this case. But it must be remarked that M. Naville has particularly in view

the sciences which have for object the discovery of the laws which regulate the different beings, and to which his words may be more vigorously applied.

It is none the less true that in history, also, a happy conjecture has been the starting-point of many a precious discovery; and it is no longer permissible to show that disdain for conjecture which people have long affected towards it. For—and M. Naville has already remarked—"In setting up a simple conjecture which is neither developed nor verified against a solidly established theory, it may well be said: It is only an hypothesis, but in the same sense that we would say of a seed, in opposition to the developed plant: It is only a seed. The human mind produces a host of vain conjectures, just as the trees of our forests produce a large number of sterile seeds; but hypothesis is the seed of truth, and to reject it for fear of abuses is the same thing as not to want seeds because some are unfruitful."

This just comparison, while showing how wrongly a man would act in despising beforehand facts which first appear under the guise of conjectures, shows also the necessity of prudence and a wise slowness in accepting them. Conjectures are seeds, grains of truth; but many of these grains are sterile, and it is hardly possible to distinguish the fruitful ones until they have developed in such a manner as to change their nature. This development must be followed with attention and patience, if we are to be able to judge the value of the conjecture, and it is to the facilitating of this task that rules of criticism relative to the employment of this means of investigation must tend.

We are said to make a conjecture when the examination of historical documents leads us to suspect, beyond the facts which they directly reveal, other facts which they do not manifest in this way, but which have such a connection with the former that the knowledge of these may lead to the knowledge of the other. This connection is most frequently a relation of causality. From the effect we conclude the cause; and more rarely, in history at least, the knowledge of the cause leads to that of the effect. Sometimes, too, conjecture is based mainly on analogy; to complete the knowledge of a fact we have recourse to another fact presenting a remarkable similarity with what we know of the former, and we conclude thence the similarity of details of which we are certain only with regard to the second. Finally, any relation whatsoever may lead us, through the knowledge of one of its terms, to the knowledge of the other.

In its initial state, conjecture is a guess at the unknown term of the relation and often at the relation itself. This guess is particularly difficult in the matter of historical facts; that is, of an order of things which is mainly regulated by the laws of the moral nature. For the determination of scientific facts of the physical order, we are with good reason recommended not to be precipitous in pronouncing an opinion when our only guide is an appearance of analogy or of the relation of effect to cause or cause to effect—an appearance which too often destroys the after manifestation of circumstances which in themselves are very small and may at first be hidden from the eyes of the most attentive and practised observer. How much more precaution is necessary

when it becomes a question of free agents and moral laws! These laws, we know, are far from being as invariable in their application as physical laws. And so it is only with much circumspection that we may hazard a statement, for example, on what men placed under certain determined circumstances must have done, and all the more because their action may have also been affected by other free actions of their fellows or by some accidental circumstances which are unknown to us now, and which in a given case might have notably modified their ordinary ideas and feelings.

Neither does a conjecture acquire that degree of solidity which transforms it into a fact accruing with certainty or strong probability to science, unless it be verified and confirmed by ulterior observations, which generally suppose a good deal of erudition, patience, tact, and, let us once more repeat, a good deal of freedom and calmness of judgment, as opposed to prejudice and passion.

However great an appearance of verisimilitude there may be at first sight in a conjecture that presents itself to their minds, serious scholars are in no hurry to send it forth into the world of publicity. They will bring it to maturity by persistent reflection, look at it from all sides, and submit it to all sorts of tests. Then they will set themselves to ransack, explore, and interrogate all the writings and monuments which they may suspect to be in any way connected with the fact they have guessed, or with the persons who may have been mixed up with it at the time it took place. This labor often enables them to find threads, very thin, it is true, but quite perceptible, which connect the fact with historical details, unperceived at first or neglected as of no importance. The conjecture is modified, takes shape, becomes quite distinct; feeble rays, each of itself giving but a doubtful light, combine into a beam to illuminate the question with a brilliancy which leaves little or no room for uncertainty.

And thus, when these distinguished men who know how to make such good use of an hypothesis decide on giving publicity to the inspirations of their genius, these make their appearance with such a procession of auxiliary proofs that they do not at all appear to present themselves as conjectures, but rather as rigorous deductions.

Need we contrast these methods employed by true scholars with the recklessness of those superficial and flighty men who imagine that they are going to make science advance with giant strides by the power of their imaginative genius, without passing through the painful labors of erudition? If only a conjecture which flatters their preconceived ideas appear possible, they enthusiastically embrace it as well founded and probable; and their very ignorance, by concealing from them both the difficulties that are involved in their supposition and the other and often numerous suppositions which may give an equally if not more simple explanation of the fact, makes this judgment easy for them. From that to regarding the hypothesis as certain, and being indignant with those who refuse to admit it, and treating them as hypocrites or worse, is but a step and a step soon made. What will happen afterwards if a second conjecture is built on an insufficiently established first conjecture, and a third on that, all as

defective as the first or at least destitute of any other support than what it gives them? In this way they end by forming conclusions which are truly amazing, but which only excite the contempt and ridicule of more competent men.

The critic's task is as a rule reduced to verifying the accuracy of the reasoning by which the scientist tries to show that his conjecture is well founded or even to transform it into an ascertained fact. He must be very rigorous in this examination. He must be convinced that the fact at the base of the conjecture or of any of the arguments intended to confirm it, is quite certain; then, that the supposed relation is quite natural and probable in itself; after that, that the alleged confirmations are perfectly solid and rigorously logical; and finally, that there are no other conjectures just as probable as the one proposed.

But on the other side, he must be on his guard against a sophistical method only too common among advocates of bad historical causes, and among men almost wholly occupied in the study of philosophy and other natural sciences. It may and often does happen that each of the indications or proofs advanced in support of an historical thesis, gives by itself only a rather feeble probability in its favor, and that, nevertheless, when taken in a body they result in a conclusion excluding all reasonable doubt with regard to the truth of the fact affirmed. This remark, which is of sovereign importance and of frequent application in historical matters, has a particular emphasis in relation to conjecture.

We are glad to be able to support it by the authority of a savant who is without question in the first rank of the critics of our century. In the announcement made at the beginning of the second volume of *Roma Sotterranea*, De Rossi, speaking of the observations which led him to the determination of the age of each of the parts of the catacomb of Callistus, expresses himself in the following terms: "These observations, taken separately, may often, through their minuteness and because of the immense difficulty of formulating them in writing, seem somewhat subtile and of very problematical value as demonstrations. But all distrust and all hesitation must be dissipated in presence of their admirable harmony as a whole, at least in what concerns the main points and the principal lines of hypogeian chronology. This chronology, revealed by architectonic analysis, acquires additional solidity and invincible authority by its perfect and spontaneous agreement with all the data of archæology and history. I will say as much of critical and archæological researches. If a person set himself to weigh separately every indication and every argument, he might by this sophistical method succeed in eluding or braving the proofs gathered in these researches; but he would be none the less obliged to yield to the evidence resulting from the marvellous synthesis of the whole; and this is bound to fully convince every judicious and reflective mind."

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A word remains to be said about a class of documents which for want of a better term we will call the silent witnesses of history.

A clever judge does not always require a line of a man's writing to hang him. Silent witnesses have often been much more efficacious in

confounding a criminal. The most insignificant object forgotten by him on the theatre of his crime, another found in his possession, a prodigality beyond his wont, and a hundred other proofs, all as insignificant in themselves, lead to the discovery of the whole plot of the best combined attempt to evade the course of justice.

The same thing is true of history. Nothing can be neglected. Architectural monuments, works of art, coins, arms, garments, industrial products, implements, may all furnish valuable indications. An entire period in the life of peoples, that known as the *prehistoric*, can only be known through these silent witnesses. The smallest objects belonging to this period are sought out and carefully classified; splinters of stone barely chipped, pieces of wood, bone, or horn, cut with an entirely rudimentary art, the most primitive household utensils, even kitchen refuse — nothing of all these is neglected by scientists in their work of reconstituting the history of the past.

Here, again, what a vast field opens out before the pioneer of history; but what knowledge, sagacity, and tact are necessary before venturing into it! Happily, in this again, as we have already had occasion to say about written or printed manuscripts, it is not necessary to possess all this knowledge in order to take up the study of history properly so called. As a rule there are special works which allow of our putting ourselves *au fait* with the state of science in regard to any particular detail of archæology to which we have need to refer in the discussion of an historical question.

To these works and to the special dissertations of savants particularly well versed in the different matters, we must refer for the solution of the two preliminary questions which present themselves for non-written as well as written evidence, — that of their authenticity or origin, and that of their meaning; that is, in a great many cases, of the purpose of the objects discovered. These questions are more thorny than in the case of a written summary, and the rules which must guide the mind are far more difficult to formulate and apply. Here especially sagacity and a sort of intuitive divination (the fruits of long practice) render an assistance far more important than the most precise rules. The power of accurately distinguishing comes by dint of observing and comparing.

After that comes the role of historical criticism properly so called. In the study of these precious relics of the past it will find an explanation or a confirmation of historical texts, or a revelation of a fact not contained in these texts or (and this most frequently) the starting-point of conjectures eventuating in discoveries of great importance. And let it not be thought that the absence of written documents always leaves a cloud hanging over these discoveries which can only be dissipated by a formal and explicit text. Certainty may become complete from the simple examination of silent witnesses.

We have only to look to the publications of the lamented J. B. De Rossi on the hypogeias, or subterranean Christian cemeteries of Rome, to find examples of the happiest application of this species of proof. Suffice it to mention the absolutely peremptory demonstration which the illustrious archæologist derived from the shape of the galleries of these

hypogeias and from the nature of the ground in which they have been dug to establish that the immediate purpose of the work was the use made of it by the Christians. Nobody now thinks of reviving the old error which saw in the subterranean cemeteries only abandoned quarries which the Christians had adapted to a new purpose.

It is by the judicious use of conjecture that we obtain from the silent witnesses the information which they have the means of supplying. This dispenses us from the necessity of insisting further; we may confine ourselves to what we have just said about the employment of such a potent but delicate instrument of investigation.

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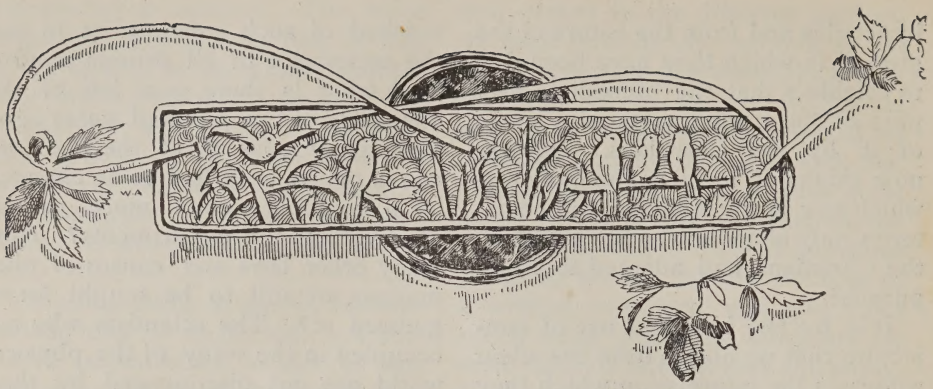
I should not be surprised, at the close of this summary sketch of the principles of historical criticism, to find among some of my readers an impression more or less resembling a temptation to discouragement. If so many precautions and so many siftings are necessary before one can be assured of the truth and certainty of an historical fact, how few things in history will be certain! How many traditional judgments will have to be reformed! When all is said and done, shall we not end in a universal scepticism?

In response to this feeling I will begin by remarking that the difficulty is hardly greater for history than for the other sciences which have facts for their object, or even for several of what are called the rational sciences. How many questions there are, for instance, in scholastic theology and in philosophy which have been debated for centuries without a solution being reached of such certainty as to win the acceptance of all serious minds! And what is there now left of the chemistry of two hundred years ago? How many ideas about the phenomena of nature have had to be changed as a consequence of more precise observations and experiments? How many other laws and causes of phenomena are still to be sought for or guessed at? The scientists who are occupied in the study of the physical world are not discouraged by that, and happy discoveries and remarkable advances continue to recompense their wise perseverance.

A good deal of progress has also been realized during these latter days in the field of history, and many questions have received their certain and definitive solution. Let us go on searching, observing, and discussing, and many others will be freed from the clouds in which they are still enveloped.

But permit us to return once more, before concluding, to this all-important statement: in history especially, almost as much as in religious faith, it is only too easy to find darkness by purposely looking for it; and it happens only too often that under the influence of some passion or some unreasoning prejudice, men fear rather than desire the light. Once more, therefore, let us bear in mind that the first and most essential quality of the critic must be a pure and constant love of truth. Nothing can supply the place of this sentiment. It is the rule of rules, the principle of life and efficacy in all the processes of criticism. Without it they are utterly barren; or rather, they become reduced to vain display and pompous formulas which cover the most odious attacks on the rights of science and of truth.



"WHEN YOU CAME, DEAR."

MARY F. M. NIXON.

WHEN you came, dear, within my soul,
Spring bloomed in beauty bright,
Life seemed to me without a care,
The birds sang in the soft May air,
And all was joy and light.

When summer came, a rapturous song
Sprang ever in my breast,
For all its days of sweet content
To me a wondrous beauty lent:
You stayed and gave me rest.

The scarlet leaves like drops of blood
Upon the cold earth lay,
The wind crept through the murmuring pines,
The grapes dropped from the drooping vines,
When you, dear, went away.

For years the shadowy veil has hid
From me your dear, dead face,
And like a pall the drifting snow
Lies o'er the land, and cruel winds blow
Above your resting-place.

But some sweet day the spring will come
With zephyrs gay and flowers,
Dear heart. In Paradise above
God's pure, eternal spring of love
Will ever more be ours.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

By a happy coincidence, a subject of paramount concern to the Church is now being discussed by Catholic laymen in three of her greatest and most promising fields. The losses to the Catholic faith and the removal of the operating causes do not, as a rule, receive from Catholic thinkers the amount of study or active effort in prevention which their vast importance and overgreat proportion demand. Catholics are too often prone to be dazzled by the luminous successes and marvellous growth of Catholicity in every quarter of the world. In the glamour of prosperity they blind themselves to the sad fact that, concomitantly with the Church's progress, there is going on an incessant leakage, which, were it possible of repair, would make the Church stronger by untold millions than her present statistics avouch. In a recent address, Major Henry F. Brownson stated that the losses of the century to the American Church alone almost twice outnumbered her present membership. In the late convention at Bristol, England, Mr. Austin King strenuously emphasized the losses to the Church and their causes in the United Kingdom; and in far-away Australia the Catholic press has taken up the same refrain, with a view to arouse the interest of Catholic laymen in the saving of defectants, whose loss can only be attributed to causes that are not inevitable.

We are not among those who accept as accurate every exaggerated speculation on the numerical magnitude of Catholic losses; but neither do we enroll ourselves among the optimists who make little of the actual losses on account of a pardonable pride in the visible progress of the Church among men. Considering the American Church alone, there has been a falling away of Catholics and the descendants of those once Catholics, which at its very lowest estimate is deplorable, in a religion proverbially supposed to thrive amid impediments of every kind. There is a solemn duty here for both clergy and laity. While it may not be possible to bring back into the fold all who have slipped out of it, either in their own lives or through ancestral recusancy, it is certainly feasible to take immediate steps toward preventing future shrinkage. Every pastor knows the causes at work in his own parish; and every Catholic organization of laymen the country over, should make itself cognizant of them and act towards their suppression. Co-operation of clergy and laity is necessary in this matter, most vital to the Church's welfare. There will, indeed, always be a certain percentage of abandoners of the faith, while human passions and human circumstances remain as they are. But this fact is not the explanation of all the losses to the Church. Many of the latter are distinctly avoidable; and as regards the future of the Church in America, with her magnificent organization and growing resources, losses to the faith will be more due to the failure of the clergy and of Catholic associations to per-

form their full duty than to any outside or adventitious cause.

The death of Gillam, the cartoonist of *Judge*, suggests anew the great force of caricature as an element in the moulding of public opinion. It is a natural creation of the human mind, and has been employed with telling effect ever since men competed with one another for ascendancy in any public capacity. In ancient Greece and Rome caricature played no small part in the movements of art, religion, and politics, and at a still earlier period of history, the comic picture tickled the risibilities and influenced the minds of the staid Hindoo and Egyptian. Modern caricature is the offspring of the great religious controversy of the sixteenth century, since which period it has been employed as a legitimate and ofttimes powerful weapon in polemics of all kinds.

American caricature as represented in the newspaper cartoon was born with the Revolution, and made its first appearance in revilement of the odious Stamp Act in 1765. Long before that, however, Franklin employed the written satiric paragraph in the columns of the Boston *Courant*, to the great disgust of the Puritans, who through Rev. Increase Mather called upon the government "to suppress such a cursed libel, lest some awful judgment come upon the land." Perhaps the most effective result to the credit of the cartoon in American history was achieved by Thomas Nast in his famous pictures of Boss Tweed and his gang. The downfall of this rascal was brought about as much by Nast's pencil as by the pens of the newspaper writers who exposed his corruption. "My people can't read, but they can see," was the unwilling acknowledgment the thief made to the power of the cartoon; and in his case the latter seems to have been his special Nemesis, since his capture in Spain was effected by means of one of Nast's caricatures.

Though essentially an ephemeral thing, passing with the event it is directed against, the pursuit of caricature has engaged the talents and made the reputations of many artists of the last half century. Such men as Hogarth, Cruikshank, Seymour, Gavarni, Daumier, Leech, Gillray, Tenniel, Du Maurier, Philippon, Chanpfleury, Caldecott, and Pellegrini found in caricature a rich field for their talents, and a means of perpetuating their names to posterity.

If the Venezuelan affair has no other effect than to rouse Congress to make adequate provision for the strengthening of the United States as a military and naval power, independently of that issue with Great Britain, it will have given even its severest judges cause for thankfulness. There is no gainsaying our weakness as a fighting power, so far as military equipment enters into the question. With our twenty-eight great coast cities only nominally fortified, our navy ranking but sixth among the war fleets of the world, our army and armament still maintained upon the ratio of the country's population and resources of twenty years ago, it is clear that we are not alone far behind our necessities, but recklessly careless of our prestige as a nation capable of defending itself, or of maintaining its principles or policy against outside encroachment.

There is no fear for the United States in the undesirable event of a

war with any of the great powers; but the issue of arms would be further removed, or, our strength would be sooner demonstrated in case of actual war, if we presented to the world at the outset the unmistakable evidences of a sufficient military accoutrement. It is not a question of whether we are really going to war or not. With the millennium still so faintly distinguishable in the future's uncertain glimmering, it behooves all nations to be, for the present at least, prepared to back up their rights with a manifestation of adequate battle power. The United States has been too indifferent in this respect, though of course it has been resting secure in the consciousness of its ability to take care of itself in any struggle.

The Venezuelan flurry has therefore come in quite opportunely, and it is greatly to be desired that, from the raft of military measures offered since the President's message, Congress will select and put into immediate operation such as will best place the army, navy, and fortifications of the country on a plane commensurate with the republic's requirements.

The close similarity of Unitarianism and Judaism is emphasized by current discussion in prominent Jewish papers as to the advantage of merging the two religions into one. This has already practically been done, though not professedly, in several of the so-called reformed modern Jewish synagogues. Unitarianism affords the unorthodox Jews an opportunity which many of them seem to crave; namely, to affiliate as Americans with Americans in religion, business, and social affairs, and to cast off the customs, companionship, and beliefs of their own race. The cardinal doctrine of both Unitarian and Jew is identical,— denial of the Divinity of Christ,— and there are many other points of likeness between them. It would be a good means of replenishing the fast dwindling ranks of the Unitarians to associate with themselves the prolific Hebrew, though the change would rob the latter altogether of the many striking characteristics and the oft-times great and impressive individuality inherited from his race.

Judaism, though unconvinced, is still invested with much of its ancient religious vigor and feeling, and retains a great part of the moral force of its traditions. Unitarianism in its very essence is a colorless vacuity, the offspring of a negation, and possesses no deep motive principle for influencing the world. The Jews are wiser to remain as they are, than to accept a form of religion which merely adopts certain ideas, effects, and influences of Christianity, while rejecting the only basis which can make Christianity preferable to Judaism. If Christ was not God, the Jews are still right, and their mergence into any form of Christianity would be a stultification. If Christ was God, they ought to ally themselves with that body of Christians which preserves His doctrines, His Sacraments, and His Commandments intact. There is only one Christian Church that does this.

Few leaders of men to-day, with so little natural genius or inclination for political generalship, have conducted themselves so creditably, amid circumstances so trying, as Mr. Justin McCarthy, who now retires from the headship of the Irish Nationalist Party, to resume the literary work he

patriotically abandoned at his country's demand. Assuming his onerous position at a time when the Irish people were dazed and adrift after the downfall of Parnell, when the parliamentary representatives of the country were split into fiercely contending factions over the fallen chief, and when the enemies of Home Rule were more bitter and more active than ever, he labored with untiring devotion and self-sacrifice to maintain unity of heart and purpose in the Irish ranks, and to make the best possible use of existing political circumstances for the advantage of the cause. It has not been his fault that Home Rule has not advanced to a more auspicious prospect of speedy consummation. It is rather more probable that, but for his wisdom, temperament, and experienced judgment, the issue would be to-day more complicated and more remote from success than it really is. Mr. McCarthy can always be assured of the love and respect of the Irish race the world over, and his name and services will ever be held in grateful esteem in the history of the movement which to him brought more personal discomfort and trouble than to any one member of the party since Parnell's death.

The choice of Mr. Dillon as his successor is as happy a solution of a vexed and uncertain problem as could well be made at present. Of tried and experienced service in his country's behalf, of unflinching and unyielding patriotism, of admitted parliamentary and argumentative skill, of sound judgment as to Ireland's best interests, and possessing a marked fund of knowledge on the issues at present before Parliament, he will be capable of doing much for the cause of Home Rule if not hampered by a continuance of the divisions and rancors that have so invalidated the efforts of recent years. It is fervently to be hoped that his leadership is destined to fall upon more harmonious times, and be therefore productive of greater results for Ireland, than the stormy years during which Justin McCarthy endured the stress and toil of his party's plight.

What singular things this great and glorious country produces, to be sure! It is but yesterday since Coxey's patriots bore down upon Washington, presumably in the interests of the workingmen; and like an echo of last week, is the threat of a governor of a sovereign American state to wade in blood to his horse's neck, unless a certain monetary policy satisfactory to himself and his supporters were followed. A score of similar grotesqueries rise to the mind at consideration of the events of the past few years in American politics; and now we have had their climax, or anti-climax, if you please, in the recent fishwife speech of a one-eyed man from South Carolina on the floor of the United States Senate. The question naturally arises, Where are these absurdities going to stop? There is an admitted taste for burlesque in the American character; and a moderate exhibition of it on the part of clowns turned statesmen, or *vice versa*, is as enjoyable to the average American as any show he can witness free of charge. But there is a serious side to all these extravagances, to which the people of this country should not be wholly blind. Buffoonery has played no small part in the decline of nations, and history is eloquent on this very matter as a symptomatic manifesta-

tion of disease in the body politic. These curious happenings in American public affairs may be poohpoohed as the irresponsible vagaries of idiotic or blustering demagogues, and so they are! But they are also evidences of a growing tendency on the part of many Americans to deal with the important affairs of the nation in a spirit of ridiculous eccentricity or passionate bravado, and hence they mark dangers to be checked. American liberty is not to be reduced to the level of reckless personal license, nor are the affairs of the nation the proper subjects for the low comedy efforts of political nincompoops. As for the Cyclopic Tillman — alas, South Carolina! you sent to the Senate in bygone days a Calhoun, a Wayne, and a Wade Hampton!

There is no accounting for the intelligences of many correspondents and editors. The story of the *Index Expurgatorius* containing a certain book written by Leo XIII prior to his elevation to the papacy, and the absurd conclusions drawn from this alleged fact against the doctrine of papal infallibility are still going the rounds of American and foreign journals. The discussion is but a new illustration of the familiar mode of argument followed by many opponents of Catholic belief, and affords an added proof that blind, dogged, and wilful opposition against this or any other dogma, on the part of those who *will not* see, will survive the most lucid and most frequent exposition of its significance and applicability. For a quarter of a century the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility has been debated before the world in every conceivable phase of its meaning, intent, and history; and it would seem that now, at least, with the spread of education and intelligent reasoning power among men, its purport, even if unacceptable to the faith, would at least be comprehensible to the intellects of those who set themselves up to write down Catholic tenets. But no. For all some prominent newspapers of two continents can make of it, papal infallibility might have been defined yesterday. The same misapprehension of terms and misconstruction of scope appear in many quarters in this latest press review of the dogma as in the first one of twenty-five years ago. It will require an intellectual light more powerful than is the new Cathode ray in the material order to pierce the cubic stupidity of most writers against papal infallibility.

The late Lord Leighton owed the finest inspirations of his artistic genius to Catholic Italy. Though during the later years of his life he oftenest found subjects in the classical fables of Greece, his fertile art drew its best and most enduring sustenance from the traditions of the Florentine school. The first painting to give him national repute was the depiction of "Cimabue's Madonna carried through the streets of Florence." This was the painting which Cimabue refused to uncover to public view till the visit of Charles of Anjou to his *atelier*, when it was taken to the Church of Santa Maria Novella, amidst great rejoicings. Leighton's painting was purchased by the Queen. From that time his fame steadily increased, and the products of his genius gradually raised him to the enviable position of the greatest of the English masters of his day.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Destructive Fire at Lourdes.

Sad news comes to us from the City of Mary. Early in the morning of January 1, 1896, a fire broke out in the old parish church, the venerable church of Monsignor Peyramale, "the Curé of the Apparitions," as he is ever lovingly called —the church where Bernadette was christened, where she sat on the catechism bench, where she made her first Communion, and received the Sacrament of Confirmation.

The last prayers had been said, the last benediction given, on the night of December 31, 1895. The flash of "Pompée," the bell-ringer's torch, had been thrown into every shadowy nook and corner of the edifice, to make sure that no old dame had fallen asleep over her beads, as old dames are suspected of doing there as elsewhere, before double locking the great doors for the night. Old "Coré," the lamplighter, neighbor and familiar acquaintance of Bernadette, who, by the way, has never once failed, for thirty-seven years, to pay a daily visit to the Grotto, had carefully extinguished every light on altar and shrine, and betaken himself to the Basilica, to make a night of it before the Blessed Sacrament, as is the wont of the good men of Lourdes. He is only a stone-cutter, Coré, but he finds time to do much for God. Little did Pompée the diligent, or Coré the faithful, suspect that they had shut in a dread enemy that night.

The old church itself was never heated, but a stove was kept in the sacristy for the convenience of the clergy. An overheated pipe from this stove set fire to a mouldy beam, and the apartment was a seething sea of flame when the fire was discovered.

Towards two o'clock in the morning, the fearful sound of the tocsin aroused the sleeping city. Very soon wild cries of "Au feu! au feu!" "La paroisse! la paroisse!" were heard on all sides.

There was a wild rush into the church, when the foremost firemen had battered down the doors, and a wilder rush still, when the stalwart Abbé Barrère dashed up the altar steps, and tried to force the Tabernacle door.

It would not yield, and the key was in the flaming vestry.

"A hammer!" "Quick!"

What heart throbs keep time to the mighty blows of the strong arm!

The abbé is unconscious of the tears that flow freely down his cheeks when he bears away the Divine Prisoner to the chapel of the Patronage of Saint Joseph, followed by a weeping throng of priests and faithful.

The old walls stand, but who cares for them! Better had they fallen; they were too narrow, even in the days of the sainted Curé Peyramale. A heap of embers and some blackened rafters are all that now remain of riches such as few churches can boast of, even in fair France. The rare gold and silver vessels, chalices, ciboriums, ostensoriums, canopies of

cloth of gold, vestments richly wrought, missals in rare bindings, parish registers, all more or less gifts from foreign lands to the Curé of the Apparitions and his most worthy successor, have disappeared forever, leaving no trace. As the parish church has ever been the halting-place for pilgrimages, on their way to the Grotto, an abundant supply of sacred vessels and missals is a necessity there. Let us hope that the generosity of the world will soon make up what is needful, though nothing can restore the sacred souvenirs of the days of Bernadette.

J. M. C.

Women's Clubs.

Th. Bentzon, in the *Revue Bleue* of October 19, 1895, speaks in her sympathetic way of the Woman's Club at Memphis, in words that would apply to many other clubs in our large cities.

"In what town in a French province (i. e., outside of Paris) would women of the world, occupied with home duties, find time to inform themselves on foreign affairs by studies and readings pursued in common? Here we have the good results of association. Here they have a charming way of receiving a traveller by inviting her to a reception where she meets the pleasantest people of society, and hears her own country talked of with sympathy and understanding, and can for the moment forget that she is far from home alone in a distant land."

The charm of hospitality as shown in an assembly of well-bred and agreeable women could not be better described. Without doubt women's clubs have widened the interest of life and taught us to shake off many trivial ideas which had through habit bound us as only moral laws should bind rational beings. Taking the woman's club at its best, I believe it is wise to belong to only one large club, and perhaps in addition to a small one devoted to study of some kind.

Since women's clubs became numerous, I saw an account of some terrible revelation of ill conduct in a family. The mother of the family was fully exonerated, and it was said in her praise that she belonged to more women's clubs than any other woman in that state. This proved her to be a great favorite, and deservedly so; but perhaps if her attention had been less divided, she might have prevented the disaster which ruined the life of one of her children.

The mother who would control her family must control their evening amusements, and this she cannot do if she does not spend, as a rule, her evenings at home. There is no scene in life so dear to children and so precious as a memory to grown people as the vision of the mother with her work basket in the midst of her family, or reading aloud, or watching the games of her young people and their friends. This fair sight and this sweet memory can have no place in families where the mother spends her evenings away from home, no matter how virtuous or exalted the interest may be which she pursues apart from her children.

A Matter of Justice.

I received these lines from a correspondent: —

"I get out of patience with those of our Catholic brethren who rail at the efforts Protestants are making,

and very successfully, too, to keep our young people off the streets and out of the saloons. If they have the means to do this and we have not, what right have we to find fault with them? I happen to be interested in one of these so-called "proselytizing" societies, and I know that a falser epithet was never bestowed. The society is the result of an earnest, sincere desire on the part of its members to teach young people that they have a responsible place to fill in life, and to help them to do it. We should be just in this matter, for we are dealing with an intelligent though uneducated class who fully appreciate the effort made to enlighten and refine them, and to bring sunshine into their homes."

I know well the society referred to by the writer, and I know that it is directed by women who have a high sense of honor and never tamper with the faith of the young people who come to them to learn industries of various kinds after the day's work is done. I have worked all my life with Protestants, and usually in harmony and sympathy.

There is a class of ignorant and fanatical Protestants whom we must look upon with distrust. They draw children and young people from the church by many worldly inducements, and glory in their success.

What else can we expect? Only persons of delicate perceptions recognize the fine courtesy of the Golden Rule.

Mill Hands.

The lives of our factory people, especially of the intelligent class it has been my pleasure and privilege to know, are of especial interest.

In one of our New England towns where paper and silk mills predominate, one is struck with a general air of neatness in the houses of the operatives, and also with their tidy personal appearance and decorum of manners. As a rule they own their dwellings or hire them of their employers, who keep the houses in repair. The wages are high enough to afford a comfortable living, and with one exception I never heard of a strike or the threat of one during the fifteen years of my sojourn in this thriving little town.

Mingling with the mill hands personally and intimately, I have found them cheerful, and ambitious, too, as far as their means allowed. They enter heartily into the plans on foot for their mental improvement, many of them devoting their evenings to the study of type-writing, short-hand, or music, with a determination to make the best of their gifts and opportunities. Performances by well-organized concert and dramatic companies composed of this class have often won emphatic praise from the press and the general public.

Many beautiful traits of character are found among these steady day laborers. Filial and brotherly affection, a union of family interests, a faithful devotion to duty, are often manifested in acts of self-sacrifice; and a kindly charity towards their neighbor distinguishes them in a way to put some of their more opulent townsmen to the blush. There is always something in them that calls out sympathy and even admiration. I can testify to many kind favors done to me in acknowledgment of interest shown in their welfare.

They have faults like the rest of the world, but they bear comparison well with others both in better

and worse circumstances elsewhere. Their curse is drink.

My intercourse with the mill hands has been chiefly among the Catholics; and I do not doubt that the personal watchfulness of a devoted pastor, exercised for seventeen years in this one town, has done much to promote and maintain a high moral standing.

I have only praise for the non-Catholic working class so far as I know them. They are honest, conscientious, and kind hearted. Their failings are the result of ignorance, as is sometimes shown in their attitude towards us, an attitude of mistrust rather than malice. They are as ready to extend a helping hand to us in misfortune as to those of their own belief.

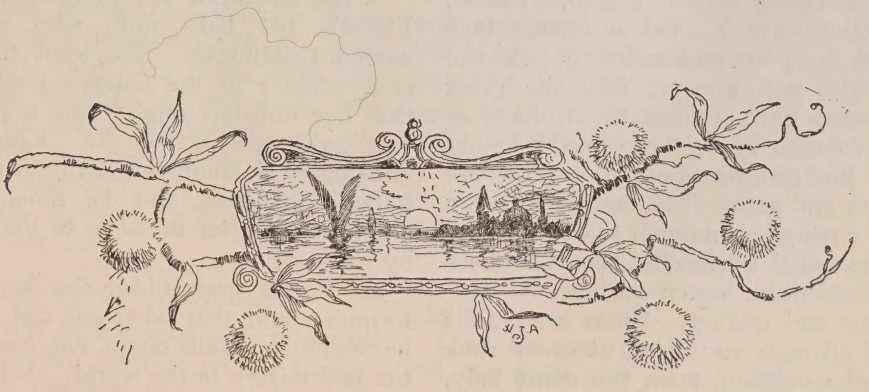
A Hopeful View.

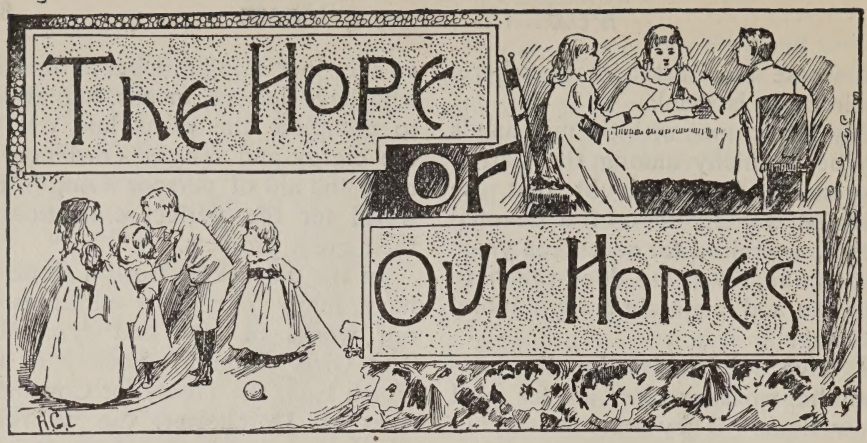
In looking back over half a century we see so wide a development of resources among Catholics as to make us hopeful that the coming century will make it possible for us to meet all the needs of our children, young people and suffering poor so fully, that they will look only to Mother Church for aid. There is an ever-increasing number of the laity who have leisure, means, and ability to complete the plans laid out by the clergy and religious orders who need the aid of persons living in the world for the perfect execution of their great projects.

In the diocese of Boston alone we have many excellent additions to our works of love and sympathy. The Girls' Friendly Society at the North End, the Home for Consumptives at Dorchester, the Working Girls' Home, and the Home for Incurables conducted by Gray Nuns supply needs sorely felt. It would be well if, by some development of our many good works, casual help could be given to those who in hard times face want so stringent that they must choose between starvation and crime. This very winter some young people have made the choice. Many more, we believe, have been rescued in time by private charity.

Nothing could weld more firmly the fidelity of young Catholics to their church than the knowledge that all their needs, physical, mental, and spiritual, would be supplied by their own brethren in the faith.

EMMA FORBES CARY.





The True Story of Some Russian Dolls.

Little Fialka was one of those thoughtful, old-fashioned children of whom it is often said, "They are not long for this world." When she was hardly more than a baby, she heard a great deal of talk about the emancipated serfs, and her little heart was stirred to its depths by the story of their struggles and sufferings. If she heard of serf owners made poor and perhaps ruined by the loss of their serfs, she heeded it less, for the Emancipation Act had not injured the count, her father, who had voted for it.

Whatever the reason, Fialka, Countess of X., had an intense love for the poor and suffering. As she could not go out into the great streets and express the feelings of her tender heart, she created a family of her own on whom to bestow her love and care. This family consisted of a countless number of dolls, whom she called by fanciful names and invested with every variety of attribute and quality. There were dolls of all ages and sizes, of every rank and condition, from the court lady, in lace, satin, and jewels, down to the chimney sweep, who was copied from a real sweep who came every month to clean the chimneys of the stately old house on the Quay.

The high-born, silken-robed pets interested Fialka less than the poor sweep and his brother in misery, the knife-grinder. The nobility had train bearers and lackeys, but who would keep in order the sweep's sooty garments or the knife-grinder's rags? Alas! she had in her family a tipsy coachman whom she could not reform, and on his poor wife and desolate little ones she poured out all her tenderness, while repairing the havoc made by the wretched fellow in his holiday clothes.

A fine adventure fell to the lot of Fialka's pet lady doll, who was named Goldilocks. She went to a court dinner in the count's pocket that her dollship might have a private audience with the Czar. Kindly Alexander II laughed heartily at the father's weakness, but he liked it, and sent a special message to Fialka by Goldilocks.

As Fialka grew older she began to understand that what she did for her family of dolls could not lessen the real misery in the world. When she was called to see and be seen by

visitors in the great drawing-rooms overlooking the River Neva and the Court Quay, she more than once saw the real sweep shivering on the sidewalk.

As she took her daily walk along the Neva, she noted the look of every poorly clad or hungry creature whom she saw. She counted them and tried to calculate what it would cost to feed and clothe them all. Every one must be helped; it would be little pleasure to warm and feed one sweep if another was left cold and hungry.

One day she gave a sigh that was almost a gasp.

"Have you a pain, mademoiselle?" asked her nurse.

There was no pain such as nurse was thinking of, but a feeling new and not new had begun to grow in her young mind. When she went back to her playroom she took out her money box and counted its contents. There was more than one gold piece, many silver roubles, and a quantity of lesser coins.

Not all at once, but in a short time Fialka's young mind took in the true call she had received to help her fellow-beings. She was still a very little girl when these thoughts worthy of a Pauline Marie Jaricot took possession of her. Then she put away her dolls, even the favored Goldilocks, and gave her mind to the great realities of human suffering and its remedies. The child's play was only a shadow of a beautiful work which I will tell you of another day. J. M. C.

Rewarded Affection.

A little yellow mongrel cur stood with his two forefeet on the string-piece of the pier, the other day, and yelped mournfully at the water below. By his side, on the pier, lay a battered derby hat and a flask with about two tablespoons of the vilest whiskey that man ever drank inside it. It told the story of the mongrel's grief more plainly than words.

Every now and then the cur stopped his howling to sniff around the hat and lap it affectionately, returning to the string-piece, each time with renewed and heart-rending yelping. Pretty soon two teamsters left their wagons up the dock and came down to see what the matter was. The cur ran up to them in a pleading way, sniffed about their shoes, ran back and lapped the hat and the flask, and continued his yelping over the string-piece of the pier.

Then some more men came down, looked at the hat and the bottle, patted the grieving mongrel, and suggested sending for an undertaker.

In half an hour fifty people were at the spot, and every one of them had a word of sympathy for the faithful dog. His drowned master seemed to receive less than half the consideration accorded the brute.

Just then a hatless, befuddled individual, shivering with cold, struggled out of a molasses hogshead on the other side of the pier, and staggered across. He fetched the mongrel a kick that almost knocked him into the water, and said, as the cur started up the pier with his tail between his legs: —

"Durn ye, I'll teach ye to make a fool o' me. I'm not cussed idiot 'nuff to roll off a dock in cold weather like this. Durn ye, where's yer sense? Ye haint got 'nuff to take ye in out o' the cold."

Then the man picked up the hat and the flask and started after the dog, and the crowd said he ought to be lynched. H. H. W.

In School.

Such a rollicking, tearing lad!
Always wicked, yet never bad.
Always restless, yet always still,
You never will rue him, you never will.
He wants a pencil, he needs a book,
He squirms every minute to take a look.
He hates to idle, he hates to labor.
He makes life wild for his little neighbor.
"Teacher, may I have some ink?
May I get up to get a drink?
Somebody took my new fourth reader,
Somebody took my writing leader."
Somebody, somebody all the day,
But he? oh! no; that's not his way.
He never did a wrong thing yet;
He did the right with strong regret,
Twelve years old and full of fun,
The liveliest youngster under the sun.
With his roguish eye and cheery face
The very picture of health and grace,
He cares for no one, not even himself,
The rascally little conceited elf.

STEPHEN A. JENNINGS.

The Etiquette of the Hat.

Boys, learn it now. Don't wait till you grow up, and then forget it half the time. If you are working or waiting in an office you don't need to keep your head-gear rammed down to your ears. The women or girls in the office will not covet it if you lay it aside, and you can't possibly get cold in a steam-heated room. It doesn't take long either to touch it as a mark of deference when you just call at the door to deliver a message or ask a question. To see man or boy sitting round in the presence of women, with his hat glued to his head, is to learn the defects of his training.

Learn to be polite, boys, and then live up to your knowledge.

Water-Carriers.

In the countries of the East where the supply of water is scarce, it is very important to save the clear pure water and carry it from place to place, where it may be needed. So it happens that large numbers of men go into this business to earn a living, and carry water about like pedlers, very much as a fruit pedler carries fruit in the large cities and towns of this country. The water pedler of the East does not have a cart or wagon; he carries the water on his back in an earthen jar or in a curious kind of bottle made of goatskin. Sometimes the man looks as if he were carrying a whole goat upon his back.

A New Monkey Trick.

The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts too many parents reported no children in their families; and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district, the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gayly dressed, put in a wagon, and, accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work. Distributing candies to the youngsters, they took their names and addresses. They found that over sixty parents kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the school about two hundred boys and girls.

Persevere.

The fisher who draws his net too soon
Won't have any fish to sell;
The child who shuts up his book too soon
Won't learn any lessons well.
If you would have your learning stay,
Be patient — don't learn too fast;
The man who travels a mile each day
May get round the world at last.

— *Exchange.*

Poetic Piccalilli.

By a proper tranposition of the letters, two weM-known verses will be found.

Eth utsise fo het efil ot eb
We vweae thwi orclso lla rou now
Adn ni hte difel fo tnsdiey
Ew apre sa ew vhea wnos

Ifle si eral, iefl si trnseae
Dna eth vrgea si otn tsi lgoa
TSUD huot tra ot tdsu tnerutrse
Swa tno pknose fo het uslo.

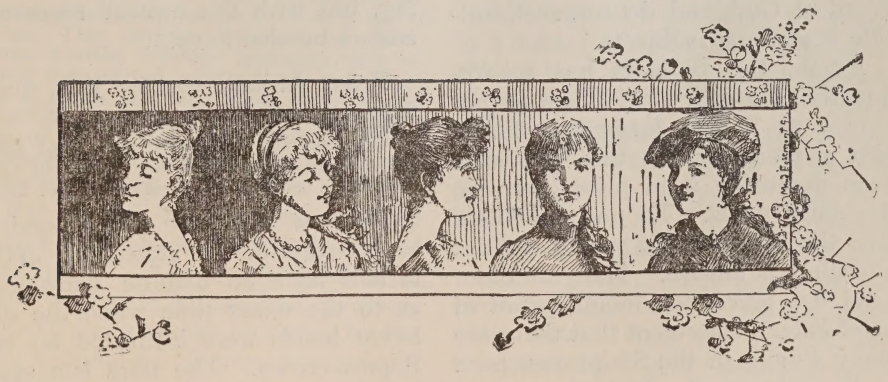
Music Practice.

Music teachers have great difficulty in convincing pupils that slow practice is the best. Those whose eyes and ears are not trained to think it so much more clever to be able to run a scale rapidly, even though one does miss a note here and there, slurs others, sounds one loud and another faintly. One of the best teachers in Brooklyn insists that advanced pupils shall begin daily practice by playing the scales in the following manner: "Place the hands so that the elbows are level with the keys, hold the wrist well up, let each finger hover over the centre of the key it is about to strike. Watch every stroke. See that you do not hit the key anywhere but in the centre. Guard against a heavy stroke with the thumb." A scale practised in this manner cannot be rattled off, but it will be of great value to those who wish to acquire a firm, even touch.

THE MOST SIMPLE AND SAFE REMEDY for a Cough or Throat Trouble is "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" They possess real merit.

A Good Child

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary.



CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

From Florida comes the inquiry:

What is the reason that the Bible is not taught in classes to the lay members of the Catholic Church the same as is done in other Christian churches?

In many parochial schools the Bible is taught in the form of Bible history; in advanced classes of Sunday school the same is done, and also catechism is taught, in which are copious extracts from the Scriptures. Selections from Scripture are read to the faithful every Sunday in the Gospels and Epistles. The third Plenary Council of Baltimore insists that the Gospel of each Sunday shall be read to the people, and a short sermon at least be preached. Catholic priests generally preach the Word of God, and do not seek outside sensational subjects.

Again, the Bible is not so frequently taught or read in Protestant circles as it was formerly. Those best acquainted with this fact have been deploring it in print, even in the daily press. To put the Bible into the hands of the young without a teacher is unwise. Many an older head has given convincing proof of Saint Peter's statement that there are many things in the Scriptures hard to be understood, which the unwise turn to their own destruction. But to make the young and the old acquainted with the Bible, its great characters, its history, its teachings, is of the utmost benefit. This the Church thoroughly understands. The Bible histories in some degree accomplish this work. But more, much more needs to be done. A good beginning would be made if some Catholic publisher would give us a handy and cheap edition of the Four Gospels, so that this little book might become a part of the daily study in Catholic schools. There can be nothing better than to know Christ from His own revelation of Himself. There are Catholic colleges where every day the students read a selection from the Gospels, and read it, not as an ordinary writing, but with the utmost reverence and on bended knee.

From Indiana comes this question: —

Why did Pope Boniface VIII, in 1295, Benedict XII, in 1335, and John XXIII, in 1411, each add a band to the Pope's crown or tiara?

First of all, our correspondent seems sure of his statement. Historians have no definite knowledge as to the exact time when the different bands were instituted for the Pope's crown. The tiara is a symbol of sovereignty. By some it is said that Nicholas I (858-867) united the princely crown with the mitre. The Bollandists say this was done

earlier. To dispose of the statement that Boniface VIII added the second crown, we need only refer to the fact that before his time, about 1300, Innocent III is represented in a painting with two bands on his crown. And as regards the third crown, some writers attribute it to Urban V (1362-1370). The significance of this triple crown or tiara is indicated in the words addressed to the Supreme Pontiff, when it is presented to him at his Consecration: "Receive the tiara adorned with three crowns, and know thou art the Father of princes and kings, the Ruler of the world, and the Vicar of our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Legalis inquires: How can a Catholic judge grant divorces, and what is his position in this matter?

Marriage by its nature belongs to the Church's jurisdiction. Leo XIII says: —

Since marriage has God for its author, and was from the beginning a certain foreshadowing of the Incarnation of the Divine Word, there is in it a something sacred and religious, not fortuitous, but inborn, not conveyed by man, but naturally engrafted. Therefore since marriage is of its own force, its nature, and its spontaneity sacred, it is proper that it be governed and tempered not by the will of temporal princes, but by the divine authority of the Church, which alone has the direction of sacred things. Then consider the dignity of Sacraments, whereby Christian marriages have attained their marked nobility. And it is so the will of Christ that the Church alone can and should decide and decree regarding Sacraments, that in no way does He wish that even the smallest portion of this power should be transferred to civil rulers.

But the civil authority has in many places dared to usurp this power of the Church. And thereby it takes on itself to decide and decree divorces. A Catholic who has recourse to the civil tribunal for divorce sins gravely unless he has already secured ecclesiastical judgment, and looks to the law only for the settlement of his temporal affairs. And the judge who takes on himself to settle matrimonial cases. What of him? Of his own choice and without necessity, he must never do it. But as he is placed among us, this necessity is palpable: either he must act or resign his position. What, then, shall be the attitude of the Catholic judge? He cannot take on himself to decide about the bond or contract of marriage nor dissolve the same. He may be permitted to state the law, and its application to the parties before them, as for or against their protection. In other words, he pronounces that under the circumstances this or that bond of matrimony is considered by the civil authority as not existing; and while he can pronounce and grant a legal immunity from punishment, should divorced parties remarry, he cannot grant the right for the same. The law itself is iniquitous and the source of the gravest evils. But this the judge cannot prevent or remedy.

Inquirer writes us: Is it proper to have a Christmas tree in the church on Christmas Day, with the usual Santa Claus distribution of gifts, etc., the most Blessed Sacrament being meanwhile left in the sacristy? Is this in accordance with Catholic practice?

We may not presume to answer in a matter of this kind. The pastor should be the best judge of propriety and piety too. There are indeed priests who under no consideration would allow their church to be used for any other purpose than as a house of prayer. They reverence so the dwelling-place of God, that they would consider such a use as our correspondent writes of an awful desecration. And the general sentiment of intelligent Catholics seems to be with them. It certainly is a source of much scandal and impairs greatly the faith of the people to have their church turned into a place

of amusement. Those who consider that the Blessed Sacrament has been removed will understand, but very few can think as seriously and as reverently of their church when once they have seen it converted into a theatre or a hall. It seems to demand too great a strain of faith. Then there are priests who find themselves obliged to make this use of the church, because they have no hall to serve their purpose. They greatly deplore the necessity that forces them into such action, and recognize the attendant evils. No need to say that there are some amusements that no necessity could ever tolerate in a church.

To the Editor of Donahoe's Magazine:—

The bishop of Rome is Pope, or the Pope is bishop of Rome. The Pope is the ecclesiastical successor of Saint Peter and is the head or president of the Universal Church; and as the successor of Saint Peter the Church teaches and the faithful believe that he is infallible when speaking ex-Cathedra or solemnly pronouncing upon faith and morals. Such, in brief, is Catholic doctrine as I understand it. At the present time and for several centuries the Popes are and have been chosen by the ecclesiastical body known as cardinals, being seventy in number or less, and usually chosen from their members. The cardinals are created such by the Pope, and a majority of them are natives of one country — Italy.

The cardinals select the Pope — and select an Italian.

Is the body of cardinals guided by the Holy Ghost in selecting the Pope?

If so does it not follow that the Almighty cannot find a proper head for His Church among millions of the faithful all over the earth except in one small country and among a small portion of Catholic believers? Is it not unreasonable and unnatural that the Almighty can find no suitable Visible Head for his Church on earth except in Italy? Is it not more likely to be true that the Almighty leaves the selection of Pope to the wisdom or folly of human agencies just as he leaves the choice of President of the United States to electors who are often chosen by "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain"?

If the President of the United States made the senators and the senators made the President, would not our republican form of government be a farce and the same party managers remain in power until upset by successful revolution?

Is it not a fact too self-evident to challenge argument that so long as the Pope can "pack the caucus," that is to say, can make up the body of cardinals with a safe working body of Italians, that the great Universal Church must look to Italy for its infallible head?

Are Catholics satisfied with this order of things or do they simply submit? I mean no offence in writing as I do. I am in good faith, seeking information. I have asked these questions of Catholics without receiving a satisfactory answer; I now ask you, believing you can and will answer me in the Magazine.

Yours truly,

A. B. W.

We have thought it well to publish this letter without condensation or change. We do not approve of the expressions or trend of thought in some of the passages, but we believe the author gives in his own way what has come to the mind of many.

No one should forget that the Church is not only a divine, but a human institution, nor should this be lost sight of as an historical fact. We often substitute our own ideas or imaginations for realities; and when facts do not correspond, we blame the facts. Would it not be better to recognize the facts, and seek for a reasonable solution? Now this is a fact:— Saint Peter, the first Pope, directly chosen by Christ, made Rome his dwelling-place. Thus the Pope became bishop of Rome. Thus every Pope chosen since has become, in imitation of Peter, bishop of Rome. A few Popes resided elsewhere, but the papacy returned from Avignon to Rome, and so far, at least, in the order of Divine Providence, Rome seems the chosen See of the Head of the Church. Now, this being the fact, the men who had the choosing of a new Pope have had always to do with human conditions and human affairs. The Church has its relations to kings and kingdoms, to presidents

and republics, and to the faithful under all the governments of the world. Wise men must calculate with forces and resources, and before beginning to build must calculate if they be able to finish. Living in Rome, surrounded by Italians and in an Italian country, what more natural than that the cardinals shall elect an Italian Pope? To do otherwise might in past ages have endangered the temporal sovereignty; to do otherwise under the present changed circumstances may or may not be prudent. We are willing to trust to the good judgment of the men whom Leo XIII has about him, and who will name his successor from among themselves.

We proceed on the assumption that Providence does not interfere directly in the election of the Pope. It is true that Christ Himself chose the first Pope, but it is no less true that men have chosen the others. That the choice has at times been influenced by motives we cannot approve of or glorify, and that some few — very few — of the Pontiffs have not done the highest credit to their dignity, does not indicate a lack of guidance from the Holy Spirit. Is it not a more reasonable thought to consider that the Holy Ghost does not directly choose this or that individual, but rather leaves to men the choice, and then in the person of that one so chosen fulfils the promise of Christ, and keeps the fallible man from error in defining matters of faith and morals? Is it not as easy for God to do this for an Italian as for any other? Is it not as easy to do it for one not of the highest standard, as for the highest? And do not all our correspondent's difficulties vanish in this view of the matter?

When the President of the United States is chosen, in assuming his office he becomes vested with power to which a moment before he was a stranger. And the Holy Father, even though he be the choice of men, is ratified by Heaven, and power from Heaven is given to him in accordance with the promises of Christ. How far the Holy Ghost directs the choice of men, what exercise of control He wields over the election of a Pope, we do not dare to imagine. It would surely seem, however, to our human understanding, that again and again in critical moments of the Church's existence, the omnipotent hand of an overruling Providence has been manifest. We love to believe that Leo XIII, gloriously reigning, is the choice, not of men only, but of men guided and influenced by the Holy Spirit. Has he not given proof of it?

We would suggest to our correspondent that he need not fear "the packing of the caucus" nor "ways that are dark" among men gathered from all parts of the world, oath-bound to vote according to conscience, and interested in the welfare and endurance of their grand old Mother Church. We would suggest too that his comparison is not a good one. The Pope makes the cardinals, but then the Pope is not made by those whom he creates. He dies, and one of the cardinals who lives is chosen as his successor.

To Oliver and others we can only say we cannot answer matters of private interest in these columns, especially since all such questions can be better referred to some priest in your parish, and in particular to your confessor. Confession, because of its sacred character, and of its seal of in-

violable secrecy, becomes the source of much enlightenment for consciences, and a safe place to seek for guidance. The priest understands too well the natural tendency to error in the human soul, and the great weakness of the human will to be harsh or intolerant. He knows his duty, while that of the father who corrects and disciplines, is at the same time that of the physician who heals. If, as the judge, he imposes sentence, it is only for correction, and for the strengthening of the penitent against future evils. Humility is a virtue, and the penitent who brings to the tribunal of penance a true humility will gain the greatest favors from God. Humiliation from others may only make us proud, but when we humiliate ourselves to God and to His judgment through His priest, we will find a great contentment in our souls. Truth above all in the confessional, whether in larger or in lesser matters! And truth here will indeed make you free. The telling of things hard to tell is not only good in itself, but good as a discipline over the will, and a preventative against relapse into the same faults. To say, "If I do this, I shall have to tell it in confession, and I don't want to have to tell it," will often save one from doing it. The Sacrament of Penance is one of God's greatest blessings to man, and the telling of sins in confession to the priest, a means of joy and comfort and hope and courage to the soul, in the present forgiveness, and in the future strengthening.

Again, do not say your confessor is cross. For frequently this statement is not true. He may be strict, he may be exacting, he may, as one greatly impressed with the value of your soul, and the value of that Precious Blood of Christ, which he, in God's mercy, is to apply to your soul, seek to impress these two values upon you. And if the penitent would only consider, he would easily comprehend the benefit of having a confessor who reckons so seriously with life, present and future, and who is only anxious to save the soul that is manifesting itself to him. Gentleness and strength make a good combination. But not all gentleness nor all strength is desirable.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"A JESUIT OF TO-DAY," by Orange McNeill, is the career of a young man who, while studying at Yale, becomes convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion. Later on, having joined the Church, he endures a struggle in deciding to renounce the world and a young lady who has won his affection. He finally enters the Jesuit novitiate. New York: J. Selwin Tait & Sons.

"SHORT CONFERENCES ON THE LITTLE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION," by Very Rev. Joseph Rainer, is a neat little volume well adapted for sodalists, and instructive in the explanation of the different portions of the little office. New York: Benziger Bros.

"A STORY OF COURAGE," by George Parsons Lathrop and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, is from the annals of the Georgetown Convent of the Visitation. At the time of its appearance, two years ago, this volume received universal approbation. Its story will always be interesting. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"THE TEACHING OF ST. JOHN THE APOSTLE TO THE CHURCHES OF ASIA AND THE WORLD," by Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, D. D., Paulist, is worthy of the distinguished divine who has sent forth many learned volumes. Father Hewit here gives us a new translation of the writings of St. John the Apostle. Not only has his object been to offer an improved version of the sacred writings, but he has principally aimed to point out the apostolic origin of the Catholic Church, with the dogma, hierarchy and liturgy, from the inspired writings of St. John. It is a beautiful idea to have put together the writings of St. John in this way, and the publishers have appreciated the task incumbent on them to adorn the Word of God as fittingly as possible. They have succeeded well. The half-tone illustrations add much to the value of the book. New York: Catholic Book Exchange.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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EASTER ASPIRATIONS.

MARIE M. PURSEL.

As lift the flowers at early morn
Their dew-wet faces toward the sun,
Exhaling fragrance every one,
Rejoicing that new day is born;
So rise, my soul! thy Sun to greet,
Refreshed by penitential tears,
No longer sad with doubts and fears,
And swell thy Easter anthem sweet.

Rise! rise as does the soaring lark
On wings of song to highest Heaven;
Pour out thy meed of praise, God-given,
From early dawn till day is dark;
Rise on the glorious wings of Faith,
Nor stay thee, in thy Heaven-born flight.
See! far beyond earth's fitful night
Shines "Light" which triumphs over death.

Thus, from the gloom our Saviour rose
On Easter morn. Oh, glorious sight!
Above the shades of death and night,
Above the sting of earthly woes,
He rose from death that we might live,
He banished gloom from death and grave,
He lives on high our souls to save—
To Him glad Easter homage give.

THE REBELLION IN CUBA.

Rev. Charles Warren Currier.

NEVER, since the downfall of the Roman empire, had the world beheld one so great, so powerful, and so promising as that over which Charles V ruled as emperor; nor had there ever been witnessed a monarchy worthy to be compared to the territories over which he wielded the sceptre as king, and that he bequeathed to his son, Philip II, under whom the decline began. Spain and Portugal had colonized the half of America, from the Gulf of Mexico to Patagonia, before the first English colonists settled in Virginia. Had the English and Spanish colonies never been forced to cast off the yoke of their respective mother countries, who can tell what mighty developments the world would have beheld in two great empires, one Latin, the other Germano-Celtic?

But the course of events ran so that the mother countries themselves, which would have been most benefited by the faithful adherence of their children beyond the seas, led by a short-sighted and fatal greed for power, forced their colonies into rebellion ending in their independence. Little more than a century ago, in 1774, the Continental Congress of the United Colonies addressed a petition to George III to claim redress for grievances. The Earl of Chatham on that occasion pronounced these remarkable words: "We shall be forced ultimately to retract; let us retract while we can, not when we must." The words of this great man fell upon deaf ears, George III remained blind, and we know the glorious result.

Spain might have learned the lesson, but it failed to do so. The Bourbon dynasty has proved itself as short sighted in that country as the Hanoverian has been in England. Thirty-six years later, the first blow for freedom was struck, and Bolivar led Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia to independence. Colony after colony wrenched itself loose from the mother country, until nothing remained to Spain in America save Cuba, Porto Rico, and Viequez.

Has the home government become

wiser? Has it opened its eyes? Has it endeavored to conciliate the affection of its remaining dependencies on this side of the ocean? Alas! the contrary is the fact, and it seems as though the tyranny banished from the Spanish republics has gathered itself in force upon the island of Cuba. From the beginning of the colonization of that fair island under Diego Velasquez, commissioned by another Diego, the son of Christopher Columbus, its history at various intervals has been written in blood. Las Casas may have exaggerated, but the facts speak loudly enough; for in less than sixty years, the native Indian population had disappeared and African slavery had taken its place. Shortly after the middle of the sixteenth century, the governing power of Cuba became vested in a captain-general who possessed despotic authority, and the happiness or suffering of the island depended thenceforward on the characters of the men at the helm of state.

When the Bourbons were driven from Spain by Napoleon, Cuba remained faithful to the fallen monarch, and had the courage to declare war on the French emperor. What gratitude has it received in return? At the restoration of the dynasty with Ferdinand VII, he rewarded the "ever-faithful island" by bestowing upon its captain-general "the fullest authority and all the powers which by the royal ordinances are granted to the governors of besieged cities." This was practically placing Cuba under constant martial law.

In 1836 the Constitution was promulgated in Spain and absolutism fell; but the Cortes refused to extend it to Cuba, which was to be ruled by special laws. In 1837 the small representation of the island in the Cortes was suppressed, and all the powers of the government were concentrated in the hands of the captain-general. When it again obtained representation, the electoral laws made it a farce, and all power remained practically in the hands of Spaniards.

At last the patience of the Cubans was exhausted, and they resorted to arms in 1850. During the administration of President Taylor, General Lopez invaded Cuba from this country, eluding the vigilance of the United States authorities. The expedition failed, but Lopez attempted it again in 1851. He fell into the hands of the Spaniards, and with a number of his men was put to death. A partial insurrection took place again in 1855; and some years later, in 1868, the long and disastrous war broke out that lasted ten years. Finally Spain proposed a compact, promises were made, and nominal liberties were granted to the unfortunate island. Names were changed, but not the things themselves. The captain-general became governor-general, the royal decrees took the name of authorizations, and so forth; but the lesson of the war had been lost on the mother country, which had also forfeited forever the love of the "ever-faithful island."

Power remained in the hands of Spaniards. They were the bulk of the electors, and all the lucrative, influential, and representative offices were secured to them. The governor-general, the provincial governors, comptrollers, auditors, treasurers, chiefs of the custom houses, chiefs of administration, presidents and vice-presidents of the Spanish bank, secretaries of the government, presiding judges and magistrates, the

archbishop, the bishop, canons, pastors of rich parishes, are all, with few exceptions, Spaniards. The island is saddled with an enormous debt, amounting, in July of last year, to $295,707,264, the interest of which imposes a burden of $9.79 on each inhabitant.

It is said that not a cent of this enormous sum has been spent in Cuba to advance the work of improvement. The country is ground down by imposts, excise duties, and taxation. It is burdened to the extent of $16.18 for each inhabitant, and its revenues go to cover unproductive expenditures. The debt consumes 40.89 per cent of the total amount. The army, navy, civil guard, and the defence of the country, not against a foreign invader, but against its own inhabitants, eat up 36.59 per cent, leaving 22.52 per cent for all other expenditures, of which only 2.75 per cent are spent for the welfare of the island.

Weighed down by these burdens, Cuba, after exhausting all other means, has again resorted to arms, and is once more in the throes of a death struggle. No one, I think, will blame a sovereign state for suppressing rebellion; but when the means resorted to are repugnant to humanity, when they savor of the Turk, we cannot help giving our sympathy to our down-trodden brethren. The colonies of Great Britain had little to endure compared to what Cuba has gone through, and yet they threw off the yoke. Is it any wonder that the American people have always sympathized with the Cubans in their struggle?

A new governor-general has arrived in Cuba, but he is not unknown to Cubans; for during the ten years' war, he was the right-hand man of their mortal enemy, Valmaseda. From what we have heard of Martinez de Campos, we cannot help feeling respect for him; but with the advent of Weyler, a repetition of the horrors of the last disastrous struggle is to be feared. Here is a sample of some of Valmaseda's decrees given in 1869: "Every man from the age of fifteen years upward, found away from his habitation and who does not prove a justified motive therefor, will be shot."

Weyler's proclamation is hardly milder. The only thing left free to a Cuban is thought, and that would be shackled if it could be reached. To express an opinion detrimental to the prestige of Spain and its officials, exposes one to the risk of life imprisonment or death. To be a political suspect, is to be in constant danger of being sent to Fernando Po, or of being condemned to rot in the dungeons of Ceuta; although to do Weyler justice, he seems inclined to moderate the indiscriminate manner in which political suspects have been dealt with.

If the methods of the last war are to be renewed, God help the Cubans! I have lying before me an enormous list of those who from December, 1868, to March, 1873, were killed or banished for their interest in the Cuban cause. By killed, I do not mean those who fell upon the battlefield, but those who were put to death in cold blood by order of the Spanish government. The number of persons thus executed within this period, from 1868 to 1873, amounts to 2,927. In this bloody list, I find forty-nine hanged head downward in June, 1869, and seventy-one sent to Jiguani to be tried, who were killed on the march by Colonel Palacios. A number of others were killed on the way to trial. Joaquin Cespedes,

a man ninety years old; Perucho, a mulatto, eighty years of age; several who uttered seditious words; an American colonel, the American officer Blake; Jose Manuel Quesada, for the crime of being uncle to General Quesada; and several patients in hospitals find places in this list.

To these belong also Captain Fry and a great part of the crew of the Virginius, who were summarily executed, in spite of the efforts of the American consul at Santiago de Cuba. Had not Castelar, then president of the Spanish republic, hastened to satisfy the outraged feelings of the American people on this occasion, a war might have been precipitated, and Cuba might to-day possess its liberty or be a state of our Union. On this same list I discover the name of Rev. Francisco Esquembre, pastor of the parish of Yaguaramas, who was put to death on the accusation of having blessed the Cuban flag. The list of those who, during the same period, were captured by the Spaniards and whose fate has never been known amounts to 4,672. Perhaps death would have been preferable to what awaited them. And yet the war was only half over when these lists were published.

In September, 1869, Pedro Fardon, a Spanish officer, writes: "Not a single Cuban will remain in this island, because we shoot all those we find in the fields, on the farms, and in every hovel." In a letter to his father from the same officer, the following sentence appears: "We do not leave a creature alive where we pass, be it man or animal." Valmaseda himself butchered and burned the sisters Mora and left their home in ashes, as Clarence King writes in the *Forum* of September, 1895. A Cuban writer says: "We shall not attempt to catalogue the murders committed by the brutal soldiery in the country, the indiscriminate slaughter of defenceless men, women, and children, the rapes, the obscene mutilations, and the cruelties of every kind perpetrated in our unhappy country by the scourges of America. Those are personal crimes which we do not deem just to charge upon a whole people."

It is generous thus to palliate these brutalities, but I affirm that the authorities of the country are responsible for the deeds of its servants. Such abominations were common in the Thirty Years' War in Germany, under Wallenstein and Mansfeld, but they were never tolerated by the immortal Tilly. The most horrible crimes are related by those who took part in the Cuban rebellion of 1868, and I have been assured that, during that disastrous epoch, a Spanish officer, to-day of high rank, caused women who refused to make known the whereabouts of their husbands and fathers, to be whipped and afterward delivered to the soldiers to be outraged and put to death. It is said that three priests were shot for ministering to the sick and wounded Cubans. Glorious martyrdom at the hands of Christians!

Are these things true, or are they calumnies? If they are true, the sooner Spanish rule becomes a thing of the past in America, the better. I know the Spaniards, and in many respects admire them. In their own country I found them of exquisite politeness. But in the name of humanity, my heart revolts at the thought that they could be the authors of such wickedness.

And are these barbarities to be renewed in this struggle? If so, it is time to throw all technicalities of

international law overboard, and cry halt. When in 1892 I stood upon a gallery of the Palacio de la Diputacion in Huelva, a few feet from the boy-king, I never dreamed that perhaps in the near future the most atrocious savagery would be perpetrated in his innocent name. May God preserve his memory and that of his virtuous mother from such a stain!

Much of the information here conveyed to the reader, I confess, has been derived from Cuban sources, as well as from those who sympathize with the unfortunate island; yet I have weighed the evidence and have found no reason to doubt the veracity of my witnesses. I have also read with the greatest attention the vindication of his country in the *New York Herald* by Mr. Dupuy de Lome, a gentleman for whom I have the highest respect. It has failed to satisfy me. The Spanish minister endeavors to belittle the importance of the present rebellion; the rebels, he maintains, are few in number, with a preponderance of the black element. Others make the same assertion; but Mr. Gonzalo de Quesada, the Cuban delegate, has a different story to tell. According to *El Pais* of Madrid, he says, the Cuban force a month ago consisted of fifty-three thousand men. He flatly contradicts the statement of Mr. Dupuy de Lome, that the principal leaders are negroes.

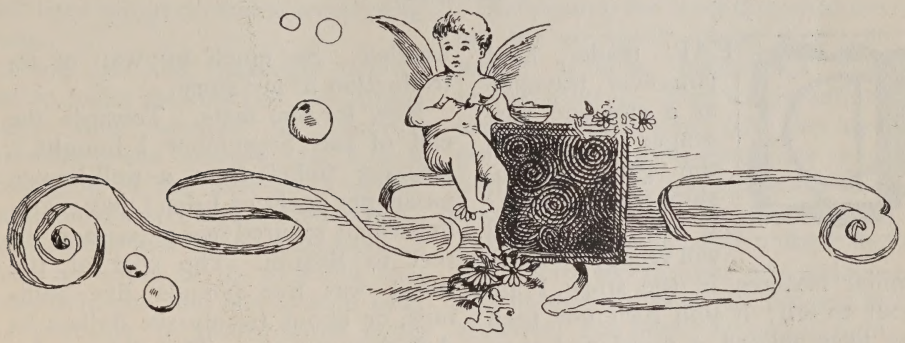
The minister speaks of the strong representation of Cuba in the Spanish Cortes, but he passes over in silence the fact that the electoral laws are so framed that nearly all, or at least the vast majority of the voters in the island are Spaniards, and that the great majority of the Cuban delegation to the Cortes are also natives of the peninsula. Though he maintains that Spain has done everything to promote the sugar industry, we find in his words, telling us of the abolition of the reciprocity treaty, that matters have returned to the *statu quo;* and herein we discover a confirmation of the contrary statement of Enrique J. Varona in his pamphlet entitled "Cuba versus Spain," which assures us that the production of sugar is oppressed by the duties imposed upon it in the mother country.

Speaking of taxation, Mr. Dupuy de Lome says: "It is true that Cuba is heavily taxed. But this is the fault of the revolutionists, who have burdened the island with a debt she would not have had if she had been left in peace." He does not, however, add the fact that in this debt are included the expenses incurred by Spain when she occupied San Domingo, those for the invasion of Mexico in alliance with France and England, the expenditures of her hostilities against Peru, and the money advanced to the Spanish treasury during the recent Carlist wars, besides a debt that Spain owed to the United States. And if the present rebellion is conducted merely by a handful of foreigners and negroes, is it just that, from February, 1895, to August of the same year, the whole island should be loaded with an increase of $105,707,264 to its debt?

To revert to General Weyler, late despatches assure us that, since his arrival in Cuba, he has been quite humane, while he himself positively denies that any executions have taken place. It is delightful to learn of this; but when our eyes fall on certain articles of his proclamation of February 16, we cannot but feel

misgivings regarding despatches from Havana. The articles I refer to forbid the circulation directly or indirectly of news favorable to the rebellion, they prohibit telegraph operators from delivering war messages to other than the proper persons, and impose penalties on those who, by word of mouth or through the medium of the press, shall belittle the prestige of Spain or its military servants.

It may be asked, If Cuba is freed, will her condition be bettered? This is a question that time alone can answer. With our eyes on some of the Spanish American republics, we fear the worst, at least for a generation or two; but if when obtaining freedom she at once adopts a wise constitution, places the right men at the head, and looks up to this country for guidance, there is no reason why she should not prosper.



POVERTY.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

WE are the poor; for us no rosy wine
O'erbrims the sober cup of every day.
"No sparking vintage shines for us!" we say;
Happy, if no strong, bitter herbs combine
To make us shrink from this, our draught divine.
For the Lord pours it out! His yea and nay
Are on it; blest, then, in His unknown way
Must be its bitterness. "Nay, 'tis not thine,"
Saith He, "to riot in the daylight's glare
Or heap up gold with my great curse thereon."
"Thanks, Lord!" we cry. "Thy blessed yea we see;
Thou givest us sweet homes, for love is there,
Fair calm of conscience, peace to rest upon,
Patience, like starlight, and the sight of Thee."

ABUSES IN THE STEERAGE.

P. O'Neill Larkin.

DEAR reader, have you ever travelled as a steerage passenger by any of the great steamships from Europe? If you have, you will recognize some familiar features in the story I am about to tell; if you have not, then you have missed a novel and very interesting experience. I feel that personally I have derived considerable benefit from the trip, and that it may possibly prove of some service to people whom I may never meet.

I have crossed the Atlantic many times as a first or second cabin passenger, but I am vain enough to think that I make an almost ideal steerage passenger. In a competitive examination, I would entertain no fear of not winning a place at the top of the list. I am opulent in all the chief requirements for the steerage: a rugged constitution, jaws fully equipped with excellent natural teeth, a strict observer of discipline, an equable temper, capable of sleeping on a hard bed, and I am proof against seasickness in the roughest weather. So much by way of introduction to my story.

Now for the facts. Towards the end of last September I bought a steerage ticket from a well-known passenger agent of Eden Quay, Dublin, which secured me a passage direct to Boston. The cost of the ticket was five pounds five shillings, or about twenty-six dollars in American money. This did not include the cost of my passage to Liverpool; I was obliged to pay extra for that. A short time before sunrise on September 27, the steamer Louth, of the Dublin Steampacket Company, deposited a number of us who were to sail by the Cephalonia on the afternoon of that day, on the landing-stage in Liverpool, and early in the afternoon the tender which was to convey the passengers and their baggage to the steamer came alongside the stage. The big ship lay out in midstream. Aboard the tender we poured, a motley crowd,—of Scandinavians, Germans, Irish, Scotch, and English,—and in a short time afterwards were aboard the Cunarder which was to be our home for nine or ten days.

"Where are the quarters in the

steerage for single men?" I asked one of the crew immediately on boarding the vessel.

"For'rd in the forecastle," was the reply. On towards the bow of the steamer I rushed, with all the celerity of an Oklahoma boomer, until the proper gangway was reached, where I descended to the next deck, then down another gangway to a lower deck, and the desired quarters were at hand. To use land talk, they were two stories below the main deck, with the usual very steep and very slippery stairs connecting them.

I was the first passenger below; and to make the most of the opportunity thus secured by superior shrewdness and business tact, I took possession of the best berth in the single men's steerage, in a compartment at the foot of the gangway. I chose an upper berth, to avoid carbonic acid gas, and one located next the porthole, to insure some light, with a shelf between my berth and the side of the ship, the only shelf I could perceive attached to any berth in the whole steerage, and roomy enough to contain an overcoat, slippers, nightshirt, and such like.

My berth contained a bag made of the cheapest kind of new burlap, with some clean straw inside, just about enough to fill an ordinary pillow. This burlap bag, with its handful of straw, was to serve as a mattress; there was no pillow. The boards on which it rested were as hard and unyielding as the planks of the main deck. I can sleep well on a fairly hard bed, but there was a bed which in point of hardness left nothing to be desired. A clean gray blanket made up the balance of the bedding.

Twenty such beds and berths were in my compartment, which measured about twelve by fifteen feet. Stalwart Scandinavians unable to speak English occupied the most of them; the remainder were taken by English-speaking persons; among the latter, the head of the water works department in one of the most delightful towns in the immediate vicinity of Boston. A steerage berth is preëmpted by depositing a valise, overcoat, or other article on it, and this unwritten law is respected by all.

Respecting the food furnished during the voyage I should be a competent witness, because I never missed a meal. The soups and the tea and coffee were fair, the bread good, but on some occasions so superlatively stale, that men with sharp appetites were unable to relish it. I like stale bread and a hard bed, but there are degrees of staleness and hardness that go far beyond my appetite. The butter looked all right; one taste of it, however, satisfied some people during the voyage. Others, of whom I was one, contented themselves with one smell at close quarters. That was very powerful, but it must be confessed that all the butter placed on the tables was consumed, owing chiefly to the splendid exertions of the gentlemen from Scandinavia.

The potatoes furnished during the first three or four days out from Liverpool were the worst I have ever seen. Some were diseased, others were soggy and sour, all were so very bad as to be unfit food for human beings even in the steerage; and the chief steward, doctor, or whoever the official that passed them as suitable, ought to be a little ashamed of himself. Potatoes are good this year and very cheap. However, the pota-

toes served during the rest of the voyage were of excellent quality, although the process of cooking by steam seriously impairs their flavor.

The fresh meat served at dinner every day, save on the two fish days, was coarse but perfectly sound. Indeed, I found it too sound at three dinners — so sound that my excellent teeth proved unable to masticate any part of the portion allotted me. Hence I went without meat at two dinners. Such, too, was the general experience of those who sat at table in my neighborhood. Some marmalade and plum pudding was served a few times. Summarizing, I say that the board was coarse but wholesome, in quality substantially similar to that I have seen furnished on the steamships of other lines. Edward Atkinson, with his Aladdin Cooker, could furnish better and more savory food for one dollar a week.

The place in which we ate was large enough, but the table and seating accommodation were wretchedly deficient. I estimate that we numbered between seventy and eighty in the single men's steerage; to accommodate this number at meal-times we had only two tables, at which exactly twenty-four persons could sit down. No other tables or seats were in the place. Consequently about two thirds of the whole were obliged to stand up or sit down on the deck, a mighty uncomfortable position in which to enjoy hot coffee or soup, or even solid food, especially when a ship is rolling.

Section 4 of the Passenger Act passed by Congress in 1882 declares that tables and seats shall be provided for the use of passengers at regular meals. And it says further that for every wilful violation of that declaration, the master of the vessel shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be fined not more than five hundred dollars, and be imprisoned for a term not exceeding six months. It would seem by a reasonable interpretation of this law, in view of the facts I have just stated, that the master of a certain ship occupies a somewhat perilous position.

We were obliged to wash the plates, tin cups, spoons, knives and forks provided by the steward. To do this we were furnished with about two gallons of not very warm water in a pail — a rather small quantity to clean from seventy to eighty greasy plates, cups, etc. I had a lot of tissue paper left over from my journalistic copying work, which served the purpose of myself and friends in the dish-washing business. We didn't add an iota to the greasiness of the two gallons of water furnished by the ship.

In the matter of ventilation, a most important matter in the steerage, the Cephalonia equals the best and excels most of more than twenty steamers that I have examined while crossing the Atlantic. In cleanliness also, around the decks, in the sleeping compartments, closets and lavatories, it stands in the highest rank. The floors are thoroughly scrubbed once every twenty-four hours, plenty of soft soap being used in the operation, and then they are covered with sand. The steward personally directs the cleansing. He is apparently a very capable official; but I have often wondered why these steerage stewards speak and act — towards at least the male passengers under their charge — as if they were a gang of criminals unworthy of common courtesy. I know that some passengers, because of their ignorance of the ways on shipboard, do exasperating

things; some are not able to understand English, even when it is hurled at them with boisterous vehemence, commanding them to move hither and thither; but these things do not extenuate insolence by speech or demeanor on the part of their servants, which is precisely what these stewards and their assistants are. The steerage passengers as a matter of fact, pay these men their wages, and yet they are treated by them in a manner which recalls Dr. Johnson's saying that "going to sea was like being in prison, with the additional chance of getting drowned."

Do you say these are trifles, good reader? Well, I think it is quite probable you would not consider them such under personal experience. Steerage passengers put up with coarse food and coarse quarters, but they should not be treated with coarse and insolent speech. A few dollars' difference in the price of their tickets would entitle them to the second cabin, where insolence is not allowed. I have a purpose in directing attention to this matter. It is this: the captain of a ship carrying emigrants should draw up certain regulations or instructions for the guidance of steerage passengers, and have them posted conspicuously where all might see them. Such rules or instructions would be gladly observed. There are always among the passengers a number of experienced and intelligent persons who would set the example for the others to follow. Had the Cephalonia such rules, it would have been a great improvement. As it was, the steerage steward shouted out some instructions from time to time, generally while we were eating, and always in the English language, which was not understood by one half the passengers. Then on the main deck at a certain point, two signboards attached to ropes informed us that we were not permitted to go beyond that point. That was all the guidance we had. I am not stupid, and know the ways of a ship pretty well; but I confess I was unable, among other things, to learn when we could use the forecastle deck for exercise, or whether we were entitled to use it at all. We did get up there at times, seemingly on sufferance.

In the matter of rules for the instruction of passengers, the act passed by Congress in 1882 indicates what the captain of a ship should do. Section 6 says:—

> The master of every such steamship or other vessel is authorized to maintain good discipline and such habits of cleanliness among such passengers as will tend to the preservation and promotion to health, and to that end he shall cause such regulations as he may adopt for such purposes to be posted up on board the vessel, in a place or places accessible to such passengers, and shall keep the same so posted up during the voyage.

Such regulations would make it pleasanter all around, for stewards as well as passengers. The latter would know in a general way what they were expected to do; the former would not have so many excuses for losing their temper, and quite likely might begin to recognize the fact that steerage passengers are neither paupers nor criminals. I have been through many pauper institutions and jails both in this country and in Europe; and as well as I am able to judge, if compelled to choose between these institutions and the steerage of the average steamer as now conducted for a short sojourn, I think I would select the poorhouse or prison. This should not be so; it is a disgrace. I except from this sweeping criticism the French line between New York and Havre, which

treats its steerage people with respect.

Now, good reader, come to the main deck of the Cephalonia twenty-four hours after leaving Queenstown. The heavy ocean swell has accomplished its peculiar work on the passengers. Three fourths of the women and probably one tenth of the men are seasick. A number of the sick have bravely climbed up the two flights of very steep, slippery stairs, leading to this deck, to breathe the cool fresh air, the best remedy I know for their malady. The sun shines brilliantly, and the long, lazy swell of the Atlantic rises and falls regularly as a giant pulse of nature. The sick are lying around on that part of the deck to which they are admitted; viz., from the forecastle two thirds of the way aft to ropes drawn across the way, where they are notified that they can go no farther in that direction. Literally lying prone on the dirty deck are many old and young women, with drabbled clothing and pale, yellow faces.

Why do they lie down in the dirt? Because they are too sick to stand, and they have no seats to sit down upon. Not a solitary seat for a steerage passenger on the main deck of the largest ship that conveys emigrants to Boston. Women who get sick two stories below and who are energetic enough to make their way up here are allowed the estimable privilege of standing or lying down on the deck, filthy as may be supposed under the circumstances. I know that such is the way also in the steamers of other lines, but that fact does not subtract from the shame of the thing. But I know, too, that I have travelled on some steamers that provide a limited number of fixed seats for the use of the steerage passengers, and that the magnificent ships of the French line running to Havre also furnish comfortable settees for their accommodation.

No good reason can be advanced why large, wide ships such as the Cephalonia should not have fixed seats built along both sides of the main house on the main deck, between the doorways, sufficient to afford relief to probably seventy passengers on a side. Narrow ships like, for instance, the Furnessia, of the Anchor line, might not be able to afford room for fixed seats in such a place; but every Atlantic liner, broad or narrow, could carry without serious inconvenience a number of settees, which in most cases could be stowed under the forecastle deck when not in use.

But the passengers can bring chairs or camp stools on board. Of course, but emigrants generally don't know that, and such things cost money; and probably if they think at all about it, they may expect to have them provided, as is the food and lodging. Another thing, if you have a chair, it must be carried up and down the steep and ill-lighted stairs daily, a very ticklish and dangerous business with a ship rolling in even a moderate sea, when you require the use of both hands to hold on to the gangway rail ascending or descending.

Some one possibly exclaims, "You talk as if you expected saloon treatment in the steerage." Not at all. I only ask fairly decent treatment for the money paid. I hold that steerage passengers pay much more comparatively than the saloon passengers. Let us examine that. As already stated, I paid twenty-six dollars for a ticket. Twenty of it

were packed in a room about twelve by fifteen feet, two flights down, the best in the whole steerage to my thinking. Twenty steerage, at twenty-six dollars each, pay five hundred and twenty dollars for board and lodging. An ordinary saloon passenger pays sixty dollars. Two such passengers generally occupy a stateroom; two average staterooms with a partition wall will be about equal to the space of our steerage room. Thus four saloon passengers pay two hundred and forty dollars to our five hundred and twenty for about the same space.

In the matter of food, any one who has investigated the vast difference between that served in the steerage and in the saloon will, I think, admit that it costs at least as much to supply four in the latter as twenty in the former. The cost of service at table, and of the other accessories of civilized life for the four, will, I doubt not, amount to more than for the twenty. This is necessarily a rough computation by way of contrast, but it is in the main correct. If a fair profit is made on the saloon passengers, an exorbitant one is derived from the steerage.

Three days or so from Queenstown found us nearly all well. What a splendid crowd of emigrants—numbering nearly six hundred—we were, morally, mentally and physically. What fine looking, well developed Swedish, Irish, Scotch, and English girls. Large numbers of the male passengers were Swedes, straight, stalwart fellows, recalling the powerful, martial race of the Vikings who dominated the seas and harried the coasts of Europe a thousand years ago. And what genuine enjoyment we had on deck in the midst of our uncouth surroundings; dancing, singing, skipping rope, and sparking—wholesome, honest enjoyment, by wholesome people, a little noisy at times, but genuine. With very few exceptions our people were ladies and gentlemen, if kindliness of heart and consideration for the feelings and comfort of others are the best and truest meanings of those somewhat vague terms.

Some of the saloon passengers strolled through our territory a few times, with the characteristic air of the tourist, casting a glance here and there, so as to enable them to impart to all inquirers later a full description of the habits and customs of the inhabitants. They asked us no questions about our health or manner of living, how we liked the climate down below, or whether we had any missionaries among us. They simply passed by rapidly, as those who went down to Jericho in the days of old. Our condition did not concern them. I recalled Robert Louis Stevenson's inimitable sketch of some of those who glanced at him and his steerage companions, and thought that our visitors must be very much like his. One of ours, however, furnished not a little amusement for a brief spell. He was a young man, rather good looking, with a weak face, lemon-colored boots, and raiment that was fearfully and wonderfully "loud." I hate to use slang, but "loud" is the only suitable word to apply to that costume, crowned with a woman's tam o' shanter hat, which threaded its way around our deck on one occasion. The effort to refrain from laughter in the presence of the gorgeous spectacle was successful, but after it disappeared the explosion came. "That I may never die if I didn't think it was a rainbow that was coming along to us," said a healthy, bright-eyed, and red-haired young

Irish girl, and the crowd laughed again.

Probably the most interesting experiences of the trip were the round-ups. Three different times we were rounded up for inspection and examination, and on one occasion for marking if we did not have marks already. The first round-up was for the purpose of preparing the list of passengers with the necessary information concerning them, as provided by law to be submitted to the United States authorities on arriving in Boston. After much noise and confusion we were corralled in our quarters, and guards stationed at the head of the gangway to prevent egress to the deck until we answered the questions asked.

I remained below until nearly the last. On climbing the stairs almost to the top, I found the steward there asking questions and marking down the answers on our tickets. Holding on to the gangway rail on both sides to guard against falling down stairs, I answered the proper questions, giving my name, place of birth, where going to, age, occupation, and stating that I was a citizen of the United States. When in the act of stepping upward on deck, I was halted peremptorily with:—

"Stop where you are! I have not got through with you yet."

"What do you want?" I asked.

"You don't mean to tell me that that there is your name," pointing to "P. O'Neill Larkin" written on my ticket.

"I have just told you it is," I replied.

"That is not a correct name," said the steward.

"It is my real name, that by which I am known in public and private, on which I have voted since I was twenty-one years of age, and as it appears now on the voting list of Precinct 3 of Ward 21 in the city of Boston."

"But that is not the name by which you were christened," said my inquisitor.

"My memory is unable to recall that important event," I said.

"What does the letter P stand for?" shouted the steward. "It is the initial letter of the name Peter," I said. And then I was somewhat dubiously acquitted. The steward wanted more information than the law requires.

The second round-up was on account of our national sanitary regulation respecting emigrants. The law provides that incoming passengers must be able to show satisfactory vaccination marks on their person; if not they must be vaccinated by the ship's doctor or at quarantine before landing. On this occasion we were corralled as before, but presented a more amusing spectacle, because we climbed up stairs with our coats off and shirt sleeves rolled up to the shoulders, to show our vaccination marks as we passed one by one in review before the ship's physician. He vaccinated all who required it.

The third and final round-up took place off the quarantine station of Deer Island in Boston Harbor. Here we were corralled aft on the main deck, where, with coats off and arms bared, we were inspected by the quarantine officer.

In this connection I will mention a matter that may be of some importance. It seems that our sanitary regulations require that emigrants and their baggage should be inspected at the ports whence they are shipped to our country. This is

what occurred in my case. On the landing-stage in Liverpool I was informed that a personal inspection was necessary. I went to the Cunard office as soon as it was opened, presented my ticket, and said I wished to be inspected. A young man glanced at me and my ticket, and said I was all right. On getting aboard the steamer with my valise, I saw that almost every parcel of steerage baggage had a red label which bore the word "Inspected" printed in large letters; but on inquiry among a number of the owners of this baggage, I learned that it had not been inspected at all. The red labels had been affixed without any inspection. Midway on the Atlantic an official of the ship informed us that baggage without a red label was liable to be detained at quarantine for fumigation, at an expense of one dollar a package; but he very kindly furnished us with some of the labels, suggesting that those whose baggage was not already labelled should stick one on. I thought the thing somewhat farcical, but possibly the law is not enforced strictly except at ports infected with contagious disease. I have simply stated the facts.

Now, good reader, I want your special attention to a matter in which I am sure you will be more deeply interested than in anything I have yet referred to. It is in relation to female steerage passengers unaccompanied by male companions — by father, brother, uncle, cousin, sweetheart, or other home acquaintance. I will recite the facts briefly as they came under my personal observation.

A few days after leaving Liverpool, just as soon as the passengers were pretty well over their seasickness, members of the ship's crew, when off duty, would mingle among them in the evenings. They were of course permitted by the captain to do so or they would not be there. They put in an appearance night after night. Nobody desired their company, but they came. They came some of them because we had a number of unaccompanied female passengers in whom they seemed to be much interested. Females accompanied by male friends were let alone for very obvious reasons; but lonely Mary, Jane, Kate, Bridget, or Alice, just recovered from seasickness, became an object of special solicitude to some member of the crew, who pursued his quest in their regard assiduously. Night after night up to nine o'clock, at which time the females were obliged to go below to their sleeping quarters, I saw this thing going on. I had seen it on other ships, and knew well what it meant. Indeed, I found it necessary, three years ago last September, to interfere personally, at some risk to myself, on the deck of an emigrant steamer, with a rascal of the crew who was persecuting some girls with his undesired attention.

Poor girls, many of whom never saw a ship before in their lives, tenderly and carefully brought up! the unreal life on shipboard around them, its meretricious excitement, and the romantic notions about sailor "Jack" in their minds, is it to be wondered at that they listen and sometimes tarry with their pursuers? It was so on the main deck of the Cephalonia, precisely as I have seen it time and again on the deck of other steamers.

Section 7 of the Passenger Act of 1882 declares: —

> That neither the officers, seamen, nor other persons employed on any such steamship or other vessel shall visit or frequent any part

of the vessel provided or assigned to the use of such passengers, except by the direction or permission of the master of such vessel, first made or given for such purpose.

And this law further provides that for any violation of its provisions a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars and imprisonment not exceeding twenty days for each violation may be imposed. It is quite evident that many captains construe this law to apply only to the steerage quarters down below, not to that portion of the main deck on which they are allowed.

On the Thursday night before we reached Boston, a group of our passengers were sitting down on the deck listening to a young woman singing some pathetic ballads with a voice of beautiful tone, carefully cultivated in a convent school in the south of Ireland. A sailor who stood by volunteered to give us a song, saying by way of preface that he hoped the ladies would not blush. He sang a song which for filthy, brutal obscenity went beyond the lowest I could even imagine. At the end of the first verse one of the girls jumped to her feet, indignantly exclaiming, "Come down stairs, girls, from that insulting blackguard." The rascal finished his song. I watched the people around: the women with their hands hiding faces crimsoned with shame, and the men, most of whom were indignant at the scamp's wanton insult.

Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant, of England, was one of our saloon passengers. This is the excellent woman who has done so much for decency and social purity in the music halls in London and in other directions. But here on the deck of the Cephalonia, separated from her only by a very thin partition, was a state of things as bad as I have witnessed in any London music hall, and I have visited not a few.

This thing never occurs on the French steamers between New York and Havre, because on these the members of the crews not on duty are obliged to confine themselves to their own quarters. Such a rule should be observed on the British ships. The United States law already protects steerage passengers while in their sleeping compartments from the intrusion of the crew. It should be extended to protect them on the main deck or elsewhere.

To safeguard the incoming passengers against insult, Congressman McCall, of Massachusetts, will introduce an amendment to the existing law in the present session of Congress, which if carried will effectually put a stop to the shameful state which has prevailed, and make the main deck or any other place on board as safe for females as in the saloon. Readers of this magazine can help in this materially by drawing up a petition addressed "To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled," asking that the Passenger Act of 1882 be amended to cover the situation here referred to, and getting as many other citizens as possible to sign it and then these petitions may be forwarded to Hon. Samuel W. M'Call, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., or to the congressman from the district of the petitioners.

If before the first of next May we may have in the Revised Statutes of the United States full protection for immigrants, especially for young girls, against insult and outrage, this steerage experience and its narration will not have proved to be useless and unprofitable.

EASTER CAROLS.

THE FRENCH CONSTANTINE.

BERNARD MORGAN.

THIS year France celebrates the fourteenth centenary of her existence. It is in harmony with the eternal fitness of things that the result of a sainted queen's prayers and a pagan king's victory should be a nation whose glory in arms has only been equalled by her loyalty to the Church. Even in religion her people are militant. Witness the black-robed soldiers she is constantly sending forth to fight the battle of the faith in heathen lands. Not France alone, therefore, but the entire Catholic world will honor the memory of a king who, whatever his faults (and they were great and many), has done so much for his country and faith.

The young Clovis was only fifteen years of age when his father, Childeric, died in 481; but the boy had even then shown such prowess and manliness that his succession as chief was enthusiastically recognized by the Franks.

At the time France, with the exception of a considerable province between the Loire and the Somme, which was still held by the decrepit Roman empire, was split up among a considerable number of native petty kings. Christianity had found a favorable soil for its growth among the early French; but the Church, notwithstanding its saints, bishops, communities, and constantly growing members, was still in a manner *in partibus infidelium* — awaiting the advent of a new Constantine.

Concerning the early years of Clovis' reign, history is silent, except for hints of internecine strife between the Franks and their neighbors. It is not until six years later that we find the young eagle stretching his pinions for a broader flight. Lust of conquest rather than a sense of patriotism will perhaps sufficiently account for the attempt (successful like all his great attempts) to oust the Romans from their last foothold on French soil. Apparently the one bloody battle fought at Soissons in 486 effected his purpose. Syagrius, the Roman governor, fled for refuge to Alaric, king of the Visigoths, but was delivered by him to the conqueror and put to death after some months in prison.

An incident which occurred shortly afterwards throws a flood of light on the democratic nature of kingship in those times, and on that very strange blending of ferocity and courtesy which makes the character of Clovis so hard to understand. To avoid paining Saint Remi, bishop of Rheims, he had determined to spare that town from assault and pillage; but some of his followers, in ignorance possibly of his wishes, attacked it and removed from the Cathedral all the sacred vessels, including one specially prized by the saint. The bishop begged Clovis to have at least this particular vase restored. Clovis asked his soldiers to let him have the vessel, and all

CLOVIS' VOW.

From the mural painting by Joseph Blanc, in the Pantheon.

with a solitary exception consented. His veto was fatal to the bishop's wish, backed by the king's request! It was also fatal to himself, for soon after, the king finding him guilty of a petty breach of discipline, clave the man's skull with his sword.

The story seems to show that Clovis had been more or less in contact with Christian teachers and principles from an early period of his career; but there is nothing to prove that he had hitherto displayed more than a tolerant partiality for Christianity.

This was to be afterwards developed by the prayers and example of his saintly wife Clotilda. The exact date of their marriage is not known, but there are good grounds for believing that the union between the Christian princess and the pagan warrior was partly brought about by Saint Remi, who saw the future greatness and power for good that lay before Clovis.

Clotilda's influence over her pagan spouse was an ever-increasing factor from the hour of their marriage. All her woman's wit and all her Christian piety were directed to the end of his baptism. When their first son was born, she found little difficulty in obtaining the king's consent that the child should be baptized. Unfortunately, as it seemed for the mother's hopes, little Sigomel died within a few hours; and his superstitious father could not be persuaded but that it was the helplessness of the Christian God against the resentment of his own deities which produced the disaster.

A year after, the queen had apparently recovered the ground lost by this check, as the second son (who happily lived) was baptized without any opposition from his father. The king himself still held out against his wife's prayers and example; but as the event showed, these were not being lost in him; the seed of grace was only waiting for the sun of opportunity.

In 496 news reached the king that the Germans had invaded the territory occupied by the Riparian Franks. Accustomed as he was to see his sovereignty increase rather than diminish, he determined to punish the invaders with the full strength of his arm. All the petty kings who now acknowledged his sovereignty were induced to join forces with him. The two armies met in the neighborhood of Tolbiac. Apparently the Germans began the encounter with one of those fierce onslaughts which Cæsar describes. Horde upon horde of them poured down upon their foes so impetuously and so numerously, that the Franks began to weaken, then to yield, and finally to run.

As far as we can judge from the scanty accounts of the fight, Clovis himself became infected with the general panic and retreated, calling his pagan gods and goddesses to his aid. They failed to help him, however, and in a breathing space it occurred to him that the time had come for turning to Clotilda's God. Thereupon he made a solemn vow, in presence of his panting soldiers, to be baptized and henceforth serve the God of the Christians, if He would but give him the day. His soldiers (many of whom were already Christians) took heart instantly, we are told, from the promise, and returned to the charge. Now it was the Germans' turn to feel the shock of attack, to waver, to retreat. Now they were fighting, not alone against the first French king, but against the

VICTORIOUS RETURN OF CLOVIS FROM TOLBIAC.

From the mural painting by Joseph Blanc, in the Pantheon.

prayers of a Christian queen and the will of the God of battles. They rallied only to be scattered again. What had threatened to prove a disastrous rout for Clovis and his army had become, owing to his vow, the most brilliant of victories.

Faithful to his vow, Clovis now prepared for baptism. The Cathedral of Rheims was decked in all its most lordly pomp for the event. Saint Remi must have felt that the ceremony he was to perform would have consequences whereof no man could see the end. The impressive ceremonial of Mother Church was invoked to lend all dignity possible to the scene; and if we are to believe the legend, Heaven itself interposed visibly to emphasize the solemnity of the event. We read in the ancient chronicles that when Clovis entered the baptistery, a dove whiter than snow fluttered above him with a phial of precious ointment in its bill, filling the air with a rich perfume. Gregory of Tours records the words addressed by Saint Remi to his catechumen: "Bow thy head, proud Sicambre; adore what thou hast burned; burn what thou hast adored."

When the new Constantine came forth, almost nude, according to the custom of the time, from the font, his place was taken by soldiers one after another, until three thousand recruits had been added to the army of Christ.

The conversion of Clovis produced results of the first importance, not only in the constitution of the French monarchy and the establishment of the French Church, but in distant Gaul, where the Arian heresy was fostered by the domination of the Visigoth and Burgundian kings. When Clovis resumed his career of conquest and pushed his armies against the Visigoths, he was hailed as a deliverer by the Catholic clergy and people. "Thy faith is our victory," wrote Pope Anastasius to him. "Where you battle we are the victors," was the eulogy of Saint Avitus. In 497 the cities of Armorica, at the instances of their bishops, voluntarily recognized the authority of Clovis. Soon after, when the Visigoth Alaric II was defeated and slain near Poitiers, Clovis had broken at once the Visigoth power and the Arian influence, at least for the time.

From his baptism until his death in 511, a period of fifteen years, no serious defeat dimmed the lustre of his arms. When he died the tribe of Franks had grown into the French people. "La Grande Nation" was born, the Church kissed her eldest daughter. Clovis, Charlemagne, Napoleon! Has France other such giants for her future battles?

It is to be feared, however, that the gospel lessons of mildness and the gospel precept of doing unto others as we would be done by, had never entered very deeply into the heart of the first French king. In many respects he remained a pagan to the end; and besides the proved charges of cruelty to his enemies, his memory must bear forever the suspicion of treachery towards his friends. One by one, as their usefulness disappeared, he removed the petty princes (many of them his own blood relations) who had helped him to power.

He was buried at Paris in the church of the Holy Apostles, which he had founded, and on the site of which the Rue Clovis still opens.

BAPTISM OF CLOVIS.

From the mural painting by Joseph Blanc, in the Pantheon.

THE NEW BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

M. E. Hennessy.

John J. Coppinger,

Lately promoted to brigadier-general by President Cleveland. General Coppinger is in charge of the government forces in the department of the Platte, with headquarters at Omaha, Nebraska.

BY birth an Irishman, by choice an American citizen, by bravery a chevalier of the Roman army, a hero of a score of American battle-fields, an ideal soldier physically, a man of culture and refinement. This outline will give the reader an idea of John Joseph Coppinger, recently made a brigadier-general of the United States army by President Cleveland.

Were this all there was to say of General Coppinger, the story would be but the repetition of the history of hundreds of other men of Irish blood who left their native land to fight for justice, conscience, and liberty in foreign countries. But the fact that he is the son-in-law of the late James G. Blaine, the political idol of so many thousands of Americans, and that his promotion was vigorously opposed by the A. P. A. on account of his religion, gives the story an interest not possessed by the ordinary military advancement.

The appointment of General Coppinger by President Cleveland is regarded by many public men as a graceful act on the part of the administration toward the family of the dead Secretary of State, and recalls the dignified act of Mr. Cleve-

land in his former administration when Mr. Blaine requested that a certain applicant for the Augusta Post Office be not appointed, as his appointment would be decidedly distasteful to Mr. Blaine and his family. Mr. Cleveland complied with the wishes of Mr. Blaine, and the applicant was given a place in Washington instead, with as large a salary as the postmaster of Augusta.

It is well known to Mr. Blaine's friends that the late premier of President Harrison's cabinet entertained a profound admiration for his gallant son-in-law, General Coppinger, and that he rejoiced at his many deserved promotions for gallantry and meritorious service. Mrs. Blaine, too, — in truth, the entire Blaine family take a decided interest in everything that appertains to their distinguished relative and his two promising boys, Blaine, aged twelve years, and Conor, aged ten years. The oldest boy was named for his distinguished grandfather, and the youngest for General Coppinger's great-grandmother, a daughter of Sir Patrick O'Conor of the Faile family.

As soon as Colonel Coppinger's name was sent to the Senate, he was charged by the A. P. A. with the serious crime of being a Catholic soldier, and that he had been a citizen of the United States only a few years, both of which charges were true; and they made many other allegations which the Senate Committee on Military Affairs never even considered, but according to the rules of the Senate gave Colonel Coppinger's opponents a hearing. During the latter the committee were forcibly reminded of the relative positions of the candidate for promotion and that of his chief objector, President Trainor, of the A. P. A., during the trying days of the rebellion. In 1861 Mr. Trainor was in Canada, a loyal subject of Queen Victoria. In the same year John J. Coppinger was made a captain in the United States army, and went to the front to preserve the Union under the inspiration of the stars and stripes. It did not take much time to decide which was the real patriot. The Senate moved slowly; but when it did, it reported Colonel Coppinger's name unanimously. He is now a brigadier-general, and will retire in 1899.

He is at present in command of the department of the Platte, with headquarters at Omaha, Nebraska. He is a tall, muscular man of fine physique and excellent military bearing. He was born in County Cork, Ireland, October 11, 1835, and comes from an old and distinguished Irish Catholic family. He is the son of William J. and Margaret Coppinger (born O'Brien) of Glen-More, on the Island of Cove. Glen-More takes its name from a charming glen which opens into the sea, and is one of the most fascinating spots in Ireland. In his reflective moments General Coppinger delights to recall each rock and cliff of the home of his childhood. Should you ever meet him in this mood, he could tell you the names and the characteristics of the dear old neighbors of Bally Braissell and Marlouge. The family intermarried with the O'Connells, the Barrys, the Meades, the Sarsfields, the Roches, and the Galway De Burghs. O'Hart in his Irish Pedigrees says that the Coppingers were originally Danes.

Imbued with loyalty to the Church, General Coppinger in his youth joined the Roman army and fought for the rights of Pope Pius IX

For gallantry at La Rocca Gateway in 1860, he was made a chevalier. The young officer came honestly by his military ambition and his personal bravery. His ancestors had fought in the armies of France and Spain, when driven from Ireland by the harsh laws of Cromwell. Another relative had fought under Bolivar for the freedom of the South American republics. Others had served in the English army and navy.

When Archbishop Hughes, of New York, had proven his great loyalty and influence to the Union's cause by his mission abroad and his eloquence and towering personality at home, President Lincoln, as a compliment to him, gave him the choice of twelve captains in the army. One of those named was John Joseph Coppinger. His military experience abroad served him to good advantage, and he willingly gave it to the service of the Union. He was appointed from New York as a captain in the Fourteenth United States Infantry. His military history, as recorded in the archives of the War Department at Washington, is as follows: —

First lieutenant and later captain in the Roman army. Made chevalier for the defence of La Rocca Gateway, September, 1860. Captain Fourteenth United States Infantry, September, 1861. Joined the army of the Potomac, July, 1862, and engaged at the battle of second Bull Run (severely wounded). Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, operations at Mine Run, battle of the Wilderness, actions of Yellow Tavern, Meadow Bridge, Hanover Crossing, Hawes' Shop, Old Church, battle of Cold Harbor, Trevillian Station, Deep Bottom, action of Newton, battle of Winchester, actions of Shepherdstown, Smithfield, battle of Fisher Hill, action of Waynesboro, Woodstock, battle of Cedar Creek, action of Liberty Mills, battle of Five Forks, and the capitulation of Appomattox Court House, Virginia (wounded). Colonel Fifteenth New York Cavalry, January, 1865.

Brevet Major United States army, for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Trevillian Station, Virginia; brevet lieutenant-colonel United States army, for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Cedar Creek, Virginia; brevet colonel United States army, for zeal and energy while in command of troops operating against hostile Indians.

At the close of the War of the Rebellion, Captain Coppinger was transferred to the western frontier and the Pacific slope, and since has been almost continuously in garrison at remote points, engaged in paving the way for an advancing civilization. He was promoted a major in the Twelfth United States Infantry, March 20, 1879; lieutenant-colonel Eighteenth United States Infantry, October 31, 1883; colonel Twenty-third United States Infantry, January 15, 1891; brigadier-general United States army, April 25, 1895.

He was appointed brevet colonel in 1868 for zeal and energy while in command of troops operating against hostile Indians in 1866, 1867, and 1868. As far back as 1864, Brevet Major-General Custer proclaimed that as a soldier he considered General Coppinger a model. General Torbert said the general had proved himself one of the most efficient and gallant officers that he had ever met. General Wright praised him highly, and even General Sheridan himself, in recommending the then Captain Coppinger for the head of a regiment, said: "No officer of the service is better fitted for the position."

It is quite true, as the opponents of Colonel Coppinger charged, that he did not become an American citizen until 1891, but he had already manifested his loyalty and devotion to America by his record as an officer in the army of the Potomac. For many years he expected to inherit a large estate in Ireland. It was the opinion of Mr. Blaine and such friends of Colonel Coppinger as General Martin McMahon, of New York, that if he took out his naturalization papers it might raise a question as to his right to inherit this estate. The perfunctory certification of his citizenship was therefore deferred

until such time as the question of his inheritance was decided. He lost no time in taking out his papers as soon as he received word that there was no likelihood of his inheriting the estate in question.

General Coppinger is the recognized successor of General Miles as an Indian fighter. When the Bannock Indians showed signs of fight some time ago, and it looked as if the troops would have to take the field, Colonel Coppinger was the man selected by the War Department for the task. The department of the Platte which he commands is considered one of the most important in the service. There is a great deal of work attached to it, and many of the nation's wards are cared for through this department, while a sharp eye is kept on the more troublesome ones.

The Coppinger family has a most interesting history. As far back as 1579 Patrick Coppinger was executed at his own castle door for participating in the rising of the great Earl of Desmond, then in arms against Queen Elizabeth's forces. From this point on as long as Ireland waged war against England for her rights, the Coppingers were foremost in the fight, religious or martial. In 1586 Lis-na-brin castle and lands were confiscated to Sir Walter Raleigh after the Desmond rising; but Sir Walter restored them to his friend Coppinger on a lease of four thousand years at a rental of four pennies an acre, and stood sponsor for the young heir, Walter Coppinger. A Catholic could no longer in safety hold an estate in fee simple. In 1600 Lis-na-brin, which means "The Castle of the Bride," was again confiscated, this time to Hugh Croker, of Trevillar, Cornwall, an officer who had come over to Ireland with the Earl of Essex. The Crokers still hold the estate.

In 1600 Thomas Coppinger was fined sixty pounds for non-attendance at Protestant worship, and his kinsman, Sir Walter Coppinger, was fined one hundred pounds for a similar offence. Then came from 1641 to 1648 the war in which Coppinger's Court was attacked, sacked, and burned. In 1644 Sir Robert Coppinger was banished with two hundred other prominent citizens by the Covenanters. There were more confiscations of the family estate in 1692. Thomas Coppinger and his kinsman, Sarsfield, of Sarsfield Court, were attainted of high treason in June, 1692, and outlawed. Thomas Coppinger's brothers — William (high sheriff of Cork), Henry, and Matthew — were also outlawed. His son Edward, a captain in the Yellow Horse, was killed leading a skirmish against Cromwell's forces.

The attainder of 1691 included fourteen County Cork Coppingers. In this list was Captain Henry Coppinger, of Carol's dragoons. From him descended General José Coppinger of the Spanish service, so distinguished in the early wars of the present century, notably at San Juan d'Allca. From William Coppinger, the last Catholic high sheriff of Cork, are descended the Coppingers of Bordeaux, France. In 1716 Stephen Coppinger, son of the exiled Thomas of Ballyvolane, returned to Cork, and with the aid of Lord Barrymore gathered what he could of his father's estate and settled at Barry's Court. This Stephen Coppinger was General Coppinger's great-great-grandfather.

No wonder that the general is proud of his ancestry. It is a noble heritage.

PRESENT ASPECT OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

A SYMPOSIUM.

CHARLES R. SAUNDERS, JULIA WARD HOWE, EVELYN GREENLEAF SUTHERLAND, KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

NO impartial observer can deny that the cause of woman suffrage has received a serious setback in the East. The reason is threefold.

1. The character of the campaign waged by the suffragists in Massachusetts.

By an act of the Legislature of 1895 the question of municipal suffrage for women was to be submitted to the men and women voters of the state in November. The Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association had been in existence twenty-five years. It had Superintendents of Work, whose duty it was to supply each religious denomination, the colleges, state and county fairs, Chautauquas, libraries, railroads, steamboats, and the press with suffrage literature. It had branches throughout the state and a newspaper organ in Boston. In addition, a Referendum State Committee was formed for the special purpose of carrying this election. Here was all the machinery for a veritable campaign of education on the suffrage question before a people notably hospitable to reforms. It was a golden opportunity. How was it availed of?

From start to finish, the suffrage campaign was largely one of misstatement of facts and abuse of their opponents. Women teachers in Massachusetts, it was proclaimed, suffered great injustice in that they did not receive "equal pay for equal work" with men, and figures showing the difference between their average pay were triumphantly displayed in proof. The fact that women had driven men out of the position of teachers in the schools, until there are to-day only one thousand men out of twelve thousand teachers in the public schools of the state and until only the higher positions of superintendents and masters are filled by men, was carefully kept back.

The difference in the pay of men and women teachers is in principle the same difference that exists in any business between the salary of a superintendent or manager and his assistants. And this difference, though larger in the case of teachers than it should be, is based, not on sex but on a difference in responsibility; and when the women teachers assume the same responsibility, "their pay is not much, if at all, inferior to that of men." *

* The secretary of the State Board of Education in his report for 1896 says: "The men almost invariably hold positions of directorship or of superior responsibility, and when women are put in any of these higher positions, as they sometimes are, their pay is not much, if at all, inferior to that of men. On the other hand, if there is a class of positions that are commonly filled by women and that grade alike in pay, the salary of the man who is occasionally appointed to serve in this class is likely to follow that of the women in it.

Yet no audience at a suffrage rally would ever have suspected that any consideration but sex determined it.

English municipal suffrage for women did valiant service in the press and on the stump until the suffragists were forced to explain that the English system, enfranchising only tax-paying single women and heads of families, was so extremely restricted as to bear no practical relation to the unlimited suffrage proposed. The women remonstrants were persistently misrepresented; and when a non-partisan association of men was formed to aid the remonstrants, a torrent of hysterical invective burst forth. Prominent suffragists styled its members "fools" and "descendants of the supporters of slavery," while others asserted their legitimate ancestors were the "Tories of the Revolution." According to the suffrage press, they had "pilloried themselves for posterity."

As the campaign advanced it grew in intensity. The clergymen of the state were implored to urge the women of their communities to register. The W. C. T. Unions were utilized to the same end, and the suffrage organ exclaimed frantically: "Let every woman who respects herself and her sex register and vote 'Yes.'" Finally, in desperation, the A. P. A. was appealed to and many of its members enlisted in their behalf. In some of the towns, suffrage literature was distributed in the churches, and in Salem an excited woman attracted a large crowd on the main street by tearing out the word "No" from anti-suffrage posters.

This impassioned and fanatical style of campaign was effective, but not in the way desired by the suffragists. It was steadily making votes against the cause, for it was a revelation to many people who had fondly hoped the participation of women in politics would elevate the tone of party strife and remove much of its asperity.

2. The overwhelming defeat of the suffragists in the election.

In spite of their elaborate organization and the various agencies through which they worked, no question submitted to the people of Massachusetts ever received so overwhelming a defeat. The men gave a majority of over one hundred thousand votes against municipal suffrage for women. Of five hundred and seventy-five thousand women entitled to vote, more than five hundred and fifty thousand declined to do so, and less than one in twenty-five voted "Yes." Every county and every senatorial and representative district in the state voted "No."

It was conceded that a larger vote could be obtained in favor of municipal suffrage for women than for presidential or state suffrage for women, because in Massachusetts municipal suffrage determines annually in each city and town whether or not intoxicating liquors shall be sold; and in this question, it is claimed, most women are interested. Yet the total number of women voting for municipal suffrage was only twenty-two thousand in the entire state; while seven years before, in an election for school committee, nineteen thousand women had voted in Boston alone. Since this conclusive proof that the mass of women care nothing for the suffrage and the mass of men are opposed, moderate suffragists are considering whether the whole question has not been exaggerated, and whether it would

not be in the highest degree inexpedient to force the suffrage upon a constituency so utterly unwilling to accept it.

3. The public utterances of prominent suffragists before and since the election.

At a legislative hearing in Massachusetts last year a representative of the W. C. T. U. declared: "Half a million of us women have placed our hands in Miss Willard's and sworn to follow wherever she may lead." At the height of the campaign, Miss Willard, an ardent suffragist and president of the National W. C. T. U., in her address before the convention of that body at Baltimore, mapped out the path. It was, in short, abolition of representative government, nationalization of business, woman suffrage, confiscation of vacant land, prohibition, fiat money, and the free coinage of silver at sixteen to one. If this was the best contribution to the solution of the perplexing problems of the day that the head of the largest women's organization in the country could furnish, it was felt that nothing but "confusion worse confounded" could result from such coöperation.

Interviewed after election as to why so many women failed to vote, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, president of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association, said: —

"I'll tell you why they didn't vote. They were afraid of their husbands. It meant a sacrifice of domestic happiness, in many cases, to go to the polls."

Testimony from such a source carried weight, and very many who had doubtfully voted "Yes," said: "Well, if that is so, the evils from woman suffrage would vastly outweigh any possible benefits, and it is too dangerous an experiment to attempt."

In January Miss Susan B. Anthony, president of the National Woman Suffrage Association, signed a call for the national convention, in which President Eliot of Harvard University, an open opponent of woman suffrage, was made to appear as in favor of the movement. Called to account for this misrepresentation, Miss Anthony declared that if he didn't say what she quoted him as saying, he ought to have said it, and that at any rate he had said it was "not in the interest of patriotism to have women teachers in the schools." She added: —

"President Eliot is an archtraitor, and has by this letter alone committed treason."

The reply of President Eliot, denying these "foolish opinions," called the attention of the public to "the indifference to truth and recklessness of speech" manifested in these statements.

About this time the Woman's Bible, published by Mrs. Elizabeth C. Stanton and other leading suffragists, appeared. In it the present relation of the sexes was expounded. Speaking of woman's alleged inferior position, Mrs. Stanton wrote: "One thing that keeps her there is the misinterpretation of the Bible as regards woman. The correction of this will deprive *her enemy, man,** of a reason for his oppression and a weapon of attack." Could any one but an unreasoning suffragist believe that man and woman, husband and wife, brother and sister, lover and sweetheart, are really enemies and not friends, co-workers, and co-helpers?

Such wild and irresponsible utter-

* Italics are the writer's.

ances from suffrage leaders have worked great injury to their cause.* Thoughtful people cannot feel that such a temperament is well calculated to aid in the calm and deliberate settlement of public questions. They are reconsidering the case and in doing so find other statements of the leaders, hitherto unchallenged, equally unreliable.

A campaign argument, much reiterated, was that woman suffrage, wherever tried, had been successful and had never been abandoned. They now find that Kansas, which had had municipal suffrage for women for many years, rejected full suffrage for women in 1894 by thirty-five thousand majority. They find that the stronghold of polygamy in Utah was the women's vote, and that, in order effectually to suppress that "twin relic of barbarism," it was necessary to disfranchise the women, and that it is only when Utah enters the Union with a constitution forever prohibiting polygamy that woman suffrage is restored. They find that little Wyoming, that over-worked stage-child of the suffragists, reports through General Thompson, the manager of the Democratic campaign in 1892, that "the women's vote is the easiest thing in the world to get, and the easiest thing to keep, and the easiest thing to manipulate in politics." And finally they find that the state of Washington, after a long experience, as a territory, with woman suffrage, rejected it by a vote of two to one, on assuming the dignity of statehood. As Horace Bushnell, John Bright, Goldwin Smith, Herbert Spencer, William E. Gladstone, and Bishop Vincent on reconsideration changed from suffrage to anti-suffrage, so it will be with many of these inquirers.

Two years ago the Massachusetts House of Representatives, misled by the persistent claims of the suffragists into the belief that a general demand existed for the measure, passed a bill granting municipal suffrage to women, which was only prevented from becoming a law by the action of the Senate. That mistake will not be repeated, for no legislature would

* An interesting illustration of the "harmonizing" influence of women in political discussion was furnished at the meeting of the Prohibition Amendment League of Iowa in February. It was a large gathering at the capital, and comprised the prohibition lights of the state and the leaders of the cause in the Legislature. The report of the proceedings says: "The meeting was made up of about equal numbers of men and women, and in a very short time developed into a fight. The women in bitter terms denounced the men because some of them two years ago had voted for the mulct law, and now were declaring their fears that if prohibition were resubmitted it would be defeated. They were declared to be traitors to the cause, and denounced in most earnest terms. The upshot was that the meeting broke up in a row, with the women crying and the men white with rage. After the meeting Representative Funk declared that the language used by the ladies had been the death blow to all hopes of resubmission."

It is also urged that woman's voice would always be on the side of peace and good order. That this rule would be far from universal is illustrated by two very recent events.

Writing to the press on the Venezuelan question, as late as February, when the sober second thought of the community had long since reestablished itself, Gail Hamilton (Miss Dodge) contributed this conciliatory sentiment to the discussion: "War is as scriptural as peace, as Christian as peace, as divinely ordained as peace. There must be war with England, for what fellowship has righteousness with unrighteousness, what concord hath Christ with Belial?"

In the same week "Bat" Shea, a Troy tough who had brutally murdered a law-abiding citizen at the polls two years before, was executed. The women in the factories of the city gave six hundred dollars of their wages for floral tributes for his funeral, compelled the factories to shut down during the funeral, and caused such grave fears of a riot that the services, at the request of the authorities, took place twenty-four hours earlier than announced. And yet this "martyr" who was thus idolized was a plain red-handed murderer who, after a life of crime, had been forced to pay a tardy debt to justice.

now consent to pass a suffrage bill without first submitting it to the people. It is this changed attitude of the Legislature towards the cause that is in reality the greatest blow to the suffragists. If it were necessary to emphasize this further, it might be said that the Committee on Woman Suffrage, which has existed in the Legislature since 1872, has this year been abolished.

The influence of these events is not merely local. The voice of intelligent and progressive Massachusetts commands respect beyond her borders. Her statute books bristle with legislation securing to women equal and, in many cases, superior rights to men. Her reputation as a pioneer in genuine reforms is established; and when she deliberately utters her emphatic condemnation of woman suffrage, it cannot fail to be detrimental to the cause elsewhere.

CHARLES R. SAUNDERS.

From Julia Ward Howe.

The referendum was neither a fair test, nor one acceptable to the friends of suffrage. It is an exceedingly difficult matter to bring any question of deep ethical or political import properly before the public, so that all may know and understand its true significance. This matter of the referendum was not in the first instance properly understood. To lay it plainly before the public, time and money were absolutely necessary. The promoters of the bill gave us very little time and we had not much money. Certainly I think the bill has benefited rather than injured our cause, though this is probably not what was intended.

The returns can scarcely be considered as affording a fair estimate of public opinion on the matter; it was not exactly the way to obtain such an estimate, and it is difficult to propose a method which would adequately meet the demands of such a question. Within my own knowledge there are instances where women who desired to cast a vote for woman suffrage were prevented from doing so by their husbands. To one of these women, a friend said: —

"Why did you not vote?"

"Because when I said I intended to vote my husband did not speak to me for a week, and of course I couldn't stand that," was the reply.

This is one instance. It is fair to presume that there are others of the kind, where, to preserve domestic peace, women withheld their votes. I do not say that all women would do this under the same circumstances, for with some it would be a matter of duty and conscience, to be performed in spite even of a husband's objections. But many wives would surrender, and quite naturally too, for no wife desires to go directly against her husband's wishes.

A man might not actually forbid his wife to vote, and yet might make his displeasure felt in such a way that the result would be practically the same. On the other hand, there are men, and many of them, who desire their wives to vote. What is really needed, it seems to me, is that our position and claims should be put plainly and clearly before the people, and let them consider carefully what it is that we want. The great majority of people, men and women

alike, have never had this question of woman suffrage clearly argued before them, and so have never given it much serious thought. Some are beginning to awake to its importance, but many are still uninformed and quite indifferent regarding it.

These people should be roused to meet the question fairly; and when the whole people can be brought to consider it as a vital political question, they will see that we are asking what is just for us and important for society. We have been working for this for years, and are still working, but people learn very slowly of matters involving great changes of front. Many through blind prejudice simply refuse to be informed. They do not care to know, lest the knowledge force them to abandon the position they have already taken.

In the face of a measure put forth rather to hinder than help us, as workers for woman suffrage, we have ample reason to congratulate ourselves upon the result of the last election, although, as I have said, I do not consider the test a genuine one, or one that can easily be applied.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

From Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland.

I think my first impression, upon hearing the returns the day after election, was what a glorious victory it was for the cause of woman suffrage. The wonderful gain of the "yea" vote over its utmost possibilities of a few years ago, showed quite a revolution in public opinion. It was a victorious defeat, so to speak, and I think that every friend of woman suffrage so considered it. Few among suffragists expected for a moment that this year would bring a complete realization of their desires. It has taken years to reach the place we now occupy, and it will take years to accomplish what remains to be done; but woman suffrage is bound to come. Within the memory of two generations the man or woman who dared to speak in favor of so revolutionary a thing as woman suffrage, was considered a fit subject for a lunatic asylum, was ostracized, and treated as a social leper. The vote this year shows a marvellous gain of the cause among the more intelligent classes of our people, and this certainly ought to be encouraging.

We must remember, however, that the women who went to the polls were not the only ones who voted. The woman who is so strongly opposed to woman suffrage that she unhesitatingly denounces it as unwomanly, voted just as truly and distinctly as did her sister, who personally visited the polls and deposited her ballot; for in many cases it was really the wife or mother who, by her openly expressed opposition to the movement, cast a "nay" vote on the referendum by the hand of her husband or son, and a vote by proxy obtains equally with a personal vote in any assembly.

It would have been just as womanly for them to have gone to the polls and cast a personal ballot. It is not what the men are willing to give us; it is what we, as women, want, that will come. From the very beginning, women have obtained most things that they seriously have wanted in this world, and so it will

be until the end of time. I see no reason why, in the day of woman suffrage that is so surely coming, a woman may not follow a career in the political field just as properly as to-day she enjoys a place in the counting-room, business office, or newspaper world. Her intuition, womanly tact, good breeding, and integrity eminently fit her for such a position, and the day will come when she is admitted by the world to be the political equal of man, as she is now acknowledged to be his intellectual and social equal.

There is, after all, but a single step from the woman of the Eastern harem, whose sense of modesty prevents her from appearing in any company without her veil, and the "New Woman." Everything between the two differs only in degree. The woman whose modesty is shocked at the idea of a woman voting, is herself a brazen monster of unwomanliness in the eyes of the Eastern woman. I am much in sympathy with the cause, though in no way identified with it; and to my mind the outlook is very gratifying.

EVELYN GREENLEAF SUTHERLAND.

From Katherine E. Conway.

The effect of the introduction of the question of Municipal Suffrage for Women into the last campaign in Massachusetts has been, it seems to me, only further to reveal the strong sentiment against woman suffrage on the part of those most nearly concerned in it. At ordinary times, the majority of women are simply indifferent; but when the matter is forced upon us, in season and out of season, we resent the persistence of a tiresome and futile discussion, when the ever-important affairs of real living are awaiting our attention. For my part, I can imagine nothing that would invest the suffrage question with interest to the most of women — especially of Catholic women — except the realization that it might some time be necessary to use such measure of it as is already conceded us, against the attacks of bigotry on the civil and religious rights of any citizens. In such case, Catholic women would simply vote with the heads of their households. Short of this contingency, we, generally speaking, beg to be excused from thinking or talking about suffrage.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

PERMANENCY OF MUNICIPAL REFORM.

Hon. John W. Goff.

NOTWITHSTANDING the apparent setbacks which the cause of municipal reform is supposed to have received in New York City, there has been no substantial reaction. A reform movement is always subject to the danger of being saddled with too many expectations. The people who blindly and supinely allow their government to drift along for years to a condition that becomes unbearable, turn suddenly upon that which is really the result of their own indolence and negligence. Like the individual who finds himself face to face with a calamity of which he himself is the principal cause, and who will endeavor to lay the blame on some one else, so the people are slow to admit their own responsibility for the evils of the government which they permit; and when they, in their hour of indignation, make a sweeping change, they expect a new administration to undo in a day all that they have permitted to grow through years.

In fact, the expectations are unreasonable. That is the principal cause of complaint in New York. People expected too much and they expected it to be accomplished in a period of time in which it was impossible to accomplish anything. The great value, in my opinion, is the permanent resting-place in the minds of the people which municipal reform has found. The drift of public opinion is in the direction of complete severance of the administration of municipal affairs from the great questions of policy which may interest the nation at large. All candid observers will admit that in this respect we are far behind the municipalities of European municipal government.

There is nothing inconsistent in the existence of parties with the administration of municipal affairs upon a strictly business basis. The people of America are beginning to recognize that fact, and I believe that municipal reform has come to stay. It has found a lodgement in every municipality in America. One of the most remarkable proofs of this condition of thought is that in every college in the country, students are interesting themselves in questions relating to municipal government. The stated course of lectures, as well as the various debating societies, treat this subject more exhaustively than ever before; and thinking young men, educated and enterprising, imbued with the proper civic spirit, and entering life with all their enthusiasm, must of necessity be a tremendous factor in the political life of this country.

The study of municipal government is receiving more attention today than ever before in the world. "And why?" you may ask. Because it is a problem forced upon our attention and with which we were not in a condition to deal. The structure of our government was laid in times when rural life and the pursuit of agriculture embraced the great majority of our people. Concentration

of such great masses of population in our large cities was not apprehended, and this concentration gave rise to conditions which were new to our ideas of general government. The necessities, the exigencies of urban life, are wholly foreign to the peaceful rural life.

The science of municipal government must necessarily proceed along the lines of evolution. Leaders of thought are showing the way. The people undoubtedly will follow. There is no reason whatever why a Republican and a Democrat, who may be directors in some business corporation, cannot put aside their politics in dealing with the affairs of that corporation. A mere statement of the question shows that that is being done in every city of this Union. In nearly all the boards of directors of railroad corporations, insurance companies, manufacturing concerns, and banking institutions, there are men of different political views, but that does not interfere in the slightest degree with the proper administration of their trusts.

What is a municipality but a business corporation in which every citizen is a stockholder? It is, or should be, a matter of dollars and cents with him. It certainly cannot be a gratification to a man, whether he is a Democrat or a Republican, to have the load of municipal indebtedness increased, and his taxes multiplied, simply because such burdens have been cast upon him by municipal officials who happen to be of the same political faith. The Democrat and the Republican ought to be able to deal with the municipal affairs affecting their homes and their pockets precisely in the same dispassionate way that the stockholders of every business corporation deal with its affairs.

The cry of party is very frequently made to cover great wrongs heaped upon the people. On all the great questions of national policy which affect our condition as a people, men naturally take different sides; and it would appear necessary, under our system of government, that parties should organize for the expression of views and policy which they may judge to be for the best interests of the country. But this rule is not applicable to the government of our large cities. Residents of cities require the best sanitary conditions, well-paved streets, pure water, and an efficient and capable police, and the recognition by the latter and all other public employeés that they are the servants of the people and not their masters. To obtain these conditions in their best and most experienced forms should be the constant effort of every citizen irrespective of party.

An essential to the adequate government of municipalities is the exercise of what is popularly termed "Home Rule." Cities should govern themselves. No persons have a better knowledge of the wants of the municipality than the people who reside in it. I believe it impossible to go backward. We are on the road to a higher plane of municipal government than we have ever had.

SAINT ALPHONSUS AS POET.

J. MAGNIER, C. S.S. R.

ITALY will this year celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of one of her greatest sons, Saint Alphonsus Maria di Liguori. He is a saint because of the marvellous innocence of his long life and his heroic virtues. He is a light to the whole Church by his science. In him we find natural gifts of the highest order cultivated by an industry which probably has never been surpassed. He was a most laborious and successful missionary, a prolific writer, the founder of a Congregation, which he ruled with consummate wisdom, and a model bishop. If we did not know that he kept faithful his vow never to lose time, we should be at a loss to conceive how one man could have accomplished so much.

We will leave out of these pages the study of this holy doctor as preacher, confessor, founder, bishop, and as theological, ascetical, and historical writer. We will do ourselves the pleasure of presenting him in his unquestionable capacity as poet. It may surprise some to hear that the great theologian Saint Alphonsus was a poet. But even those who may learn this fact for the first time will easily admit that if poetic surroundings could make a poet, Saint Alphonsus had them in abundance. Marianella, the little hamlet near Naples in which he was born, lies in the bosom of a lovely country, under the most beautiful Italian sky, and not far from a bay which it is said has no equal.

It was in the country house of the family at Marianella that Alphonsus was born on the 27th of September, 1696. It was here he learned his first lessons in holiness from his pious mother, and laid the foundations of that sanctity and learning which made him a Doctor of the Church. Happily a German Redemptorist has bought this house, which can now be preserved as a precious relic, and towards it many pilgrims will wend their way this year. The ground floor has been converted into a beautiful chapel. The outlines and exact position of the first floor have been carefully preserved. In the centre is the room in which Alphonsus was born, and at the left the oratory of the family in which he celebrated Mass for his parents. A new altar has been erected in this oratory, and over the altar there is a picture representing the beautiful scene which we find described in his life by Father Tannoija, and of which mention is made in the office for his feast. The mother is sitting with little Alphonsus on her lap; his father stands behind her; Saint Francis Jerome blesses the infant, and prophesies that he will live to a great age, be a bishop, and do great things for the Church. Near Saint Francis Jerome is his companion. This holy Jesuit and Saint Alphonsus were canonized on the same day in the year 1839.

But we are writing on Saint Alphonsus as poet. A complete English edition of the poetry of our saint was edited by Rev. Father Coffin, C. SS. R., in 1863.* The same is found in the Centenary Edition published in America, edited by Rev. Father Grimm, C. SS. R.,† but in separate parts and in different volumes according to the matter. We owe to the translators of the English edition a beautiful dedication, from which we take four verses which refer to the saint's spirit of prayer, his science, and his zeal.

A voice whose every accent prayed,
A heart which like a fountain played,
And, falling, heavenly music made
In acts of love.

A science to which sages bow,
Which though in simplest words it flow,
Now like an eagle soars, and now
Woos like a dove.

A zeal, like Daniel's, quick to brave,
For God, the hungry lions' cave,
Yet opening wide its arms to save
Poor fallen ones: —

If these can win a seraph's crown,
Then, Saint Alphonsus, 'tis thine own,
Ah, with a seraph's love look down
Upon thy sons!

We have none of the very early compositions of Saint Alphonsus. His first writings as a priest were in verse, and more than one collection of his verses was made between 1732 and 1744. An author who has written with exquisite taste and great judgment on the poetry of the saint says: "His style, full of enthusiasm, reveals a born poet. His soul, great, generous, full of warmth and sentiment, vibrated like a lyre. In him poetry was a pure and vivid expression of his most beautifully formed heart. With an exquisitely refined mind and with a love for the fine arts, he used, indeed, the style of his time, but avoided its excesses."*

But for him who is called *Doctor Zelantissimus*, poetry was not a mere recreation; it was in very truth an apostolic work. He was pained to hear the people sing profane songs, which carried a deadly poison to many souls, and there arose within him an ardent desire to replace these by canticles of praise to God, to the Blessed Virgin, and to the saints. Having resolved to change this abuse into a means of grace, he at once set to work. His first compositions were written during his missions. He set them to music, and sang them in the churches with the people. His success was very great, and his consolation indescribable when he heard the harvesters lighten the toil of the day by singing hymns he had taught them.

He did not, however, limit himself to these hymns for the people. There are in the edition to which we referred, parts entitled "Ascetical" and "Mystical," and in these we find poetry of the highest merit. The writer mentioned above, referring to the fact that we find early editions of the poetry of Saint Alphonsus bound with his "Visits to the Blessed Sacrament," says that these may well go together, for both contain the same holy fire, the same loveliness and tenderness of affection. "The poetry," he says, "is the faithful expression of the author's heart. His verses are sweet, full of power, yet exquisite in art and delicacy; in themselves they are a complete treatise of mystical theology, and reveal to us the interior life of the saint."

* Burns and Oates, London.

† Benziger Bros., New York.

* La Palestra del Clero, Saggio critico sulle opere di S. Alfonso M. de Liguori, anno XIV. The articles are signed "Doctor."

They reveal to us fully what he calls *his conversion*, but what we should call his breaking with the world; they reveal to us the great principle which ever ruled his long, laborious, checkered, suffering life; they reveal to us the sources from which he drew so abundantly the grace which supported and sanctified him; they reveal, as far as human language can, the intimate union of this most favored soul with God. In proof we shall not hesitate to seem a little long in our citations.

First, his *conversion* and breaking with the world. He writes: —

World, thou art no more for me;
World, I am no more for thee;
All affections, dear and sweet,
All are laid at Jesus' feet.

O my Life! my soul from Thee
Can henceforth no longer flee;
By Thy loving arrow slain,
Now Thy prey it must remain.

Ah! my Spouse, I love but Thee;
Thou my love shall ever be;
Thee I love; I love and sigh
For Thy love one day to die.

The great principle which ever ruled his actions, perfect uniformity of his will to the will of God, is found in the following three verses from a long hymn: —

'Tis Thy good pleasure, not my own.
In Thee, my God, I live alone;
And nothing I desire of Thee
But what Thy Goodness wills for me.
O will of God! O will divine!
All, all our love be ever Thine.

Thou makest crosses soft and light,
And death itself seems sweet and bright.
No cross nor fear that soul dismays
Whose will to Thee united stays.
O will of God! O will divine!
All, all our love be ever Thine.

Alike in pleasure and in pain,
To please Thee is my joy and gain.
That, O my Love, which pleases Thee
Shall evermore seem best to me.
May heaven and earth with love fulfil,
My God, Thy ever blessed will.

This perfect uniformity of will to the will of God was in Alphonsus the strongest proof of the love which burned in his heart. Making abstraction from the grace which like a flood flows into the soul from the Sacraments, the sources from which he drew love, and with love light and strength, were his devotion to the Sacred Infancy, to the Passion of our Lord, and to the Blessed Sacrament. Hence, we find his lyre-like soul vibrating before the crib, the cross, and the tabernacle. We take a few stanzas from an ode found amongst his papers nearly a hundred years after his death. It is on the birth of our Saviour Jesus Christ. The first part represents nature welcoming its King, then the angels, then the shepherds, whose wonder is beautifully described. They hasten to the cave and there: —

Astonished, raptured, and enchained
At this great sight they saw,
Long time the shepherds thus remained
In solemn, silent awe.
Then sweet the loving sighs
Deep from their hearts arise,
With mingled tears and words of love confess,
And in a thousand fervent acts express.

Then entering the poor abode
With knees devoutly bent,
They humbly to the Infant God
Their simple gifts present,
And Jesus does not scorn
The poor and lowly born;
But raising up to them His tiny hand,
He smiles a blessing on their humble band.

Then do the flames of heavenly fire,
Which in their bosoms glow,
Such tender confidence inspire,
As love alone can know.
They venture to embrace
That child of heavenly grace,
And on his hands and feet — O happiness!
A thousand times their fervent lips they press.

Then in their pipes these joyful swains
Such heavenly music breathed,
And rivalling angelic strains
With tuneful Mary wreathed
In sweet harmony
Such sweet lullaby
That slumber o'er the infant eyelids crept,
And Jesus closed His lovely eyes and slept.

Here follows the shepherds' lullaby, and their departure with hearts all on fire with love of the Divine Infant. Because of its length we refrain from inserting the lullaby of the shepherds; we cannot resist giving a few verses from the "Madonna's Lullaby."

Sleep, my Babe, my God, my Treasure;
Gently sleep; but ah! the sight
With its beauty so transports me,
I am dying of delight:
Thou canst not Thy mother see,
Yet Thou breathest flames to me.

If within your lids unfolded
Slumbering eyes you seem so fair,
When upon my gaze you open
How shall I your beauty bear?
Ah, I tremble when you wake
Lest my heart with love should break.

Then follows the irresistible desire of the mother to kiss her child — and

As she ceased, the gentle Virgin
Clasped her Infant to her breast,
And upon His radiant forehead
Many a loving kiss impress'd.
Jesus woke, and on her face
Fixed a look of heavenly grace.
. . . . . .

And now if we place ourselves near the cross in company with Mary and Alphonsus, we shall soon learn his compassion and his love for the Son and the Mother.

THE MOTHER OF SORROWS.

See hanging here before my eyes,
This body, bloodless, bruis'd, and torn, —
Alas! it is my Son who dies
Of love deserving, not of scorn.
. . . . . .

Where'er His failing eyes are bent,
A friend to help He seeks in vain,
All, all on vengeance are intent
And eager to increase His pain.

Eternal Father! God of Love!
Behold Thy Son! Ah! see His woe,
Canst Thou look down from heaven above
And for Thy Son no pity show?

But no — that Father sees His Son
Cloth'd with sins of guilty men,
And spares not that beloved One
Though dying on His cross of pain.
. . . . . .

If we call to mind the long hours which Saint Alphonsus passed before the Tabernacle especially in his old age, we shall have little difficulty in seeing how faithfully he reveals his heart in the following lines: —

O flowers, O happy flowers, which day and night
So near to my own Jesus silent stay,
And never leave Him, till before His sight
At length your life in fragrance fades away,
Could I, too, always make my dwelling-place
In that dear spot to which your charms you lend,
Oh, what a blessed lot were mine! what grace
Close to my truest Life, my life to end.

His "Visit to the Blessed Sacrament" runs with loving simplicity, and tells us almost as clearly as his introduction to his book of the same title what he felt when before the Tabernacle.

. . . . . .

Ere He makes us partners
Of His realms on high,
Happy and immortal
With Him in the sky,
Love immense, stupendous,
Makes Him here below
Partner of our exile
In this world of woe.
. . . . . .

Soon I hope to see Thee,
And enjoy Thy love,
Face to face, dear Jesus,
In Thy heaven above;
But on earth an exile
My delight shall be,
Ever to be near Thee
Veiled for love of me.

It is needless to say that the author of the "Glories of Mary" sang sweetly the praises of his Mother and Queen. A charming child-likeness runs through his verses:

Knowest thou, sweet Mary,
Whereto I aspire?
'Tis my hope to love thee,
This is my desire.
I would e'er be near thee,
Queen most fair and sweet.
Do not, do not drive me
From my Mother's feet,

He will ever call on Mary: —

When the morning gilds the skies,
I will call on Mary's name;

SAINT ALPHONSUS RAISED IN ECSTASY WHILE PREACHING A SERMON ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

When the evening twilight dies,
Mary still will I exclaim.

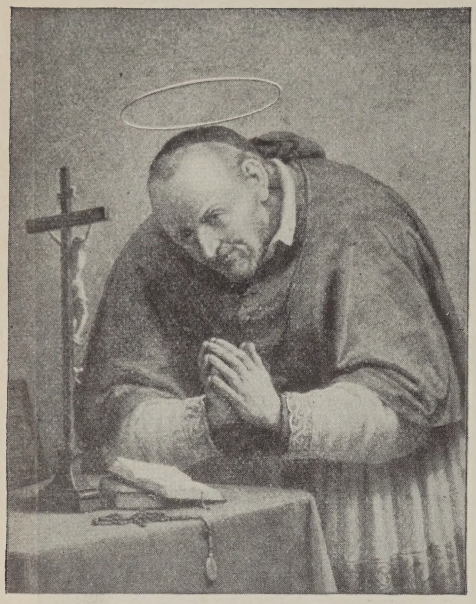
He asks nature to help him in praising Mary: —

Raise your voices, vales and mountains,
Flowery meadows, streams and fountains,
Praise, oh, praise the loveliest maiden
Ever the Creator made.

Murmuring brooks, your tribute bringing,
Little birds with joyful singing,
Come with mirthful praises laden,
To your Queen be homage paid.

Say, sweet Virgin, we implore thee,
Say what beauty God sheds o'er thee.
Praise and thanks to Him be given
Who in love created thee.

. . . . . .



TRUE PICTURE OF SAINT ALPHONSUS MARIA DI LIGUORI.

We will take from his most popular hymn, "Look Down, O Mother Mary," only the sweet lines in which he chides his Mother: —

And if a heart so tender
With pity flows not o'er,
Then turn away, O Mother!
And look on us no more.

His description of the separation of Mary's soul from her body is very beautiful. Death fears to strike his wonted blow: —

Then came sweet love from heaven,
And with his flaming dart
The mortal wound was given
To Mary's stainless heart.

Pierced by the deadly wound,
She gently bowed her head,
Pining with love she swoon'd,
And, lo! her spirit fled.

Then comes the triumph of the Queen of Heaven, and Alphonsus sighs to be with her.

Blest that soul who like a dove,
Borne upon the wings of love,
Follows her to heaven above.
Fly, my soul, with Mary fly,
Soar beyond the golden sky,
Mount to Mary's throne on high.

We may be expected to show the saint's great spirit of prayer. As far as we know, he has left us only sacred poetry, and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that he prays in every line. We shall only direct attention to that higher kind of prayer which reveals to us his most intimate union with God. His "Invitation to Solitude" and "The Soul Enamoured of the Beauty of God" form a remote introduction to high contemplation. "The Life of the Spouse" gives the immediate introduction and the actual union of the soul with God. This is a poetic development of the words of Saint Bernard: "The slave fears, the hireling hopes, the son honors; but I, because I am a Spouse, love to love, I love to be loved, I love love. . . . God requires that we fear Him as our Lord, that we honor Him as our Father, that we love Him as our spouse."

At No. 41 in the "Dialogue between Jesus and the Loving Soul," begins the most exquisite rendering of some of the most beautiful texts from the Canticle of Canticles, chaps, i to viii. We cannot, for two reasons enter into many details: we should be too long, and for our pains run the risk of spoiling that which should be read in its entirety. It is only by reading all that you can follow the Spouse through the various degrees of union, of joy, and of desolation. As specimens we take the following: —

Spouse. "Aperi mihi, soror mea."

Open to me, my sister,
Open to me thy heart,
My love can bear no longer
To live from thee apart.

. . . . . .

The Soul. "Anima mea liquefacta est ut dilectus meus locutus est."

As soon as my beloved
Had made me hear His voice,
Within my breast all meeting
I feel my heart rejoice.
But oh! What tongue could utter
The gladness I had known,
Had He but deigned to tarry
And speak with me alone!

"Inveni quem diligit anima mea, tenui eum, nec dimittam."

O lot, too sweet, too happy!
O bliss! I now have found
My Spouse, my Love, my Treasure,
To whom my heart is bound.

Thou ever, O Beloved,
Mine ever shalt Thou be,
No more, no more, my Treasure,
Shalt Thou depart from me.

"Introduxit me in cellam vinariam."

Now to the lonely cellar,
All full of mystic wine,
The King, my Lover, led me
With tenderness divine.

. . . . . .

The soul inebriated with divine love: —

Oh! where am I? What cell is this
In which I breathe an air of bliss,
So heavenly that I burn and pine,
Consumed with flames of love divine?

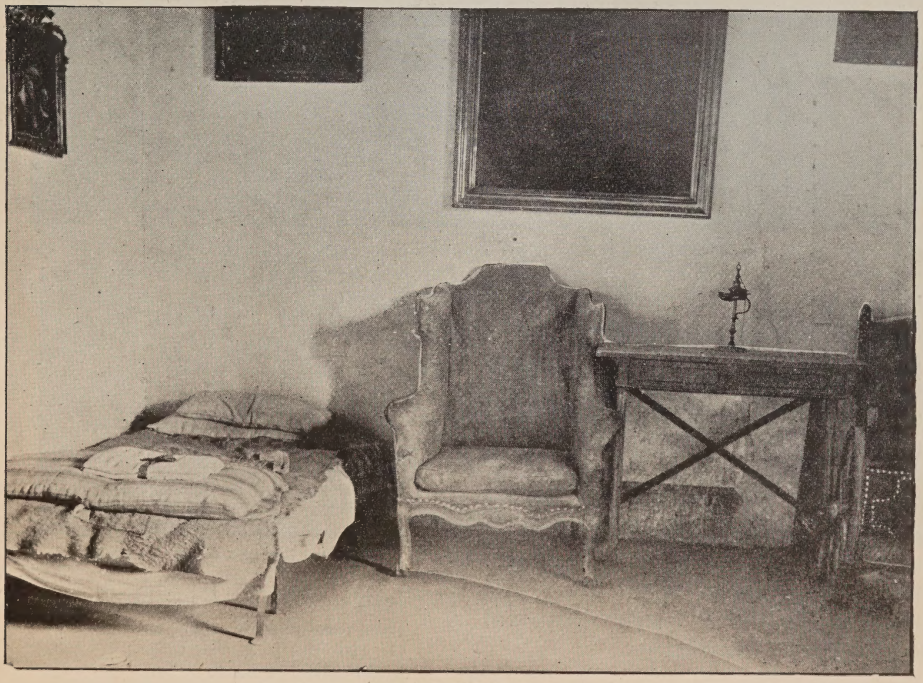
Who led me to this garden fair,
So rich with flowers of beauty rare,
Whose thousand scented breaths impart
A perfume sweet which fills my heart?

. . . . . .

I burn and yet no fire is near;
A captive, yet no chains are here;
No dart, yet I am pierced through.
'Tis past belief, and still 'tis true.

. . . . . .

Sweet flames of love consume me now,
They death inflict, yet life bestow;
Dying, I live, yet would I not
For lives a thousand change my lot.



CELL IN WHICH SAINT ALPHONSUS DIED.

CHURCH AT PAGANI DESIGNED BY SAINT ALPHONSUS, AND NOW DEDICATED TO HIM. (The Saint preached from the pulpit shown at the right of the picture.)

If such were Saint Alphonsus transports, if such his union when in this valley of tears, what must be his jubilation now that he is forever united to his Love! It is not surprising that, drawn through him to Jesus in the Crib, on the Cross, and in the Tabernacle, sources from which he drew grac in such abundance, his devoted client, Sister Mary Alphonsus Downing,* sings to him from earth to heaven: —

When I go to heaven on high,
I shall know thee in the sky;
I shall know thee from them all,
At thy feet in homage fall.

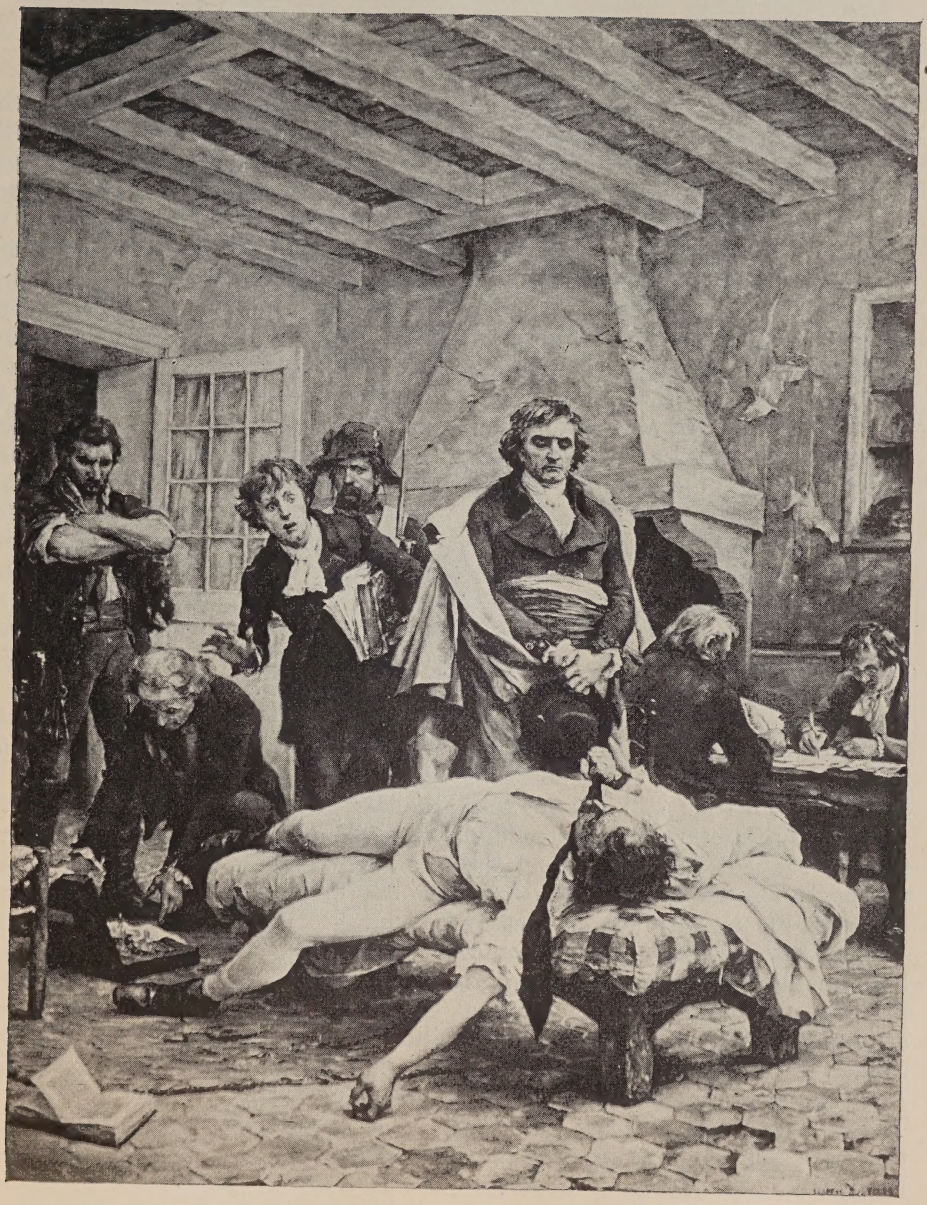
Kiss those feet whose traces showed
Still to me the forward road,
Bless those hands whose labors here
Made my way to heaven so clear;

Glance one moment on thy brow
Where no grief can shadow now;

. . . . . .

Then remembering where we meet,
Go with the to Mary's feet.
And before her Saviour Son,
Tell thee that thy task is done.

* "Voices from the Heart."



DEATH OF PICHEGRU.

From the famous painting of Moreau de Tours.

SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE DEATH OF PICHEGRU.

FULL of dramatic history as it is, the French Revolution contains no more stirring theme than the life and death of General Pichegru. Born of poor parents, educated by the charity of the Friar Minims, spending a few years in eking out a scanty livelihood as teacher (during which time he probably had Napoleon among his pupils), entering the army, rising to the pinnacle of his profession, hailed as the conqueror of Holland and the saviour of his country — such was his splendid career up to the year 1794. After that write ten years of treachery, intrigue, and degradation, and the closing horror of a shameful death, and Pichegru's history is epitomized.

It makes one shudder to think of the man who while at the head of the French army purposely sent blundering officers into inextricable positions and, more horrible still, led his own soldiers by thousands to destruction for the sake of royal gold and the prospect of royal favor. He bore a charmed life in defeat as in victory — the Directory did not guillotine him, nor the swamps of Sinnamari kill him. He lived to be the idol of a London court and a London mob, to be the brain and the flame of an Austrian army against his country. Thus far fate smiled on him, albeit at times severely; but he tried to play Napoleon at his own game when Napoleon was still the Man of Destiny.

The history of his plot against the emperor's life is the story of the mouse in the claws of the cat. He entered Paris secretly and safely — as he thought. The gates of the city closed behind him, every little boat that sailed on the Seine was watched by spies, every movement of men that might be supposed to be a friend of the renegade was shadowed, and the penalty of harboring him was summary death. None kept him for more than a few hours at a time, and for their precarious hospitality he was often obliged to pay as much as eight thousand francs. Ten days of hunted misery had passed when he was received by his most intimate friend, LeBlanc, — his very counterpart in treachery if there were one. A few hours later Napoleon had duplicate keys and a plan of his room, and LeBlanc had a promise of one hundred thousand crowns which he never received.

Towards early morning on February 28, 1804, the treacherous friend led the police down the Rue Chabanais to the death trap. The bedroom door was deftly opened. A candle was burning on the *table de nuit*, a loaded pistol lay beside it, and Pichegru was sleeping soundly on the bed within arm's reach. A rush of heavy feet, darkness, a short, sharp struggle — and the victim was borne away, gurgling frightful oaths through the coverlet that half strangled him, to the Temple prison.

History records the fact that about a month after, Pichegru was found dead in his cell with his cravat twisted tightly round his neck. Art may paint it as she will, and rumor may call it murder or suicide. Napoleon and Pichegru both know; we can only guess.

B. M.

A GAME OF CHESS.*

IN the middle of the row of shops on one side of the square of the little town stood the neat, white-fronted café, with its imposing title, "L'Instar de Paris," or as we might put it, "The Parisian."

Here every evening the shopkeepers turned in to enjoy a little distraction after the monotony of their several occupations. At eight o'clock the game began. The non-players looked on, some sprawling on benches, others sitting cross-legged on their chairs. So deeply interested did these spectators become that they would stretch out their hands blindly for their glasses rather than take their eyes off the cards. Every game had its specialist — its champion. Chicoine, the

* From the French of Jean Reibrach in *Le Monde Moderne.*

druggist, was, as everybody knew, invincible at whist; Granet, the pork butcher, could have beaten Piquet himself at his own game; Lardeux, the grocer, owed half his trade to his superiority at écarte; Captain Champion gave points to all comers at draughts; and Chazade, the surveyor, was simply reduced to giving advice, as he could find no one rash enough to tackle him at dominoes. They were looked up to by all, and were the recipients of smiles of special sweetness from the landlady.

For a while Bandru, the butcher, had been a claimant for rival honors at billiards, but his glory did not survive his defeat by a couple of commercial travellers. He alleged that had it not been for his blouse the result would have been very different; but as nobody had hindered him from taking it off if he wanted to, public opinion had declared irrevocably against him.

But M. Poulot, the registrar's clerk, eclipsed all others by a higher glory. M. Poulot played chess. M. Poulot despised the other games; and if he did at times show any interest, everybody felt that it was pure condescension on his part, that he acted out of that spirit of protecting benevolence which expresses incontestable superiority. At his request the Instar had been furnished with a set of chess. Several of the habitués had offered to learn, but to one and all M. Poulot had answered, with a look that sized up his man: —

"Don't dream of it! Why, 'twould take you years, and I should have left the neighborhood before you even knew how to move the pawns."

So they remained silent admirers of the chessmen and the champion, and M. Poulot was left to lament the fact that he could not find a partner. He regretted especially that Captain Champion had not learnt the game when he was young. Chess was just the game of war,— strategy, tactics, combination of aims, concentration, dislocation, everything, and a lot more of which Captain Champion had no idea. A military man who knew the combinations of chess could never be beaten by the enemy.

"No, sir! Look at Napoleon and the Prussian officers who never entered a café without asking to have the chessboard brought for them. All the world knew that."

To all this the victors of the other games had not a word to say. Lardeux had once tried to disparage chess, but his business began to suffer, and he prudently held his tongue. Chicoine after a while gave up boasting of his prowess at whist for fear of hearing Poulot begin his stories — the Regency café when he was in Paris. There was only one there that could stand up against himself, a lawyer called Vermouchet, a big man with a mustache. Oh! to give every one his due, Vermouchet used to beat him, but Vermouchet was the only one that ever did.

To cut a long story short, the town was proud of M. Poulot. Mothers showed him to their children, invitations were showered upon him, and the registrar himself did not look askance at the clerk's attentions to his daughter Estelle. When a stranger passed through the town M. Poulot's house was pointed out: —

"The best chess player in the whole country, sir!"

II.

But of all M. Poulot's admirers the most enthusiastic was the landlord of the Crowned Ox, where the clerk

took his meals. M. Barbet freely declared that people were decorated every day who did not deserve it half as well; and as he was a member of the Municipal Council he used to say to the clerk now and then with a knowing, confidential air, and a gesture which simply flattened all obstacles:—

"Well, what has that got to do with me?" (Page 410).

"Just wait till M. Faure comes this way, that's all!"

The president of the republic not coming that way, however, M. Barbet fell back on his customers. They got M. Poulot with all their meals, and were pursued up to their very rooms with the story of the famous Vermouchet, — a lawyer, a big man with a mustache, parbleu!

Fancy, then, M. Barbet's indignation one Sunday afternoon when a commercial traveller to whom he had been recounting the exploits of his hero at some length, turned upon him with contemptuous irritation.

"Oh, chess be blowed! What is there in the game? Anybody can play chess."

"Then," retorted the landlord, "you play yourself, of course?"

"I, why, certainly."

M. Barbet was familiar with the boasting of his customers, and shook his head incredulously. Still nothing was impossible, and the bare possibility of the traveller's assertion being true put a new aspect on the case. He became polite, almost obsequious.

"Then if monsieur is willing, he might be matched with M. Poulot. It would be a real treat for our little town."

"Why, certainly," said the travel-

ler. "I'll play with any one you like. You're a nice fellow — you and your chess!"

The landlord withdrew with a profound bow. The news was at once sent on to the Instar, and M. Emile, scenting a good night's business announced it to everybody he saw and then despatched the little waitress of the café to M. Poulot's.

evening. Everybody's talking about it, and I've been sent to tell you."

"Chess?" muttered Poulot. "Are you sure it's chess? You mean draughts, perhaps—you mustn't mix them up."

"No, no. It's Julia of the Ox who came, and she surely said chess."

"And this gentleman wants to play with me?"

"The circle around them grew closer." (Page 414.)

She ran so fast on her errand that when she reached the house she was so out of breath and agitated that the clerk could not at first understand what she was saying.

"A traveller — who plays chess?" he asked at last.

"Yes, sir, at least he says so. He's at the Crowned Ox."

"Well, and what has that got to do with me?"

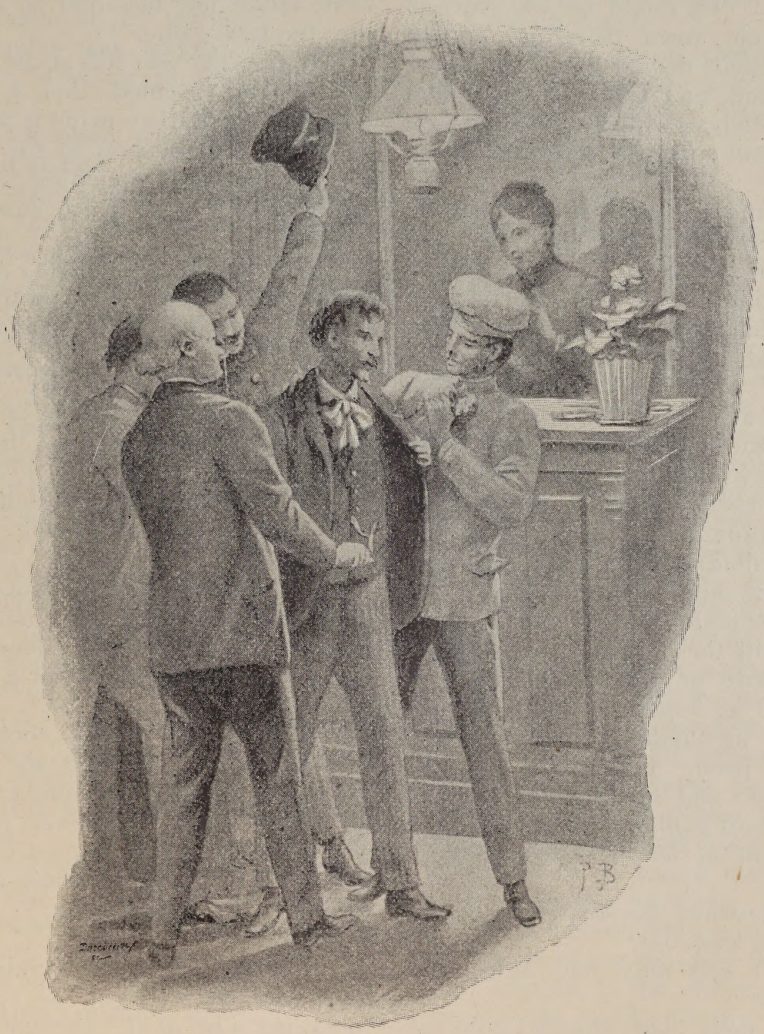
"Why, it's to have a game this

"So he says at least."

"Ah! All right, very good, thanks."

Left alone, Poulot remained motionless with surprise. A revelation began to dawn upon him. A game of chess was all very fine and soon said, only did he know how to play? To shut up Chicoine, Lardeux, and the rest of them he had thrown his skill at chess at their heads as the best thing he could think of. Then

he had let his reputation take its course until he really came to believe that he could play. Just now for a moment he could hardly determine whether he really did or did not know the game. But there were his contests with Vermouchet? He could actually behold him before his eyes — that *grand diable* of a Vermouchet with his mustache! Still the evidence grew stronger and stronger. Vermouchet insensibly disappeared in the void from which he had drawn him, and he was obliged to own to himself that he did not and never had known how to play chess — in fact, he had never been to Paris.



"The landlady sent a rose to the victor." Page 415.)

A cold sweat ran down his back. He had to sit down. His misfortune was very different from Bandru's fiasco at billiards. It was simply terrible! He could see the scorn of the whole town rising up around him; Estelle denied him, and Granet, Champion, and Chazade eying him sarcastically — why, he could not dare ever again cross the threshold of the café.

For the first time in his life Poulot knew what remorse was. All sorts of ferocious visions flashed across his mind — the café on fire, the traveller meeting a sudden death, anarchist bombs bursting in the streets. Soon his first fever passed, and ideas of suicide sent in their cards to his whirling brain. He pondered over several methods of self-destruction without finding any of them suitable. Then it struck him that an illness might answer the purpose; he might accidentally cut off a finger or injure himself with his gun.

But all these methods of evasion were more or less painful and, insensibly as it were, a more rational though humiliating alternative presented itself. He settled that he would go and see the traveller and ask him to explain the game so that he might at least make a show of battle.

He brushed his coat, put on his hat, and went out.

"If I can only find him!" he thought.

The news had already gone all around the town. All eyes were fixed on him; Chazade, the surveyor, whom he saw at a street corner, shouted across to him without a trace of jealousy: —

"Hullo! old fellow, it's for this evening!"

"Yes, yes, great!" said Poulot.

But this sympathy weighed on him and troubled him, and he was tortured at the thought that he might not find the traveller acquiescent, might not find him at all before the fatal game.

The traveller was still at the hotel, and Poulot deemed this a good augury. M. Barbet made it a point of honor to show him to the room. He knocked and trembled like an aspen when a gruff voice answered. "Come in."

"Sir," stammered Poulot, "you'll excuse me, I hope. I've heard that you're a first-rate chess player and — and" —

"Won't you sit down, sir?"

The traveller was smiling in a way that made Poulot squirm, but he went on: —

"The fact is that I myself have the reputation of being very strong" —

"I know, and they've got up a match between us at the Instar this evening. It's all that landlord's doing. He worried me for a whole hour" —

"Well, sir," Poulot continued, without hearing a word the other uttered, so bent was his mind on what he had to say, "whatever it may cost me I have come to trust to your honor. I'm going to make a confession: I can't play chess."

"What!"

"You will judge me severely, perhaps, and you are right" —

"I, not a bit of it," exclaimed the traveller. "I can't play myself!"

They looked at each other for a moment, and then Poulot burst into a wild, inextinguishable peal of laughter, till the traveller had to tap him on the back while he went on with the explanation which Poulot had interrupted.

"It's that idiot of a landlord; he badgered me with his chess talk till I said just anything to vex him."

"Exactly as I did with Chicoine!"

"Of course I never expected to be taken at my word."

Poulot was leaning back in his chair, drawing in long breaths of relief.

"No, really, you can't play? Just say it again!"

"Why, I repeat it, all I know is that there are blacks and whites, kings and queens, not a thing more."

"Like myself!" said Poulot. "Just like myself!"

He could have sung, danced, and embraced the traveller; but suddenly a cloud crossed his brow.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed. "What about our game this evening? The whole town is talking about it."

"Our game? Ah! yes, you're right."

"What's to be done?"

"Wait a moment; nobody here, you say, understands chess?"

"Not a soul."

"Well, then, let's play."

"Oh!" said Poulot, with a strained smile. "Rather risky that, don't you think?"

"Not a bit of it; they'll never know."

"All right, then, for this evening!"

"This evening! By the way, here's my card. If you should want any champagne" —

"Thanks, thank you very much."

"Don't mention it."

In the street Poulot laughed in spite of himself. The people coming out from vespers turned round to look at him, and his old pride returned. He began to believe in the legitimacy of his reputation once more. Parbleu! the traveller was right. They would move the pieces and take them from each other anyhow, and when only one was left on the board the game would be over. Poulot actually became aggressive when he saw the druggist standing at his shop door.

"Hullo! Coming this evening? You'll see some fine play."

"Pooh!" said the druggist, and he went in.

III.

The commercial traveller had to visit some customers after dinner, so Poulot, was the first to reach the café. An escort attended him from the Crowned Ox, and he met with something like an ovation at the Instar. He showed no vain pride exteriorly, but he was beaming within— the registrar had just given him to understand that he could refuse him nothing in case of victory. There could hardly be any doubt of this, as the traveller, not being a native of the town, had nothing to lose by defeat. The reception he met with banished the last traces of uneasiness from his mind, and he now simply experienced the solemnity which all around him felt to belong to the situation. The room was already crowded, and whenever the door opened a murmur was heard from the crowd which thronged the sidewalk in front of the windows. Chicoine, Lardeux, Granet, and Captain Champion were about the only individuals who affected to be oblivious of the great event, and began their game as usual; but they were known to be simply jealous of M. Poulot's enhanced importance, and did not draw a single spectator.

There was a murmur outside the door, and all eyes were turned in that direction. It was the traveller at last. M. Emile went forward to

meet him, and the landlady beamed at him from her counter. In spite of a certain amount of hostility prompted by local pride, he met with a cordial greeting from all present. Then M. Emile, who was only waiting for the signal, opened the board in the midst of a deep silence, took out the box (it had been carefully dusted that afternoon), and deposited it, not without some pomp, on the marble table.

Before taking their places the two adversaries courteously shook hands.

They took out the pieces slowly and set them on the board. A different method of arrangement was adopted by each — just as in battle. Those of the spectators who remarked this manœuvre felt proud of their perspicacity, and signalled it to their neighbors by knowing winks and indicative nudges. M. Emile conceived a good opinion of this beginning, and did not hesitate to affirm, with the air of a connoisseur: —

"They're about equally matched. It's going to be a close thing."

The traveller moved a pawn. Poulot after a moment's pause did the same. Then both meditated with wrinkled, thoughtful brows. The circle around them, which had at first held at a distance out of respect, grew closer. Lardeux pretended to be playing billiards, but he was openly rebuked by Bandru for disturbing the contest, and the incident afforded Captain Champion an opportunity for rallying to the chess players, and Chazade was heard through the tense silence to remark: —

"No small beer, this!"

As the game went on, however, Poulot began to grow uneasy. He must win. But how was it to be done? Half the pieces had already been taken with equal slaughter on both sides. He thought for a moment of proposing that the game be adjourned till next day on account of the severe strain on the faculties which it involved; but just then the traveller seized another piece, and a murmur arose from the bystanders which frightened him. He kicked the traveller gently and imploringly under the table, but the traveller either could not or would not understand, and on a repetition of the signal answered back with such silent vicious vehemence that Poulot was instantly awakened to the horrors of the situation. The enemy refused to yield the victory.

With the courage of despair he suddenly whisked two pieces, one after another, off the board.

"Oh, no!" the traveller protested, "that's not the game — you can't do that!"

"Why can't I do it?"

"No, no, 't won't do!" and he put back one of the pieces. They looked each other silently in the eyes, Poulot ferociously, the traveller impassively, and then began to meditate again. The people around watched them with the puzzled wonder of calves watching a passing train over a fence. Chazade pursed up his lips and whispered a second time, "No small beer this," and the captain solemnly pronounced, "It's just like manœuvring. There's strategy in it."

The traveller stretched out his hand and coolly swept off a castle. Poulot, exasperated, did the same. There was a silence big with menaces, and everybody felt that the decisive moment was at hand. In another moment Poulot's jaw dropped, the traveller had calmly taken his queen.

"Oh, come!" he blurted out; "that's too much of a good thing. Why not take the king at once!"

"I beg your pardon," said the traveller; "I was here, wasn't I?"

"No, you weren't; you were there. I ask the bystanders to witness."

The bystanders, however, declared in favor of the traveller; and Captain Champion affirmed that in spite of his feelings honor bade him tell the truth. A deep calm followed. M. Emile thoughtfully held his chin, the landlady seemed hypnotized behind her counter, and the little maid, with great round eyes and open mouth, looked petrified with awe.

Poulot could not understand the traveller's obstinacy, but suddenly the idea of treason haunted him. Under pretext of getting a breath of air, he requested that the game should be suspended for a few minutes, and his opponent asked for nothing better.

"When they got away from the crowd Poulot began: —

"Do let me win."

"I was just going to ask the same thing of you," said the traveller.

"But what matter does it make to you?"

"It matters that Lardeux has promised me an order of a dozen of champagne if I do."

"Ah, I thought so," exclaimed Poulot. "Well, if I win I'll give you an order for two dozen."

"Honor bright?"

"Honor bright," affirmed Poulot with his hand on his heart. On their return the buzz of conversation ceased and the circle closed in.

Poulot moved, and the traveller began to show signs of distress.

"Ha! ha! that bothers you," said the clerk.

"The deuce!" muttered the traveller, in visible perplexity.

The faces around them lit up. The traveller moved again, and with an air of triumph asked his adversary, "What have you to say to that?"

All eyes were fixed on Poulot's face. Without the least emotion he took up a knight and swept off all the traveller's pieces, not excepting the king.

"Whew!" whistled the traveller in well-simulated amazement. "I'm completely done. By Jove! that was a move — I never saw anything like it before. Yes, you're too good for me altogether."

There was a perfect explosion of joy from the crowd, hands were stretched out to Poulot, innumerable bocks were ordered to celebrate the victory, and the enthusiasm reached a pitch of frenzy when the landlady sent a rose from her bosom to the victor.

"Hot work," said the captain. "It reminds me of when I was in Africa" —

Chicoine was seen to get up, followed by Lardeux, who banged the door behind him.

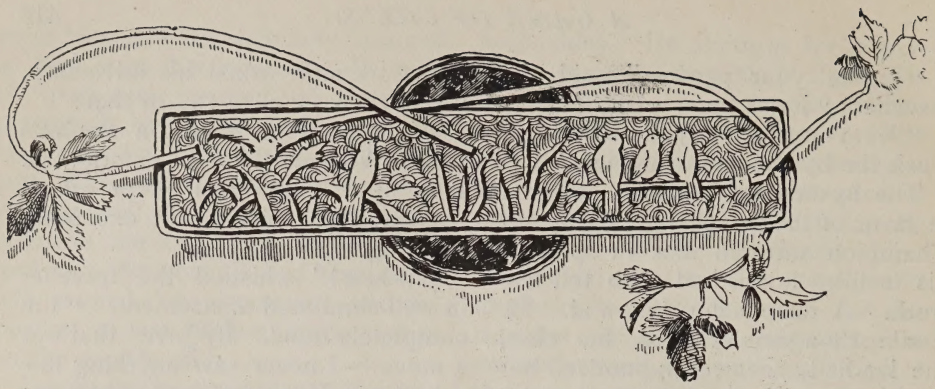
Then Barbet broke in: —

"Ah, but you should have seen him when he was in Paris! At the Regency café! He used to beat all before him, even the Americans, only a man called Vermouchet, a lawyer — a big man with a mustache — but that doesn't matter, you don't know him, neither do I."

"What! Vermouchet!" exclaimed the traveller. "Not know Vermouchet! Why, everybody knows Vermouchet! Ah! Bigre! Vermouchet!"

"There!" said Barbet, turning to the crowd. "What did I tell you! Wait till Monsieur Faure comes this way! Just wait."

"Yes, three dozen," said Poulot to the commercial traveller when they parted.



LOVE'S CALVARY.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

IN dreams I saw Love lifted to the skies,
And kissed by every wind of paradise;

And in his hand he held a cup of wine,
And those who drank were giv'n new life divine.

I saw his robe of purple and of gold
Betrimmed with jewels of a price untold.

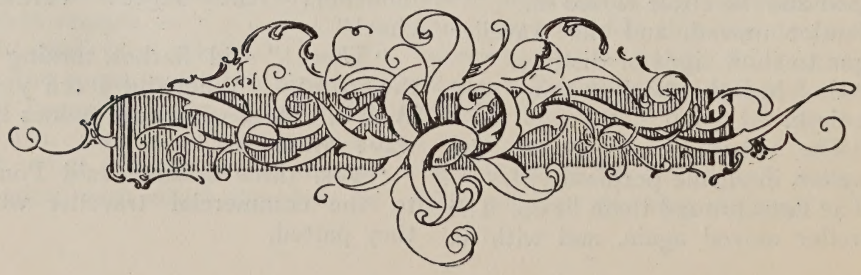
Upon his brow that beamed with peace and light
He wore a crown that sparkled in the night.

"O Love," I said, "be mine, and give to me
Thy gifts of holy joy and royalty."

And then I woke and followed love awhile,
And waited for the radiance of his smile.

I cried to him to send his gifts divine,
To let me taste his nectar and his wine;

One gift alone he gave for gain or loss;
And lo, I found it was a weary cross.



THE DEVELOPMENT AND OFFICE OF THE NOVEL.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

THE novel, as we of to-day know it, is not yet two hundred years old, unless we wish to date its origin, as Hallam did, from the works of Madame Scuderi (1656). If we choose to seek for likenesses we can accredit it a remoter origin, since the invention of fictitious narrative is coincident with the beginnings of history.

The following are the successive developments of the forms of fiction:

1. The legend, the mass of floating literature existing prior to the written word.

2. The epic and such prose writings as partake of the nature of the epic, dealing with fabulous history and mythical heroes.

3. The biblical narratives popularized, as those collected by Gregory of Tours, and others of the Fathers.

4. The spiritual legend and romance — the Miracle Plays.

5. The romance, pure and simple, like Sydney's "Arcadia" and the heroic romance, or tale of chivalry, of which "Don Quixote" is the culmination and satire.

6. The passing of mediævalism, the final triumph of the modern spirit, and the appearance of the modern novel with Samuel Richardson.

The novel may be said to have arisen out of the necessity of embodying into common language events and experiences formerly presented in the guise of epic poetry, a form grown obsolete largely by reason of its inconvenience for the presentation of a continuous story, with the tragic elements incidental to the general purposes of the narrative. An age of scientific inquiry, of industrial progress rather than an age of action, military achievement, or picturesque display, found nothing attractive in the epic form, and no transcendent genius capable of inspiring it into life. What was utterly unsuited to the new spirit lingered as a literary fashion long after the bravest of the critics had admitted the utter wearisomeness of the countless essays in epic poetry.

At its origin the novel assumed a distinctively didactic character, iterating, with wearisome prolixity, some moral lesson. The extraordinary dullness of its half-veiled pruriency with prudery is the distinguishing mark of the early eighteenth-century novel. At the head of writers of this class, endowed with a certain solemn and heavy literary genius, stands Richardson.

The novel of adventure—lineal descendant of the old ballads and tales of knight-errantry, of those popular legends born of the people—met and crossed the purely society novel of Richardson and Francis Burney. By a distinct process of natural selection was derived the novel of society and adventure, in which field and court were the arena of scenic movement. At first, as is usual in primitive types, the best that could come of this was

unsymmetrical and imperfect, like the novels of Anne Radcliffe. Yet it is easy to do these novels injustice; for inartistic as is their mechanism, they reveal a fine uncultivated imagination, from which the powerful historical novels of Scott derived much of their inspiration.

While it is true that all mere didactic attempts violate the purely æsthetic quality of the novel, the moral utility of a work of fiction may be its chief recommendation. And while novels written with the purpose of advocating any specific theory of social reform — such as, for example, "Looking Backward" and the many less worthy imitations of that really clever romance — violate the purely æsthetic office of the novel, fiction may, nevertheless, possess a high sociological value.

The tremendous chasm bridged by the human intellect is in nothing more signally shown than in the character of English imaginative fiction. From the naive, emotional, and childish terrors sought to be aroused in novels like "The Castle of Otranto," to George Eliot's mastery of motives, is a demarcation hardly conceivable by the imagination. From dungeon keep, with its elaborately simulated horrors, to the bolder speculations touching human destiny — these are the poles traversed by the novel in the short period dating from its rude inceptions.

The novel is, after all, merely the fusing of the scientific with the poetic form, the taking of the cumulative facts of life, analytically sifting them, and presenting them with all the adornments of art. The true novelist has to add the methods of the scientist to those of the artist; and the effect of the absence of one or other of these methods is to make novel writing deficient in the qualities that constitute a great work of fiction. It will give us, on the one hand, a purely poetical romance like "Undine," or on the other a mere transcript or chronicle purged of all imaginative spirit like M. Zola's works, even though less distinctly redolent of the gutter. Not alone are knowledge of life and inquiry into phenomena — the scientific spirit, in short — needed for a really great work of fiction, but imaginative and spiritual insight too, the higher observation that informs and transforms common facts, which, in the great works of fiction that we know, hold us with an almost unexplainable fascination.

The advancement which has taken place in the art of fiction is not the least a moral one. The novels of Richardson and Fielding, differing as they do, are pitched on the same low moral key, and Smollett and Sterne sound even lower depths. What a remove is the old style of fiction from the beautiful pictures of home life given us by Dickens, and the severe morality of Thackeray!

The modern treatment of character, too, is finer and more subtile. Even in Dickens the treatment is more human and less distinctively mechanical. In George Eliot, who was as far superior to Dickens in character portraiture as she was in most other things constituting a great novelist, men and women are not only real flesh and blood, but are morally and spiritually raised above Richardson's and Fielding's lay figures as the gods in the Empyrean over satyrs.

That art is not art which teaches immorality, or the moral ideal of which is low, is proven, so far as fiction is concerned, by the failure

of the eighteenth-century novel to attain to the regions of pure art. There is no other reason save the intimate relation of true morality to art for the lifelessness and decay of the strong, virile products of the age of Fielding and De Foe.

These novels offend the canons of art not merely by their utter want of decency, but, strangely enough, because of their obtrusive and even ostentatious parade of a moral purpose, illustrating, as no other works of fiction do, the nature of the relation of all morality to art. This relation is always indirect, teaching by implication, and carrying with it the moral purpose which is the inevitable accompaniment of fidelity to truth.

Side by side with the growth in fiction of the analysis of motives and character has travelled a decline in the art of story telling *per se*. The schools of James and Howells distinctly disclaim any attempt to tell a story. They go a step further, and lay it down as a theory of novel writing, in the language of Howells that "In one manner or other the stories were all told long ago." This theory may be dismissed with the brief criticism that every first-rate genius in fiction has given us a story, and when the great novelist shall arise he will have a story to tell that will seem as new and fresh as Homer's story of Troy to the ears that first heard it. Highly developed literary products, as the works of James and Howells unquestionably are, the open avowal of such a theory, with the too close approximation to it borne out in the practice of these writers, is a real confession of the decline of fiction in its most important quality, for which its extraordinary development in other respects seems hardly to compensate.

In the protest of Howells, however, against authority, there is a value and importance which ought not to be belittled. As against the unreasoning and superstitious faith in names and works, it is a signal declaration of independence on the part of the newer art of novel writing — an essentially democratic revolt from the stringency of reverence for and obedience to the standards in fiction.

It may be doubted whether the wide catholicity of taste which gives popularity to works so dissimilar in character is important save as an indication of the large toleration of modern novel readers. The infinite variety of modern fiction shows, after all, no true appreciation of the real character of the novel, the form of which remains as undetermined, as its office in so many examples is doubtful. Unquestionably taste is something with which it is folly to quarrel; but where so many popular novelists violate, not merely every artistic canon, but truth itself, which is the crown of art, it is clear that the standard of taste is not yet raised to a sufficient height to admit of any wide, genuine appreciation of the great novel when it shall be written.

A novel should be: —

1. A Story (This is imperative, since fiction is not philosophy nor psychology, but deals with men and women in action).

2. A dramatization of motives and traits, embodying a high ideal of life and reality of protraiture (being, as we say, "true to nature," though not, as in the theory of the naturalistic school, a mere transcript of nature), and inculcating a moral lesson and the end of living.

But the moral should affect one just as a beautiful statue does — not

by the beauty of its parts, but by the impression left upon the æsthetic sense. To do this by fictional representation is not only the highest art; it is the highest genius, which adapts itself to the very highest demands of art, and about which it is not possible to formulate rules. But it is this faculty which makes the great novelists, whose works rear themselves in the imagination with all the structural perfection of a cathedral to the sense of vision. It is the creative faculty of romance which is enabled, through all the changes of its moving panorama, to embody, not as the chorus in the Greek drama, but as the immanently impressive voice of the moral conscience, some great life lesson.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

CAST roses in a crucible
White hot with fire, and seek to cull
The beauty of the beautiful;

Or diamonds, whose mystery
And glory is their purity;
Try if they yield their light to thee.

Break the strings which make the lyre,
Sing what doth thy soul inspire,
If music's self thou dost desire.

When roses yield what thou hast sought,
When the diamond's ray is caught,
When the charm of sound is wrought,

Thou shalt come, and with thine art
Ope the portals of the heart,
And bid it, all it holds, impart.

Then, at last, shall words reveal
Glories silence now doth seal,
Things that we can only feel.

FIGURES THAT LIE.

Rev. Mortimer Edward Twomey.

IT has been the custom from time immemorial to circulate stories more or less inimical to Catholics and their Church; and it has been no less the custom for many to accept unchallenged these irresponsible and unproved statements. Demagogues, by the power of their blustering and caluminous language, have often succeeded in inflaming the multitude to anger and destruction, in affairs both civil and religious. Historians have been guilty of fraud and fiction in accounts of Catholic beliefs and practices.

Within the past few years, the members of a proscriptive order have been intensely occupied in disseminating manufactured encyclicals which they attributed to the Pope, but which emanated from their own secret councils. The utter absurdity of these documents brought about their own refutation. But, like Voltaire, their maxim has been, "Lie; keep lying; lie always; some of the mud is sure to stick." One story that had been spread broadcast to find credulous listeners was that of the wholesale desertion of Irish soldiers during the Civil War. Protestant statesmen and Protestant journalists thoroughly and absolutely nailed that lie. Then an old story was revived. Make the Catholic Church responsible for the bulk of the criminals in our midst; give figures; they never lie; prove the statements against the foreign and the Catholic population by statistics.

And so they are still at the old game, and they find believers and win plaudits. It is therefore not surprising to learn that down in Texas anonymous circulars are being distributed by unknown hands, giving statistics about Catholic criminals in Massachusetts. It's a good distance, you know, from Texas to Massachusetts, and it is not so easy for the Texan Catholic to refute or investigate the charges, as if they were made about his own state. A great New York journalist most vigorously opposed quite recently the hearing of a case against him in Washington. He preferred New York and a home trial. The men who spread abroad in Texas their

lies about Massachusetts might have done at least as well by staying at home.

Now for a sample or two of their slanders; we can't wade through the entire category.

The circular in question says: "Another fact that the American people should well consider is that the larger proportion of all the criminals in our land and in England are drawn from the members of the Roman Catholic communion. Of 665 prisoners in the Massachusetts State Prison in 1885, 312 were Irish."

Here you have a general charge fastening the bulk of crime in America and England on Catholics. To prove it, one item is given, and that item a lie. The law of deduction requires the presence and the grouping of many proven facts, else no scientist will accept the conclusion. But the promulgators of these figures are not scientists, neither do they deal with facts. For the report of the Massachusetts Prison Commissioners for 1885 gives 665 as the number confined in State Prison that year. Of that number 161 were Irish, just half the number quoted in this document. So figures do lie — A. P. A. figures. There is a story in the Gospels of an unjust steward who instructed his master's creditors somewhat in this way: You owe one hundred; write down sixty. The traducers of the Irish say: There are sixty Irish criminals; write down one hundred.

The circular that we are dealing with has also some elaborate statements about the religion, the parentage, and the place of education of the criminals in Massachusetts. How admirably these have been fashioned will appear from the following: There have never been made any official or authentic records to show the parentage or religious persuasion of prisoners in the state of Massachusetts, nor any record of the schools, public, private, or parochial, in which they were educated.

More than this, up to 1888, outside of the State Prison, there have been no statistics to show where the prisoners were born, who filled the county jails and other institutions. Yet the circular before us placidly asserts that in 1885, three years before records were made, there were in the jails and prisons of Massachusetts 1,377 persons, who had one or both parents born in Ireland. Not satisfied with these, the magnanimous conclusion is offered, "But Protestant Irishmen are not criminals thus. Romanism has done this." Shades of Voltaire! How the master is out-distanced! We like the word "thus." The Protestant Irishmen who concoct so many falsehoods of their brethren are criminals thus: Thou shalt bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Then follow wholesale charges of illiteracy regarding Canadians, "educated solely by the Church," and regarding the Irish "with similar training." We will leave these facts to the contemplation of our readers. The census reports tell of illiterate Canadians, not distinguishing between English and French who come over the border. As regards religion or place of education, these questions are not asked of the incoming foreigner. More, the immigrant is not required at landing to give evidence of his ability to read and write. Yet the aforementioned circular has it: "Every fourth Irishman that landed in Boston harbor was not able to write his own name (Census of Massachusetts, 1885, p. lxxxix"). We have examined the page, and find

no indication of this masterful quotation.

And here a word is due to the Irish people. No one denies that a very large number of those who came from Ireland to America were unable to read and write. But the shame is on England, whose penal laws — unexampled even in barbaric history — imposed this penalty on the Irish because of fidelity to their religion. Far from being a reproach to the Irish, the circumstances of history make it a glory for them to have preferred honor and truth towards God and their conscience to all earthly advantages. When in the United States there are no barriers to their education, none are found more willing or more eager for cultivation of the intellect. To the credit of the Irish fathers and mothers, it must be recorded that their own lack of acquaintance with books has made them most anxious that their children shall not suffer the loss they themselves have sustained.

In conversation with gentlemen whose position warranted a knowledge on the affairs of this anti-Catholic circular, we found two classes of officials. Some said at once: —

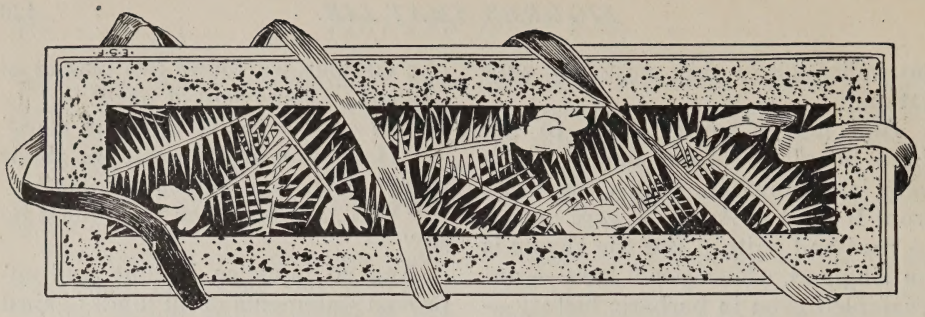
"Of course the charges are true."

"Have you any knowledge about them? Can you adduce proofs?"

"Well, no, but then they must be so."

And so injustice is done, and unproved statements of all kinds against the Catholic and the Irish are taken for granted by those even in position to know better. Others more honest and just indicated every possible source of information and helped the searcher after truth. Would there were more such in public life, who would honor their office, and discharge faithfully their duties, without prejudice to none.

We submit, in closing, this up-to-date assertion, taken from a sermon of Sunday, March 1, published in some Sunday journals by the Newspaper Sermon Association. The writer is Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of New York, a Protestant clergyman. His statement is: "We cannot delude ourselves into thinking that the foreign populations produce the criminals. The very reverse is true."



THE EXTENSION OF OUR FOREIGN COMMERCE.

F. B. THURBER, President New York Chamber of Commerce.

AT the November meeting of the New York Chamber of Commerce the following resolution was unanimously adopted: —

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Chamber the present year marks an epoch in commercial history; that the present is a time worthy of the best efforts of our producers, manufacturers, and merchants to extend the export trade of the United States, and that this effort should be supported by a wise and progressive policy on the part of our government. The principle of reciprocity should be recognized in our diplomacy; our consular service be controlled by civil service rules and adequately compensated; and our carrying trade be fostered as far as possible by liberal pay for the carriage of the mails on the ocean as well as on land.

A notable article in the *Age of Steel* recently stated that there is no fixedness in commercial supremacy. It has come and gone from one nation to another, and all the way down the page of history the bright and dark lines have had their changing alternations. They are changing now, and the shifting lines are slowly shaping the destinies of nations. Rightly or wrongly, by fair means or foul, the older nations are pushing their conquests or colonies wherever opportunity offers, to retain their grip on the commerce, by securing new markets for their surplus products. Commercial necessity has replaced old lust of empire, and is really the cause of the avidity with which Europe has divided Africa as hunters do their game, and has cast its eyes over oceans and continents for commercial territory. In the western hemisphere the same impulse is making itself felt with more or less of the same reason, and is at the bottom of much of the idle but significant talk of annexations, protectorates, and other forms of grabbing real estate.

Taking this, however, at what it is worth and leaving the grave hazards it involves to take care of themselves, it is a sober and undeniable fact that the routes of commerce are shifting from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In that direction lies the future arena of the world's struggle for commercial supremacy. A glance at the growth of population from the western slopes of the Rockies to the sunset rim of its sea lines, and from Alaska to the Mexican border, with what it signifies of enterprise and

development, will permit us to see the massing of a commercial momentum that will dot the Pacific with its ships and overlap the fringes of Asia. The edge of this movement will eventually spread beyond the Isthmus to the Horn, and history will run its iron pen over an opening chapter in the story of man. With Siberia intersected with Russian railways, and its areas populated, with Japan a new and potent factor in the East, and China waking out of its long slumber, to say nothing of the future of Australasia, with its persistent and aggressive race, it needs no prophet to forecast the coming change in the map of commerce.

The place of the United States in this re-casting of history is settled by its geography. From a national point of view this outlook is more than encouraging, and we make bold to say our destiny in this matter can be best reached, not by the "jingo," but by the merchant and the manufacturer accepting the situation and not neglecting its opportunities.

The French minister of commerce recently sent out an important circular concerning the coming changes in Japanese trade, to the Chambers of Commerce and Consulting Chamber of Arts and Manufactures. All these bodies in France have official recognition and support, and are accustomed to act together in sending out competent agents for reporting on foreign markets. They also share in the experience of consuls who have regularly had a training in the various offices of the Ministry of Commerce.

In his circular the minister begins by pointing out a twofold result that is sure to follow the recent political events in China and Japan. The first is that, for the future, European commerce has to take account of the serious competition which industrial development of Japan may create in foreign markets. The second is that the commerce of foreign commodities in Japan itself is likely, for a time at least, to be considerably increased. This will especially be the case with all that concerns the mechanical equipment of the country for economical and industrial purposes.

The government has already given its aid to the commercial mission organized in China by the Lyons Chamber of Commerce. It renews the offer in the present instance, and promises to furnish exporters, on the part of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the amplest concurrence of the members of the diplomatic and consular service. Meanwhile it refers to the detailed reports which have already been received, and especially to one just published from the consul-general of France in Japan. This report treats directly the economic situation of Japan as it has been modified by the late war. Its author, M. Klobukowski, has held his present position six years. He was previously in Annam and Tonkin as secretary of the governor-general of French Indo-China.

In England the colonial secretary, the Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, has recently sent out an important circular to British consuls and officials in all the British colonies, requesting statistics of the imports and the destination of their exports, by five-year periods from 1854 to 1894, with the avowed object of increasing the trade of those colonies with Great Britain.

Germany, Holland and Belgium are equally alive to the desirability

of extending foreign markets for their products. Commercial museums in all these countries have been established, illustrating both the raw materials produced in foreign countries suitable for the use of European manufacturers, and also the products of those manufacturers suitable for the use of foreign markets, thus educating and bringing closer together producers and manufacturers, sellers and buyers.

The machinery of governments and of commercial bodies is actively supplementing the individual effort of manufacturers. Steamship lines and ocean cable companies are subsidized or aided in the form of mail contracts to assist distribution, and it is evident that the principal nations which control to a large extent the great forces of steam, electricity, and machinery are fully alive to the importance of supplying the wants of the fourteen hundred and forty millions of people who constitute the population of the world.

That this has been the traditional policy of Great Britain is illustrated by a conversation I had some years ago, while on a trip around the world, with an English cotton manufacturer in Bombay. He was telling me of the great increase of cotton manufacture in India from native cotton, and prophesied that India would soon be supplying a large part of the low-grade cotton goods used in China and the East. I told him I had just come from China, where the United States seemed to be supplying the market for the finer grades of cotton goods and supplanting similar goods made in England.

I remarked, "Well, if India supplies the demand for cheap cottons and the United States for the finer grades, what will become of the Lancashire manufacturer?"

"Oh," said he, "the mother country will open up Africa and make it the fashion to wear breech-clouts."

And this is precisely what British statesmanship has been doing since that time. There is an important point touched upon in the words, "Make it the fashion to wear breech-clouts." There are natural wants and there are creative or educational wants. The world is constantly growing richer; and as the purchasing power of a people increases, so do their wants increase, and the nation which has the largest control of the great forces of steam, electricity, and machinery is in the best position to supply the world's wants, provided it has proper facilities for distribution.

Measured by facilities for production, machinery has enormously increased the world's labor supply. In olden times the man who controlled the labor of one thousand slaves grew rich upon their labor, and was a notable personage. To-day the men who own the power of one thousand horses, embodied in a steam engine, and machinery equivalent to the labor of a thousand slaves are so numerous that they are no longer notable, and machines are superior to slaves, in that they consume nothing, speak all languages, and serve all masters with equal faithfulness, although, of course, there are degrees in the energy and skill with which they are managed.

This enormous change in the productive power of the world is chiefly responsible for the great decline in prices which has occurred during the last two decades, and has had an important bearing upon the financial affairs of the various countries of the

world. It has also a bearing upon tariff policies, and is at the bottom of the reactionary tendency against free trade. Nations which have a large home market naturally feel like preserving that market for their own manufacturers and reaching out for other markets to absorb their surplus production. In the United States the rapid increase in population and wealth has thus far measurably kept consumption on a parity with production, but evidences are not lacking that this state of things cannot continue.

If we would keep step to the music of the times, and keep our labor and capital remuneratively employed, we must bear in mind the wants of the other thirteen hundred and seventy millions of people who constitute the population of the world. That this is true is evidenced by recent utterances of leading technical and other journals. The *Engineering and Mining Journal* recently said: —

> The extension of our foreign markets is of high importance to nearly every manufacturer in this country, for a foreign outlet at even low prices not only relieves the home market of the pressure of surplus stock and thus helps to maintain profitable prices here, but by increasing the output it lessens the cost of what we sell at home. The pressure of the recent hard times brought down the cost of producing nearly everything to a lower point than ever before, and demonstrated our ability to compete successfully in the markets of the world with many products and manufactures which we had previously considered could be supplied cheaper from Europe.

The *Iron Age* recently said: —

> Agriculture in all its branches has received a big stimulus, and of late mining is on a big move also. Improved machinery is now in demand, and manufacturers of this class of machinery are having all they can do. Europe has recognized this fact, and is making strenuous efforts to keep its grip on the market here. Herr Krupp, the great German iron king, has a large outfit of engineers here in all its branches, and they are hustling for business and offering all sorts of inducements. Belgium, France, and above all, England, have many of their large manufacturers represented here.

The *New York Herald* recently said: —

> There is no time for American manufacturers to lose in seeking to cultivate and cater to foreign markets. Our mills and factories are now humming, and every indication favors a large production of goods this year, especially of textiles and iron and steel products. If the new wave of business prosperity is to be maintained, we must push our export trade in every part of the globe. Our own home markets cannot consume the American manufactures already produced. What is to be done with the surplus products?

The *Maritime Register* recently said: —

> The trade of this country can no longer be confined within its own borders. It went outside to sell its surplus food products and cotton. The increase in the production of these brought wealth and prosperity to the land. The country had to have foreign products in order to thrive as it did. It has now from necessity turned its attention very largely to manufacturing, and is going through the same experience in this as it did in agricultural business. Indeed, its work in this respect demands far wider fields for consumption than the other, and the world must be its buyer. This position is not fully appreciated at present, but every year shows it more fully, and any artificial barriers in the way will have to be pulled down.

That these conditions are appreciated by our manufacturers is evidenced by the latest figures of the United States Bureau of Statistics, which show for the ten months ending with October the following exports of manufactures as compared with those of ten months in previous years: —

In 1892	$125,144,368
In 1893	146,556,413
In 1894	148,739,702
In 1895	164,572,481

The principal items showing an increase were machinery, silk fabrics, glass and glassware, leather and manufactures of leather, agricultural implements, iron and steel manufactures, chemicals and drugs; but the

exports of flax, hemp, and jute manufactures, and of wood, india-rubber, and tobacco, clocks and watches, cars, carriages, and bicycles all show an increase, and it is probable that the total exports of manufactures for 1895 will largely exceed those of any previous year.

The United States form the greatest producing country on the globe. Our capacity to produce is fast exceeding our ability to consume. Our fields, forests, mines, and factories can supply the world. The ingenuity of our inventors is proverbial. The quality and utility of our products are recognized wherever introduced. With increasing facilities of communication "the field is the world," and with intelligent effort we can command a reasonable share of the world's trade.

"I'LL SEE HER NE'ER AGAIN."

D. J. DONAHOE.

I LEFT my love in anger, —
  A careless word she spoke,
That, rankling in my bosom,
  The spell of pleasure broke.

"She loves me not," I muttered,
  "She cares not for my pain;
I'll kill the love I gave her;
  I'll see her ne'er again."

Then from her face I hastened,
  And sought her memory
To drown amid new faces
  And joys across the sea.

How vain my forced forgetting;
  My quest of joy how vain!
Her sweet face, pale with sorrow,
  Lived ever in my brain,

Till urged by restless longings
  That held me like a chain,
I ceased my search for pleasure
  And hastened home again.

I hastened to my sweetheart,
  Soul-winged, o'er land and wave;
O God! I found pale lilies
  Abloom above her grave.

THE RIVER SPREE.

THE EMPEROR'S CAPITAL.

M. A. W. RODGER.

BERLIN is always on the Spree; and although it is a little Spree, not any larger than one of our creeks, it winds out and in, and round about, furnishing an excuse for many handsome bridges and stone embankments, and relieves the flatness of the city by lending to it a suggestion of the picturesque. Nature has done little for Berlin but furnish the sandy plain on which it stands; but art has erected imposing museums, palaces, and theatres, laid out wide streets and shady avenues, moulded beautiful statues and fountains, and placed them in exquisite little parks all over the city. Nothing in Berlin seems ancient; the city and street cars are lighted by electricity, and everything is spick and span, and of nineteenth-century advancement, save the German treatment of women. Every day you meet on the streets women bent almost double carrying heavy baskets and sacks upon their backs, or harnessed with a dog to a large handcart. Occasionally the fat husband rides in the handcart, and the woman and dog draw him.

A stranger is impressed with the great amount of ornamentation on both public and private buildings. Unfortunately it is largely stucco, which, after seeing genuine stone carving, becomes offensive to the eye. Perhaps the prettiest part of Berlin is in the vicinity of the Column of Victory, which stands in the beautiful

Thier-garten. A few rods distant is the Brandenburger Thor, the western entrance to Unter den Linden. The

GOETHE'S MONUMENT.

Thor, or Gate, copied after the Propylæn at Athens, is a covered structure, supported by six lofty pillars forming five portals, and surmounted by a figure of Victory in a bronze chariot drawn by four spirited horses. The middle archway is wider than those on each side and is reserved solely for the use of royalty. Any unwary stranger who may attempt to pass through the central portal will be speedily remanded to the side entrance by the two soldiers who constantly stand guard.

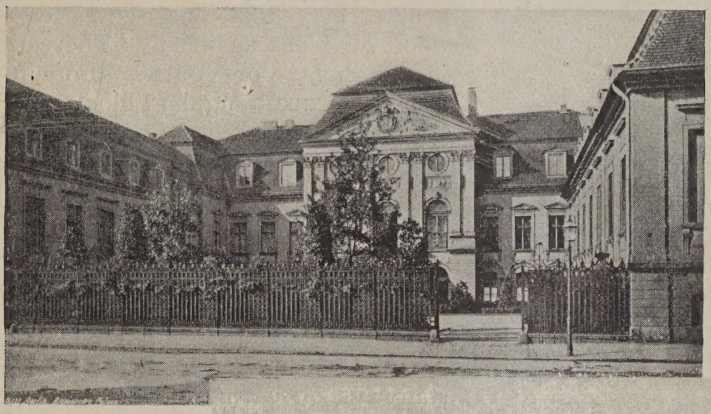
The view from the Brandenburger Thor is commanding; to the west lies the Thier-garten, or Central Park, several hundred acres in extent; to the east the stately Unter den Linden (the fifth avenue of Berlin), lined with elegant shops and fine residences. Unter den Linden is wide. A broad avenue down the centre of the street for foot passengers is pleasantly shaded with linden trees, under which are seats for the weary; on each side is a sandy path for riders, beyond this a roadway for carriages and omnibuses, which extends to the broad sidewalk. At the east end stands the colossal equestrian statue of Carlyle's hero, Frederick the Great. Beyond it are grouped the University buildings, three emperors' palaces, the Museum and Art Gallery, with the fragrant Lust-garten, and Palace Bridge.

Marble statues and bronze monuments are so numerous in Berlin that one almost concludes there must be some charmed quarry in which they grow. The bronze monument of

STATUE OF FREDERICK II THE GREAT.

Frederick the Great is one of the most striking; the artist represents him in cocked hat and pigtail, coro-

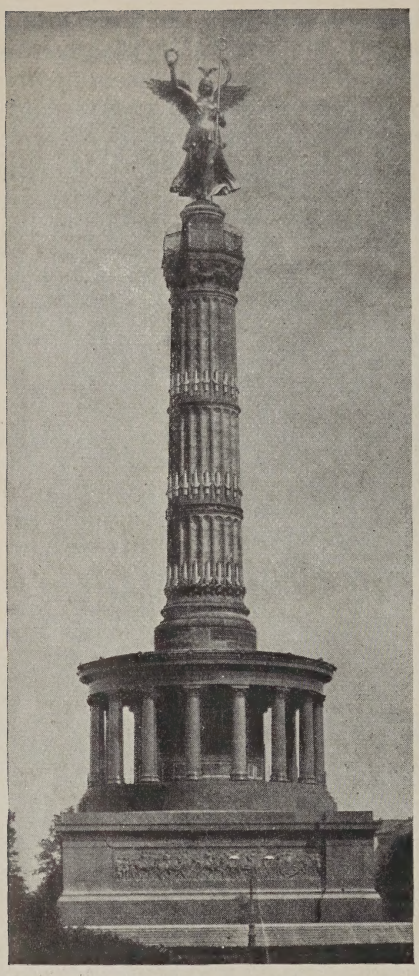
nation robes and walking stick, "the habit in which he lived," yet it strikes one with a sense of incongruity. The life-like vigor and finish of the sculptures surrounding the pedestal are admirable.



Passing the University buildings, which are very plain, but adorned with marble statues, we cross the street to examine more closely the palace of Frederick William, the grandfather of the present emperor. Neither it nor the schloss of the late Emperor Frederick, which stands near by, has any pretension to architectural beauty, though the exterior of the latter shows some excellent stone carving. Separated from this palace only by the river Spree is that of the present emperor. It is more ancient than either of the others, and is crowned by a lofty dome. The view from the palace windows is fine. To the right is the old Cathedral, with its three bronze towers; in front is the stately Museum, with its lofty portico supported by Ionic columns. The Art Academy is connected with it, and rises "like a Grecian temple high in the air." To the left of the palace is the Castle Bridge, with its eight marble statues. In one Mercury is training a soldier boy and giving him weapons; in another he is supported by Victory when wounded and at his death Iris carries him to Olympus. All are incentives to militarism.

BISMARCK'S PALACE AND PALACE OF THE LATE COUNT VON MOLTKE.

Crossing to the Museum, we pass through the pretty little park or Lustgarten. The air is filled with the perfume of lilacs and hawthorn, which grow in profusion around the fountains, and drink in the moisture of their spray. In the centre of the Lust-garten is a bronze equestrian statue of one of the Hohenzollern



MONUMENT OF VICTORY. FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR. IN THE THIER-GARTEN.

princes. Ascending the steps of the great Ionic portico of the Museum, we pass two more fine bronzes, one of which is Kiss's famous Amazon Contending with a Tiger. The portico, which must be between two and three hundred feet long, is richly frescoed and adorned with marble figures of early German artists.

The rotunda of the Museum is hung with tapestry, executed from the celebrated cartoons designed by Raphael for the Sistine Chapel at Rome. But lack of space forbids further mention of the treasures within the Museum.

A stranger in Berlin, after seeing much of the city, asks "Where are the poor streets? where do the poor people live that one sees everywhere?" The answer is, "They are in the hofs," or courts. For instance, a quadrangular block five stories high presents four sides to the streets, each side ornamented with stucco, with many little balconies and awnings. Each side of this block contains several flats, which are entered by massive carved oaken doors. A lofty hall, with a plain door at the other end, leads into the hof, or court. Broad, oaken stairways on each side of the hall lead to the flats above, of which there are five or ten on each side. Passing through the second door, you enter a paved hof. Those living in the upper flats have light and sunshine; but if the dwellers below ever get a ray it must be at high noon. The four families in the cellar flats can hardly have even that.

Here in these sunless, cheerless hofs, without a blade of grass or a foot of earth, is hidden Germany's poverty. It is in the hofs that her working people and poor students live. It is not surprising that there is little of home life or home amusement in Germany, nor that the beer garden, theatre, and concert hall absorb most of the German's spare time and money. Very attractive, in comparison with the bare hofs or courts, look the multitudinous beer gardens, often enclosed with festoons, vine-covered trellises, and hanging baskets. At tiny tables, with chairs for two or three, over their glasses of foaming beer men and women sit and

gossip, and listen to the music of the military bands, which play regularly, in an irregular way, at all the large beer gardens. These musicians indulge in no unseemly haste. They, too, are there for enjoyment; so they play an air, then sit down and sip a glass of beer, play again and drink again until the uninitiated think the German man is hollow.

in brass helmets or nodding plumes may be seen marching through the streets. Cars stop; wagons, carriages, and pedestrians all respectfully turn aside until the soldiers pass. "Ah," said an intelligent woman to whom we remarked upon the great number of soldiers, "there are far too many. They march and we pay the bill, but we dare not complain above a whis-

UNTER DEN LINDEN.

While we saw not more than two or three intoxicated men on the streets, German thinkers and rulers find that the drink habit is steadily growing, and Emperor William himself is seeking to establish more restrictive methods.

One of the most common yet imposing sights is the daily march of the cavalry through the city to their exercise grounds. Every town has its garrison and quota of soldiers. At almost any hour of the day, troops

per, or we would find ourselves in prison." Many speak freely upon the subject to Americans, feeling sure of sympathy under the burden of heavy taxation.

The average wage of female servants in Berlin is about fifteen marks a month, which equal about three dollars and seventy-five cents. Out of her fifteen marks each maid pays a direct tax of one and a half marks to support the army. All young men are compelled to serve in the

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S PALACE.

army for three years, excepting university or gymnasium students; these need serve only one year, if they pay their own expenses during that time. The common soldier receives only his uniform and enough to furnish him with the coarsest of black bread and plainest of fare.

As the Kaiser's palace was built four hundred years ago for some one else, he has concluded to erect another. Meanwhile he is renovating the Berlin schloss, candles have given way to electricity, and the worn oaken floors are replaced by highly polished new ones. The guide supplies each visitor with a heelless pair of slippers. The writer's were of pink felt, and had been made for a gentleman who wore number seventeen. They were perpetually chassezing either ahead or behind the wearer, much to the amusement of the other members of the party.

The walls, hung with crimson damask, make a rich setting for the kings and queens in full dress who no longer play upon life's stage, but look placidly or imperiously out of huge gold frames. The state dining-room, with its illusory ceiling painted in oils to represent a blue sky flecked with clouds, amid which cherubs sport, is splendid. At one end is the musicians' gallery, the front of which is covered with silver. On the quaint old sideboard is a massive dinner service of silver plated with gold. An immense punch bowl, almost three feet in diameter, holds a prominent place. The long picture gallery contains much statuary and many valuable paintings.

The Thier-garten, with its fountains and statues, tiny lakes, carriage drives, riding paths, and heaps of sand, surrounded by seats and shady

trees, under which mammas and nurses knit and watch the babies dig wells and build castles, looked very lovely as we rode through it to the old castle of Charlottenburg.

In Berlin street cars are used with seats on the top, which are cool and pleasant, and give a fine view. In England, Scotland, and France ladies ride on the top of the trams as commonly as gentlemen, but not so in Berlin. The German man, from the emperor to the peasant, believes that the world and all the best therein was made for his sex; consequently he rides on the top of the car and leaves the close, stuffy inside, for the women.

After unwinding official red tape for about three weeks, we were granted permission to visit one of the common schools, also a gymnasium and high school. Kindergarten schools are all private. In German schools the proportion of female teachers is small. The boys and girls study in separate schools. Women are not allowed to teach in boys' schools, and only in the lower grades of girls' schools. Education is compulsory between six and fourteen years of age.

To the German son the doors of the high school, gymnasium, and university stand invitingly open; to the daughter they are relentlessly closed. If Gretchen wishes to climb the hill of knowledge after she is fourteen, she must enter some private school for girls, none of which are equal to the gymnasium.

The government primary schools are excellent. A large fee is charged for instruction in the high schools. Indeed, so far as we have been able to learn, the United States is the only country which furnishes for her boys and girls free high schools.

RELIEF MONUMENT OF FREDERICK WILLIAM III.

CONSOLATION.

THE TWIN OPALS.

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

AINY days in Ireland are not so rare as to be easily individualized, but this rainy day was a particularly happy one for the two girls who, without further preamble, are introduced as the heroines of a simple tale. Small thought of ever thus figuring was in the mind of either, romantic schoolgirls as they were, on this wintry afternoon, the first of their Christmas vacation, while they snuggled on the low window-seat of the drawing-room in the mayor's house, overlooking the main street of the inland city, by both considered Ireland's fairest. To one it was home; for in the house of her uncle, one of the city's moneyed men who had long written T. C. after his name, and at this particular time rejoiced in the appellation of mayor, she had grown almost from babyhood to the important age of boarding-school and semi-recognition in full-grown society.

For the older girl, the daughter of a gentleman farmer, residing some few miles away, the county capital, as the centre of all county events, had been from her childhood much desired as an abiding-place. Now, as the friend of the mayor's niece, she found herself for the time being a maiden of importance within the circles known as its most exclusive. Much was possible for her which was impossible as yet to the more juvenile hostess; for, sworn allies as they were, there was a difference of six wonder-working years between them, and the past one, which was the younger's first experience of convent boarding-school, was the closing one there for the elder girl, now "home for good," and quite ready to meet society on its own ground.

All who knew Katherine Glendon anticipated for her such social success as is assured to few. The personal loveliness, always in her family, if the old women of her locality were accurate, was not more remarkable than the loveliness of disposition which moved the mayor's niece to describe her to her dignified uncle as "nothing at all short of an angel." Much about her savored of the angelic as conventionally accepted — the childish face of perfect contour and complexion, the wonderfully golden hair whose waving never suggested compulsion in any guise, and the sweet seldom smile that always seemed such an improvement on the laughter of merry companions in its expressiveness.

Amongst the latest victims of her charms were counted this genial uncle of her friend, the placid elder sister who acted as housekeeper for him since the death of his wife many years before, and the three tall young men calling the placid lady "Mother," who for the first time condescended to make much of their cousin Grace as an acknowledgment of her good taste in the selection of a school friend. To be sure, Katherine Glendon's family was quite

well known to theirs. Its present reputation was that of many thereabouts, making a hard struggle to keep up the appearance considered necessary for the future well-being of the children—this one girl, on whom the parents' hopes were concentrated, and two sons spoken of already, in the kindly charity of neighborly speech, as "wild boys." A sad handicap on the efforts of the father to escape financial annihilation, and of the cultured mother for the retention of the "family standing," the sons were known to be.

For this reason they had been ignored at many such events as cricket-match and hurdle-race by those circumspect cousins of Grace Millen; but now the sister's smile was more than sufficient to thaw all such cultivated coolness, and Robert Glendon, as her favorite brother, was quite likely to find himself sought in the future with as much avidity as he had been previously avoided.

The glittering prospect so near to one of the friends, so far from the other in the light of schoolgirl calculations, was discussed in its many phases between them as they sat idly watching the few passers-by, and enjoying unconsciously the sense of delicious immunity from such physical discomfort as shining wet streets and puddled crossings entailed. There was the big dance announced for New Year's Eve at the home of the city's leading lawyer, when Miss Glendon expected to make her initial bow to the fashionable world of K——. Over this event she was already feeling an occasional flutter of suspense, although the arm of the popular mayor and the chaperonage of his placid sister were at her disposal for the occasion.

"Your mother showed the best possible taste, Katherine, in the choice of your dress. I am glad I can remember you, as I do the heroines of all the stories, in simple white and without ornament of any sort." Receiving no reply, Grace chattered on, "I must say for myself, I love jewelry. When I was a little child I used to gather all I could find and beg Nellie to "hang on me." I am sure I shall always feel the same desire. But you will wear your ring, your pretty opal, that we all envied you at school, almost as much as we envied the pretty hands," she added caressingly, lifting both the admired members to her lips, and noticing in the movement that the opal ring no longer lent its adornment.

"I do not care for the ring any more. I haven't worn it lately," Katherine answered hurriedly. "Perhaps I only wore it at school just for sake of that envy you acknowledge. Well if not that," seeing the deprecatory look on the face of her listener, "it was in acknowledgment of the 'Mother's' kindness in allowing me the privilege of wearing it when I came there two years ago, for as you know it *was* a concession to permit jewelry in the schoolroom."

"You are sure you have not newly learned the old superstition," laughed Grace, "and believe that your opal might bring ill fortune to your undertakings?"

She spoke lightly, as she had been taught to, of all superstition, though to her fanciful nature many were attractive and graceful, and was rather impressed by the earnestness that Katherine threw into the reply she hastened to make, before a footstep heard on the stairs could invade their sanctum.

"On the contrary," she said, "I

have always associated opals with hopes."

To fanciful Grace the hasty words suggested a pretty idea, and she regretted much the inability to continue the subject. Strangely enough she never found chance to resume it through the pleasant fortnight that marked the limit of her respite from study and Katherine's experience of holiday merry-making in K——.

II.

There were not many months between vacations at the well-ordered convent where Grace Millen's young ideas were being trained with the exactitude and care that had earned commendation from generations of parents and guardians. She had returned from that happy holiday to feel renewed pangs of home-sickness because the lovely face which had smiled away its first visitation within those walls was no longer there. Never was pupil acknowledged a more brilliant success than this absent Katherine, who, contrary to precedent, had been beloved alike of teachers and companions. She came to visit them at intervals, and already her comings were registered as gala days. To the pupils she looked little changed except that the fashionable attire which replaced their simple uniform accented her ethereal beauty. To the Sisters she was older grown in some intangible way that they felt without comprehending.

News of her social triumph had come to them from one source or another, and so befitting it appeared, that were the K—— Journal to chronicle a "rumored engagement" of the noble marquis, their local magnate, to the beautiful Miss Katherine Glendon, there would have been no wonder evinced by any inmate of the dear old convent. The verdict would certainly have been approval of his lordship's good taste, with the womanly addendum, "Nobody, not even a marquis, is good enough for her."

However, this particular conquest was denied, while one admitted proved even more of a surprise, at least for one listener who, ensconced again on the familiar window-seat, was treated to family confidences from the lips of a tall cousin grown quite communicative.

"There is no doubt whatever that I am right, Grace," he said, continuing a conversation; "you are not old enough," with a lapse into the old-time contempt for the small girl, "to understand all the reasons. The governor would do anything to win her and Katherine anything to save Robert from disgrace. His debts must be paid at once, her father has paid them many times too often for the welfare of the rest of the family, her mother urges, and Katherine consents. Your 'convent angel' will be soon your commonplace aunt."

Was the news welcome or otherwise? Grace could scarcely decide. She loved the uncle who, childless himself, had taken her father's place to the extent of providing for the simple needs of the widow, who chose to remain in her own home, coming only to her brother-in-law's at rare intervals to share the society of the little daughter whose education was being conducted altogether at his expense. Grace loved her friend too, and knew the advantages for her of the proposed marriage, the coveted position, and the wealth which the child's own unselfishness taught her was desirable as the means of saving

dear ones from embarrassment. But the discrepancies and deficiencies, the possible lack of such love as she associated with marriage, were also apparent to her young eyes, much more so than to older ones it would appear, for society voted that Miss Glendon had "done well" in accepting the elderly mayor.

Her mother was openly jubilant, her father noticeably relieved, and Robert, the idolized brother, once more reinstated in his place beside the sons of the well-to-do wherever they chose to congregate.

A brilliant wedding it was that eventuated, so brilliant that the bride's beauty was for the first time eclipsed by her surroundings. Possibly the "simple white" of Grace's fancy was not, after all, most becoming to her fairness, or possibly the novelists' style of non-ornamentation might have been more so, for her eyes were quite outshone by the new diamonds she wore, their setting made the blonde hair show less decidedly golden, and even the envied hands lost some of their inherited Irish beauty beneath the unaccustomed jewels. As hers nestled in them Grace noticed this trivial fact even more than the bride's pallor and tearfulness.

It renewed the recollection of the rainy afternoon when their whiteness had reminded her to inquire about the pretty opal, and Katherine had answered that opals were associated with hopes; and in this connection the little bridesmaid wondered whether such bridal was among the hopes of the convent girl who wore the opal ring "by permission."

III.

Back to school again, leaving the new Mrs. Millen, returned from her wedding tour, to preside in place of the placid sister, who calmly retired to inaction and a pretty cottage in the suburbs. Back to answer the thousand and one queries of schoolmates and to admit to herself that the sound of those marriage bells had not brought the realization of merriment she had associated with them, although their smoothness was unmarred by any romantic *contre-temps*. This impression Grace, with her strong sense of loyalty, strove to remove even from her own mind and to convey one very different to her questioners.

Quietly and gracefully, as she did all things, Mrs. Millen filled meanwhile the place conceded her as the most beautiful matron of K——, and, notwithstanding the drawback of her twenty-one years, came soon to be considered the most dignified as well. There had been at first little unsupported rumors of family pressure brought to bear on the bride, of unusual pecuniary arrangements perfected by the wealthy son-in-law, and among the younger gossips it was hinted that one result of the marriage was the sudden departure of a young medical practitioner from whom the citizens had expected great things in his line. For was he not "one of the Carrolls"? Had not his father and grandfather, his uncle and granduncles, grown gray and famous in their midst, accumulating honors in preference to plebeian guineas, and had he not bidden fair to prove himself "a chip of the old block"?

With just such a college career as was predicted for his father's son, and the family contempt for easily earned fees, naturally the same appreciative field was open to him; and it was considered very strange that

after a short lease of popularity and prestige he should have concluded, as his brother informed inquiring patients, "to walk the German hospitals and perhaps run over to America, but eventually to settle down at home" — all of which information was duly retailed in the hearing of Mrs. Millen on more than one occasion; but the sharpest eyes failed to discern that she evinced any unusual interest therein, much less any previous knowledge of Dr. Carroll's intentions.

Apparently her husband's wish was that she represent his wealth and importance. Her name instead of his, or at least always in conjunction, appeared on all listed donations. Her patronage was sought almost as eagerly as that of the new marchioness fresh from London, whose patrician beauty, exploited as it had been of the "upper ten," paled beside that of the mayor's wife. Much of her attention was given to the vanity of the world, and yet the good Sisters could find no reason to complain of forgetfulness on her part, or Grace no grounds to withdraw the enthusiastic admiration that had unconsciously paved the way for her uncle's second marriage.

"With Katherine's love and remembrances" came the baskets of rare flowers and fruit for altar and refectory on every fête day. "With compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Millen" the first donation, always the largest, to any charity advocated by the community. "For darling Grace" the dainty gifts for birthday and holiday never failed, usually taking the form of a jewel carefully selected. "Evidently she has not forgotten that I still love to 'hang on' jewelry if I only might," Grace thought, and after sufficient admiration laid their daintiness away to await the nearing emancipation from school discipline.

Alas! when emancipation came she was destined to don mother's mourning for the self-sacrificing parent, who in the quiet country home had spent long years in anticipation of this happy home-coming, which meant real possession of her child. The unreasonableness of a first grief possessed the daughter's spirit, and, forgetful of all the kindness of his intentions and her mother's glad acquiescence in them, Grace felt she could no longer make her home with the uncle whom, in perverted fashion, she accused of separating her from her mother. In vain his persuasions and commands, in vain the beautiful aunt's entreaties and caresses and the tall cousins' offers of brotherly patronage. She had determined to seek her mother's sister in far-off New York, seeking coincidentally a life purpose, and "some time she would return."

This was the extent of the only farewell promise they could succeed in exacting, so they were fain to possess their souls in patience and sure anticipation of the day when Grace should return to her senses and to their companionship.

IV.

Literal arms of welcome were extended by the New York aunt to her sister's orphan, whose coming she looked upon as the special provision of a kindly Providence to lighten the loneliness of her declining years. Grace soon found herself enjoying the peaceful home, — for peaceful homes are among the contradictory possibilities of busy New York, the city of varied and vigorous fascinations. The novelty of her surroundings

acted as the best palliative for her grief; and when memory exerted its sway, there was consolation in the wonderful resemblance to her mother of this new-found aunt, whose long absence from the old home but served to vivify her interest in its recollections and changes.

The chair of the listener was never vacant when Grace chose to talk of the dear scenes now associated with that green grave in the country churchyard, where generations of "mother's people" were laid to rest. She was welcome to dilate on the charms of the convent life, from which she had sighed for deliverance such a short while since, and upon the doings in that other home where her uncle's beautiful wife found weekly leisure for long pages of gossip that soon became common property of the congenial twain in the pretty New York flat.

There was little to vary the monotony of the pages; yet Grace, in whose eyes her friend did all things well, read and re-read for sake of the beauties of expression she professed to discover, or perhaps for the assurances of an affection that spoke between the lines as well as in them.

Then one day there came a deeply bordered envelope that held tidings of the death of Katherine's mother—tidings foreshadowed by a long illness. Close following, as troubles will, was the sudden taking off of the favorite brother, "hurt in a steeplechase open only to gentlemen riders" (to quote the *County Chronicle*). He had been carried from the fashionable race-course to his sister's home, where he lay for long blank days, and died after the final hour of conscious preparation, which came unexpectedly as God's answer to that sister's anguished prayer.

Between the lines of the incoherent missive of announcement was a tacit avowal of the motive discussed by the gossips of K——after the brilliant wedding of seven years before: "You, who know how I loved him and what I was willing to sacrifice for him and for him alone, will understand my grief."

Letters from other quarters told of this grief too, and its effect on the frail health of the mourner, to which she herself never alluded. In the local journals Grace read much of the exquisite memorial window presented to the abbey church where Robert Glendon's obsequies had been held, in his memory and his mother's, and of the smaller one in the convent chapel designed by the donor as a constant appeal for the prayers of the Sisters. When both were in place and a stately tomb of the native marble reared above the newly made grave, Mrs. Millen consented to undertake the continental journey recommended by physicians and eagerly urged by her anxious husband, with whom the business cares so long paramount had become entirely secondary to consideration of her well-being.

Grace, meanwhile, had begun to discern the life purpose for which graduates profess their readiness to seek, at least in the pages of graduation essays. Strangely enough, the prospect of ultimate success lay in the development of that belittled taste for "the setting down of random thoughts" and the indulgence of fancy long mourned by her instructors as the stumbling-block in the way of school-day advancement.

About this time some fugitive verses above the simple signature of "Grace Millen" chanced to meet the eye of one who was past master of

the gentle art. Less experienced critic had certainly failed to discern and less kindly one to acknowledge their latent promise. Fortunately for many, his was the clear gaze of the "pathfinder," the strong hand that helped the struggler to the open way, and the God-given love of his kind which never tired of such purpose. In this stranger girl who fashioned longings and aspirations into crude verse, he discovered talent dormant for the very fear of waking discouragement. Under his guidance the young ambition strengthened, because of his approval friendships and helps materialized; so that the year following the one which had brought grief and trial to the inmates of her early home held for her the panacea of earnest effort and its modicum of recompense.

Step by step this kindly guidance led from realms of fancy to the more prosaic land of apportioned task; step by step into the charmed circle of culture and comradeship which this good Samaritan of the literary way immortalized as his Bohemia; and long ere the hand loosed its protective hold or the clear eyes closed on all earthly paths, place for his protégée had been assured. Within this circle she found friendships strong and helpful, and outside it others with the corrective tendencies her enthusiasm was sure to need betimes.

Such was that of the father confessor, in whom she had discovered not only a compatriot but a fellow-citizen — one who many decades before had walked the famous marble streets of her own city, and listened to the curfew chimes that still rung back nightly the ghost of the penal past.

"Ireland is such a very small territory," say the matter-of-fact, "how can a county line affect interest?"

The "how" may be unanswerable to the satisfaction of the logician, but the Irish heart knows the distinction. The Dublin exile thrills at the accent of his "dear dirty town," and the man from Tipperary rejoices in his transatlantic reputation as one of those who beat the legions of the evictor because of being "better used to fighting."

Grace felt all the more confidence in the good judgment of her confessor in temporal matters, because with her he believed (or affected to believe) in their county claims of "fire without smoke and air without fog." He had kept in touch with the history of his own land — there was no need with him of explaining conditions. With the wonderful gift of his order that enables each individual member to be all in all to all men, he understood the needs of the young stranger, he watched her essays with the interest of the father, the keen appreciation of a scholar, and the pride of a county man. He knew the story of the green grave, beneath the shadow of which Ireland was dwarfed to the limit of a graveyard in her eyes; he knew of the convent training and its fruitless repression of fancy and sentiment, and of the home which awaited her return and its occupants.

So when Grace came one evening into the big bare parlor, and the good brother's ready bell summoned Father Lalor to the half hour he sometimes allowed her of his scanty leisure, it was no surprise to hear from her lips that some one had started to seek her and demand fulfilment of her promise to return.

This some one was Katherine, whose recent sojourn at the German

watering-place, recommended by a London specialist, had effected slight improvement in her health. Notwithstanding the discouragement of family and physician, she was even now on her way to carry out the dear project of "taking Grace home." She travelled in the company and somewhat in the care of an Irish-American family whom she had met in Paris and Germany, and afterwards entertained at her own home.

Secure in the belief that Grace would be her companion on the return trip, Mr. Millen remained in Ireland to gather up the tangled threads of undertakings neglected during his long absences.

Grace had been a child in his estimation when they parted half in bitterness; but her later career had convinced him that the self-reliance, misnamed obstinacy in those formative days, made her eligible for taking charge of Katherine's future arrangements. Better the risk of the exertion for his wife, he reasoned, than the disappointment entailed by continued opposition. The best results might follow this doubtful experiment, and as he had hoped so it proved.

V.

A guest cheerful as beautiful she was whom Grace rescued from the insistence of the St. Louis millionnaire and his wife, loath to lose their lovely charge and anxious to convince her of the superior attraction of their western home. With all the pride of schoolgirl days in Katherine's beauty and accomplishments, she introduced her to the gentle Aunt Mary, who was ready to love her for the niece's sake, and to the little coterie of friends, artistic and literary, who recognized in her a new and most charming type of Celtic perfection.

The pleasant days that followed were almost like a resurrection of the long past ones of conventual companionship, even while some conditions were exactly reversed. It was now Katherine's turn to accept unquestioned the judgment and opinions of the tall girl who had outgrown mentally as physically the remembrance of her that lingered in the mind of the dear ones who, like Uncle Maurice, thought and spoke of her as "the child."

There were "bad half hours" for both when memories which neither would willingly ignore overcame them. Quickly as Grace had done, Katherine came to recognize the power of Father Lalor's words of consolation; and to him, as to Grace and the lovable Aunt Mary, she turned for sympathy.

"Was Grace aware that Dr. Paul Carroll had been for some years a resident of New York and a frequent visitor of Father Lalor?"

Katherine asked the question, and Grace knew that her information had been gained from the Father himself during one of the calls she sometimes made on him while her companion's duties forbade their being together. Grace had not known, and she wondered a little that Father Lalor had omitted to mention to her what he had doubtless volunteered as a bit of home gossip to Katherine; but a little later on in the conversation she was able to divine that Paul Carroll's wish had been to remain unmentioned.

"Dr. Carroll could scarcely have remembered me," she said, answering Katherine's look of surprise at her negative. "Schoolgirls are not usually interesting to hard-working

students or important young doctors, and so little did I know of the Carrolls that of the two brothers I cannot be positive now which was brunette and which blonde." Then little by little the explanation of Katherine's better acquaintance with Grace's townsman was made.

He was Robert's college friend, and because of excessive application and a consequent illness had spent two summers with Robert's family at the cottage they owned in Tramore. The old watering-place had lost a little of its prestige even then, and gay folks preferred Kilkee and Bray or Dalkey for their summer outing; so Tramore best suited the semi-invalid who could not be separated from his beloved books by college regulations.

It was after these visits that the subject of Katherine's education was reconsidered apparently, and the two years' "finish" at the fashionable convent where she met Grace decided upon.

"How much does Father Lalor know of Dr. Carroll's New York career?" Grace asked, and Katherine told of the priest's warm praises and interest in the scientific investigation to which the doctor had in great part devoted his time. Father Lalor himself had been a noted surgeon and to the front in attendance on the "boys in blue" during the early days of civil strife.

Now that he had laid aside the scalpel, as the sainted founder of his order had forsaken the sword for love of the cross, the old interest was not entirely forgotten, and it was gratifying for him to recount the successes of this compatriot who studied bacteria with the patience of the scientist, exposed himself fearlessly in epidemics for sake of suffering humanity, and was withal "like to the little ones" in obedience to the precepts of his creed.

"Why has Father Lalor chosen to tell all this now?" Grace asked herself. The continuation of Katherine's story was again her answer. Because Dr. Carroll had recently returned to his native city — whether with the intention of settling down to county practice Father Lalor did not say, but the week that saw Katherine's departure probably witnessed his arrival on the "old sod."

Soon the hurry of preparation for a like voyage invaded Aunt Mary's retreat, for all three occupants had decided to turn their faces homeward — Grace only pledging herself to a resting spell. The hurry was sadly exaggerated by receipt of cablegrams announcing Mr. Millen's illness — how serious they could surmise from this mode of announcement; and the days of suspense yet unavoidable told sadly on the health and spirits of the sensitive wife, quick to blame herself for absence from her post of duty.

She reached it, however, when the need was greatest, to find her husband's life trembling in the balance, where his arduous years told against him; and under Heaven the only hope rested in the wonderful skill of his latest physician, called in at the sick man's urgent request to consult with the titled specialist from Dublin, who was admittedly baffled. Alone in his diagnosis, Dr. Carroll continued positive of its correctness; and when Mr. Millen, who had been his father's friend and his grandfather's patient, took the decision in his own hands and besought him to stay, he accepted the situation and single handed fought the disease with the weapons of his new experiences and his God-given fidelity of purpose.

Here at the post that Mrs. Millen and Grace remorsefully claimed as their own they found the handsome young doctor whose doings they had so recently discussed in New York. He met them with expressions of pleasure because of his patient's desire for their presence, he assigned to them their parts, calmly, as he had done to the white-capped nurses in the great American hospital, and expected from them the same unquestioning obedience.

The gravity of the situation alone could explain Katherine's changed manner, which for once seemed to have lost its charm. She who had won more than one "literary lion" to the admission of that charm, who had even managed to lessen the chagrin of the disgruntled specialist, was always coldly polite to the man who had been the college friend of her beloved brother, and to whom she owed deliverance from the life-long remorse sure to be hers had her place by the sick bed not been taken by such as he.

Both wife and niece learned to tolerate what was at first a sore blow to their self-esteem—the evident preference of the invalid for the society of his physician, and later on, when the latter withdrew somewhat from constant attendance, the trying querulousness of a convalescent who, for all their efforts to please, made unfavorable comparison between their attention and those of "Dr. Paul."

Gradually with health was restored the old kindheartedness and consideration, and he lamented the loss of Grace's bloom and the pallor that replaced his wife's waxen fairness. He would turn from their most interesting narrative of transatlantic life to express his regret that he had caused them such aggravated discomfort, and beg that Dr. Paul might be consulted for them. But the doctor was rarely to be seen. Rumors said that he had returned only for a "flying trip" to settle up the estate, which charge belonged to him as the elder brother; and but for the case in which he had become interested, he would not have stayed so long.

"That boy will set no estimate on his services," Mr. Millen said testily, as the servant returned for the fourth or fifth time with Dr. Carroll's polite message, "No answer but best regards." This, too, when he had written his prettiest note in the style of fifty years before.

"We do not live in the country where doctors wait their patients to send New Year missives containing what they will, and I am not sure what is the proper thing to do."

"Multiply the charges of your Dublin specialist by three; I always use three as a lucky number," suggested practical Grace, "and enclose to your Don Quixote."

"Perhaps he would prefer some other token of your gratitude, dear," interposed the wife softly, and Mr. Millen characteristically accepted both suggestions.

The handsomest watch and chain to be found within the limits of the city, engraved and encased as a work of art, accompanied the check sent to Dr. Carroll's office in an imperative fashion that insured reception; and for some time nothing was heard of them, not even the note of acknowledgment it would seem impossible to avoid.

VI.

The good influence of Grace's presence was felt thankfully by all the inmates of the old home, over

which the pall of gloom had hung since Robert Glendon's death within its walls. For the first time since then Katherine lightened the mourning dress, so abhorred of her husband, with the dainty touches of lavender approved by Irish custom and eminently becoming to her. Once again the young people were bidden to the informal dance in the city drawing-room, or the impromptu merry-making at the old farmhouse one mile away, which had been in childish days their El Dorado. Here, a steward whom Grace remembered from her babyhood as old and apparently decrepit, attended to the welfare of the prize cattle and the fancy poultry that were the pride of Mr. Millen's farm.

School-day friendships were renewed; and Grace, to her unutterable surprise, ran up against a warmer attachment of the same date, the existence of which she had never suspected. Still less could she suspect that while she was seeking to lay the foundation of a literary reputation to be associated with the name of Grace Millen now and forever, her uncle had encouraged this belief in the success of his wooing, which had come to be very real and very dear to Walter Hayes.

As her uncle's ward and his godson he had been her own and her cousins' companion in early school life, and the few vacations permitted later before her sudden "fleeting." There were perhaps the elements of romance in this silent watching and waiting for her problematic return, but Grace could only discern those of discomfort for many: for the American aunt, who saw a new risk threatening dissolution to the happy partnership in New York; for the uncle, who fumed as once before over her refusal to accept his fiat as irrevocable; and for Katherine, whose strength seemed all unequal to the home burdens she had set herself to bear. As to Walter himself, he chose the rôle of ill-treated loverhood, and refused all sensible discussion of the unreasonableness of his position, so that Grace felt it better to abbreviate than lengthen her projected stay, and return to the work which had become a necessity of her life.

She had enjoyed this "break" in its tension to a certain extent. Old wounds ached with startling newness amid the scenes of their early environment, but much of recompense and consolation mingled in her experiences. To be credited with influence helpful toward her uncle's convalescence and the supposed improvement in his wife's health and spirits, to see Aunt Mary's daily enjoyment of old scenes and associations, to be presented as a distinguished pupil to the younger scions of gentility within the dear convent, to revel in the accumulation of "new material," as she did with the well-developed instinct of the literary delver,—all this was pleasant, and Grace tried hard to remember only the pleasure and ignore the drawbacks.

Of the latter the most serious was that she alone doubted the sincerity of Katherine's cheerfulness or the permanency of her restoration to health. To Grace's keen eye both were the result of effort and the determination to bear in silence. She noted the many little acts of preparation that betokened the sufferer's own belief in approaching fate—the weaning from all participation in those "vanities" which once absorbed her (to the good Sisters'

vexation), the ever-increasing interest in charitable projects, and the feverish haste with which each was pushed as though the worker felt that for her the "night was coming when she might not work."

With Father Lalor Katherine had kept in communication, and amongst the preparations for Grace's departure were the procuring of gifts likely to be welcome to the old priest's pet charities. Gift-making had ever been Katherine's pleasure since the wedding-day which placed such indulgence in her power. Now dainty remembrances for Grace and her New York friends accumulated in the Irish laces, the glistening poplins, the ornaments of bog-oak and marble.

"Indeed, I have only the regulation number of fingers, and so many are liable to the danger of daily inking, that any more rings for me are out of the question," Grace was driven to say one day, standing before a jeweller's tray and urged to selection, "and I must choose; the sentiment of this Mizpah appeals to my fancy."

"I do not wish you to have that; there is no need between us of such far-fetched appeal," interrupted Katherine. "If you will have a motto ring take this 'Asthore.' It speaks my message without the doubt implied in that weird 'Mizpah.'"

So the pretty "Asthore" ring glittered on Grace's hand, to serve as a new reminder of the old wonder why one so indifferent to ordinary superstition or fancies seemed of all others most influenced by this belief in talismanic rings.

VII.

Another parting day! Almost the facsimile of that of five years before. Again was Grace's resolution sorely tested by her uncle's anger, which melted, however, at the latest moment into the tenderness she liked best to associate with his memory when absent.

Katherine's leave-taking was calm for one of her sensitive temperament, but Grace noted regretfully that there were no whispered hopes of "coming to bring her home," as there had been on the previous occasion, and only slight reference to any future plan.

"When I send for you, you will come to me, because I shall not interfere with your work unless the need is urgent," Katherine said on the evening preceding the departure for Queenstown, and then talked on as though anxious to be spared comment.

There is so much less of the "exile" feeling about the second departure than the first! Grace, who had realized at the home coming the truth of Locke's inspired lines, found herself repeating them half unconsciously as she stood on deck watching the returning boat that bore her friends back to "the kindly, generous Irish land," and left her, with her grateful aunt beside her, once more facing the "alien home." Well content was she to "venture another flight," for it meant to her freedom from irksome restraints imposed by hereditary respect for conventionalities, which are secondary chains on all effort in a land bound by family traditions, teaching that a woman may want with far more dignity than she may work. In New York duties awaited her, and soon she was once more "in harness," as she phrased it, and loving the motion.

The Irish letters were frequent as

ever and, as ever, full of the commonplace gossip only interesting because of its source. From one, however, she learned that Dr. Carroll had at length answered the message of Uncle Maurice, but not in person. He had returned the watch and with it other trinkets of his own, asking that Mrs. Millen dispose of them for some of the charities in which she was interested. The money he donated to the Restoration Fund of the abbey church they all loved. The explanation was that he had bidden Ireland adieu forever, and hoped to be deemed worthy some day to dedicate himself to God's service in another land.

"We are all puzzled over the boy's actions," wrote Uncle Maurice. "His long absence he seems to have spent in perfecting arrangements. As his father's friend I could wish he had been content in the sphere where that father so wrought that his good works live after him; but go where Paul will, his memory must always linger with me and mine as that of my preserver."

This news when carried to Father Lalor did not seem much of a surprise. He would not comment on the romantic element, as Grace described it. It did not differ much from his own course and the course of many others of his order, and he dismissed the subject with less discussion than he usually accorded any matter that interested his enthusiastic friend.

VIII.

"When I send you will come," Katherine had said, requiring no assurance but her own belief in the loyalty of her whilom schoolmate. Yet, when the summons came, it found Grace in the whirl of ceaseless occupation and holding a position where substitution was difficult — impossible, in fact, without days of preparation. Irksome days! when the familiar sight of a messenger boy set her heart throbbing and made her eyes dim, when the nervous strain seemed more than could be borne, and all the kindly solicitude of friends and co-workers could aid little in its lessening.

The sense of action implied in the motion of the great steamer, when at length she stood on the deck of an outward bound, soothed her as nothing else could: and contrary to all expectation the illness which is supposed to follow nerves diseased avoided her as never before. There was no physical weakness to hinder her being among the first to bid her land "the top of the morning," but there was the sickness of foreboding to blur her vision and haunt the hurried journey from Queenstown to K ——.

Finding no one awaiting her seemed ill omen, for all the captain's proud assurance that they had beaten the record, so "folks would not believe even the shipping news of their arrival." Nor was her dread in vain. Hasten as she might, the angel of release had preceded her, and only a white-robed form and waxen face more beautiful in death than in its beauteous life was left to receive the warm caresses long garnered for this meeting. She listened to the story told by many of the fading — as could best be described this passing away of her who had been called the convent's fairest bloom on her graduation day. She heard of the patient sweetness and unselfish striving to avoid all possible pain for the hearts that loved. From many lips she received

the messages left for herself, and the dear assurance that to the last Katherine never doubted she would come and never troubled over the delay. Everything had been set in readiness for the passing, her good byes spoken, her charities arranged, her regrets for the shortcomings of her young life repeated to all who would listen: the kindly husband who had never perceived their existence, the good Sisters who had not hesitated to censure in those early days her leaning towards the "vanities," and the many friends who, believing in her, could believe of her but their own experience of her sweet loyalty.

There were many charges left for Grace, and she accepted all as renewed proofs of the dependence which had previously gratified her. The weeks of her sad sojourn lengthened; she saw the blossoms she had herself set on the low mounds beneath the shadow of the stately marble grow to beauty, and the green of this latest one rival the others of older growth. Ever as she sought them in the calm twilight, the beautiful lines of Mrs. Browning came to her,—

> What would you have?
> She makes the grass greener even here with her grave,
> My Kate!

For this beloved sleeper the Saint Joseph lilies grew taller and fairer, the white violets clustered thicker around the base of her monumental cross, and pale primroses with just the gleam of her pale gold hair nestled more lovingly around. "In life she loved symbolism," thought the faithful mourner, "and in death they shall not be divided." This love of symbolic beauty that was inwoven in Katherine's nature showed in many of her latest bequests, all of which Mr. Millen, with Grace's assistance, strove to fulfil literally. Only on such errand would he consent to spare his helpful niece once again to the new land, where she was to linger little as might be, and return with Aunt Mary to be her uncle's companion until the hour came, now longed for of the broken spirit, when all should be regained unto him in the Kingdom of the Father.

Among Katherine's commissions to Grace was to place in Father Lalor's hands a precious burden of the jewels she had loved best in life, the gifts of her girlhood and her matronhood, and with them a sealed note meant to explain the purport of the bequest. Grace had looked them over and carefully replaced. To her as to none other each sparkle was a note of explanation or a memory revived. The diamonds which were the bridegroom's gift; the few pearls which a mother had chosen as most suitable adornment for her lovely child; the rare amethysts that Grace in poetic mood had told her once matched the wearer's eyes; and among them twin opals —one set in a heavy band which was not familiar, and one which in its frail setting had been broken away as Grace knew from the tiny schoolgirl ring.

There was gold, too, for the use designated (and as yet to be known but to Father Lalor), and so it was no surprise to find the watch and chain once presented to Dr. Carroll, for had he not returned it expressly to be used for her charities? Some of the stones were his also — such part of his mother's belongings as he had retained, Mr. Millen imagined.

"I knew his mother well," he remarked, "and I recognize one ring

she always wore; and that opal may have been hers, but from the size I conclude it was at some time his own; it matches this other one which was Katherine's, I think," and it did.

Long afterward Grace saw them shine side by side when other fateful years had come and gone, and New York was once more her home, to which new ties bound her in all human probability for the remainder of her life. All the bonds recognized in the sireland were transplanted to await the reunion eternal. At the last her strong arms upheld the white head of the uncle who had gone from her with words of loving gratitude, that in his simple faith he promised her he should repeat to the idolized mother and the cherished friend he hoped to meet. There had been sad misgivings on the part of his nephews as to how much of guerdon Uncle Maurice should deem sufficient for all that Grace relinquished in becoming his companion and nurse. Of this she was well aware; and only she and the staid lawyer knew how hard she had striven to overcome his desire to make her his sole heiress, on the plea that for other of his kin he had provided fitly in life, by her he was fain to be best remembered after death.

"As if you could doubt it, uncle dear," she had said, with a caress that carried assurance for him; and by her own wish the part of his wealth assigned her took the form of entire possession of the old farmhouse that had been his father's, where he and her own unknown father had grown to boyhood.

Its surrounding acres were few, though they had ever been Uncle Maurice's dearest possession; and the nephews, to whom came townhouse and warehouse and many another chattel, made her very kindly welcome to her bequest and its accompanying condition, dictated by herself, that it should be occupied by some one of her selection competent to take charge of the grave of testator and the graves that had been the charge of his declining days, and that the farmhouse be kept in fit condition to be used as residence by this beloved niece whenever she chose to occupy it.

So the old steward and his stalwart son transferred their best attention from cattle and poultry to yearlong preparations for the great local flower show, where Miss Millen's name must appear as owner of many competing beauties. In a far-away office where came tidings of great import from many lands, one local sheet was eagerly scanned for news of old Martin's success; and Grace knew that in his trembling hands the prize blooms were borne, with their honors thick upon them, to stand at the base of monumental cross or on the altars beneath those storied windows that reminded worshippers "to pray for the faithful departed."

IX.

For all her occupations Grace counted on the annual visit that should with her take the place of varied vacations, and blessed the modern enterprise that made such resolve practicable.

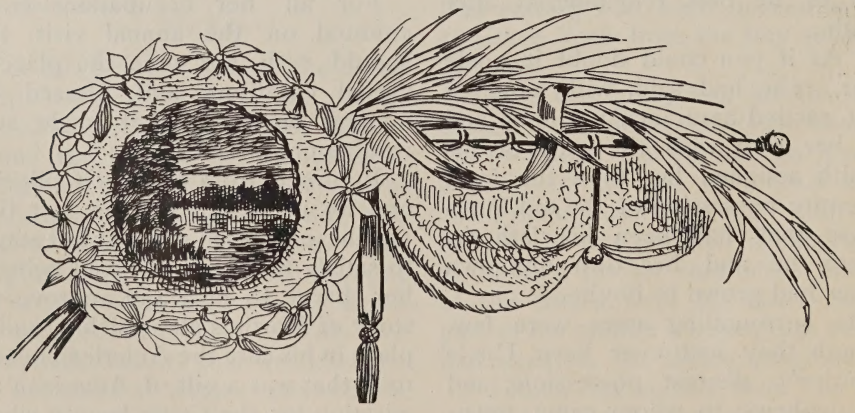
Returned from one such pilgrimage we meet her for the last time (in these pages); she had but stayed to satisfy herself of the well being of her charge, to hear and approve the story of Martin's stewardship, and to place in his care the American beauty rose that was a gift of American admiration for the Celtic beauty whose

remembrance yet lingered. She had donned her prettiest gown for a brief hour in honor of Walter Hayes' wedding to a pretty schoolmate of her own. Then there remained the vigil, never neglected, in the country graveyard where mother slept, and this time, too, she sought the sacred sod in boyhood trodden by him — the sponsor of her early effort — that she might graft a native shamrock in the foreign soil above his breast. This, too, was accomplished; and in the parlor where Father Lalor came but rarely now, for the field of his labor had been changed, she waited him at his request, always glad to hear the kindly voice that, no longer resonant to others, was to her unaltered, for its cheer of the lonely days lingered in her ears.

"I thought you must see this, my child," he said, "for my instructions were that on a certain date you should." His feeble hands drew from a heavy case a magnificent golden chalice set with gems. Grace's tearful eyes could not follow its wondrous wealth of chasing and setting; she saw only a lily bud outlined in pearls, and twin opals accentuating some graceful idea of the designer. "I can only tell you this," the old priest continued, his tones shadowing her emotion, "that within a few days this chalice shall be raised for the first time in the newly consecrate hands of one who has turned from all earthly gifts of gold and gem for Christ's sake. It then becomes a belonging of the great Church that is to witness this supreme hour, for he goes to distant scenes where such beauty as this might mean death at the hands of greed for its possession. His prayers, however, shall ascend with those of his brethren who in turn uplift this chalice for the soul of the donor. Thus I have fulfilled my trust, dear child, which was yours in part."

And Grace understood. There was no questioning, only with Father Lalor she felt the satisfaction of that "trust fulfilled." Sinking on her knees, she pressed her lips to the clear opals, while the good priest possibly wondered at her words, which could bear little meaning for him: —

"Thank God! I, too, can associate opals with highest hopes."



EDITOR'S REVIEW.

More interesting always than the matter of any sovereign succession in the merely temporal order, the question of who is to be the next pope has lately received the most direct and apparently the most convincing discussion that has yet been made public regarding it. A writer in the *Nouvelle Revue* of Paris, who gives proof of specially intimate knowledge of the complexion of the Sacred College in its various groups, characteristics, activities, and tendencies, sums up in a forcible manner the men and ideas that will undoubtedly exercise paramount influence in the coming conclave. After paying a magnificent tribute to the genius, virtues, and policy of Leo XIII, whom he comprehensively exalts as the "personification of the ideas and aspirations of a whole epoch," the writer discourses clearly and intelligently upon the three main divisions of thought and policy among the cardinals and the recognized leaders and following of each distinct party. Foremost he places Cardinal Rampolla, the Pope's secretary, "the faithful coöperator and unfailing confidant" of Leo's vast and progressive designs. "He has in him," says the writer, "the force of acquired impetus, and dreams only of continuing and extending the present regime. If he does not stand as a candidate, he will have a candidate of his own. His position in the conclave will be preponderant." The second party is represented as the coalition of those members of the cardinalitial body who do not follow to their full extent the great lines of the present pontiff's world-harmonizing policy. These are the conservative cardinals, men with royalist or reactionary sympathies, who combat the newer developments of the doctrines of democracy, not because they themselves lack liberality, but from a belief that their ideas, rather than prevailing ones, should mark the extremest concession to modern sentiment. Of this group Cardinal Galimberti is denominated the head; and though personally unpopular, his undoubted ability, continues this authority, will forge him to the front as a power, either for himself or as the namer of a papal candidate in consonance with his views. Thirdly, the Cardinal brothers Vanutelli are set forth in this striking article as the compromises between the two first described sections. Both are men of commanding ability, and, though differing in opinions, are in affection strongly attached to each other. The fact that to all appearances they hold the balance of power, may be a factor in bringing the papacy to one or the other of them. The article does not admit the likelihood of the choice of any foreign member of the body, and ignores the part which Cardinal Satolli may play in the deliberations. With all due regard for the evident conclusiveness of much of this remarkable discussion of the probabilities, it is not unlikely that the Washington cardinal will be a prime element in the conclusion to be reached.

Recognition of the Cubans as belligerents by the United States would give them all the rights and obligations of an independent state as far as the war is concerned, but no further. They could send commissioned war vessels to sea, and negotiate loans and purchase munitions in foreign countries; their flag and laws would be respected, and they could enlist men except where neutrality laws intervene. But there their rights would cease as far as we are concerned, and we would have given them only the moral influence of our friendly attitude. That the mere recognition by this country will help the Cubans to a successful overthrow of the Spanish yoke, is open to serious question. Brave, persistent, and ingenious as the insurgents have been up to the present time, it is hardly possible for them to attain their independence without more active and more telling measures in their behalf on the part of this nation. The Senate's resolutions requested the President to interpose his friendly offices with the Spanish government for the recognition of the independence of the island. These, even if interposed according to the Senate's desire, will doubtless be of very little avail in the present exasperated condition of the Spanish people. Still, Cuban independence is coming, and it looks as if the United States will be compelled in the end to take a stronger than a friendly hand toward Spain in helping along its consummation.

In the matter of the recent rejection by Congress of all appropriations in aid of the religious Indian schools, some few of the more prominent daily papers, like *The Times* of New York and *The Post* of Pittsburg, rose above the silly watchword "sectarianism," which serves so often to justify in the press legislative acts of the clearest narrowness, ignorance, and injustice. These organs had the courage to point out that the depriving the Indian children of denominational instruction removed from them all Christian influence, and practically abandoned them to their original heathenish environment and training. Whatever is to be said as a matter of policy in favor of withholding governmental funds from denominational schools for Christian children, it is but pitiable prejudice to keep from the offspring of the untutored savage the benign teachings of Christianity in some form. The Indian sectarian schools, so called, imparted Christian teaching with the rudiments of secular education; for this they have been summarily cut off from the monetary support hitherto accorded them by the national government. It is argued that the chief reason for this course is the fact or probability that the entire amount, some two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, would go to Catholic schools. Well, if so, what of it? The Catholic Church has done more for the civilization of the Indian in America than any other Christian denomination, nay, than all other Christian denominations and the government of the United States combined. Has Congress really stooped to that plane of blind fanaticism where it says that, rather than the Indian children shall become Catholics they shall remain pagans? This is what the rescinding of this appropriation really amounts to, since the Indian schools are the private enterprises of Christian bodies and largely Catholic.

The unhallowed name of the hero of this disgraceful movement is Linton, congressman from Michigan; the

same who has been nefariously active in preventing the passage of the District of Columbia Appropriation Bill, and impeding the acceptance in Statuary Hall of the Père Marquette statue, from similar motives. He belongs to an organization which, though it shall be nameless in these pages, is now notorious throughout the country for possessing all the qualities that bar American progress and civilization and make up the sum of our national contemptibility.

Bulgaria is a small and insignificant portion of the world's domain, and yet the scene of some of the most sensational events of the day. Yesterday we had the fiendish assassination of Stambuloff, to-day the re-baptism into the Greek Orthodox Church of Prince Boris, son and heir of the Catholic Prince Ferdinand, the Bulgarian ruler. There is no connection between these two startling occurrences visible enough to mark them as prearranged moves in the comprehensive plot of one directing mind or faction; and yet, judged alone by their likely effects, it is difficult to think of two entirely independent happenings so well concerted to one and the same end. Both events increase tremendously the ascendency of Russia in the province; both remove obstacles in the way of Ferdinand's official recognition as the Bulgarian sovereign by the Czar; both insure the power and influence, in directing the affairs of the country, of those Bulgarians who are willing to shape their policy from St. Petersburg in deference to an alleged sentiment of gratitude for Russia's aid in delivering them from the yoke of Turkey. Prince Ferdinand's part in conceding the perversion of his child's faith for the precarious possession of a recognized throne is in the last degree poltroonish, and brands him with all the craven weaknesses his enemies have charged against him. This is not patriotism to Bulgaria, but a shameless and unnecessary surrender of principle; and though it may bring Ferdinand what prestige and peace attaches to his submission to Russia, it cannot relieve him of the stigma of moral cowardice, appease his own outraged conscience, nor endear him to the people for whom nominally he made such an ignoble sacrifice of his son's most precious birthright. Better for Ferdinand to have followed his brother and predecessor, Alexander, out of Bulgaria and kingship altogether, than to purchase sovereignty at such a price.

Once in a while, even in these degenerate days, a newspaper justifies the work it professes to accomplish and the title under which it has bannered its aims. Such an organ was *The Independent* under its broad and able editor, Henry Chandler Bowen, whose death was announced since our last issue. Founded nearly fifty years ago in a spirit of progress and liberality, it has well and truly lived up to its name — in matters, too, where breadth, charity, and mutual forbearance are almost invariably discovered to go against the grain of human nature. *The Independent* has published some of the fairest and most intelligent articles on Catholic affairs that have appeared in any American journal, religious or secular; and if sometimes its point of view was mistaken, this did not appreciably mar the wholesome effect of its general attitude to Catholicism. The career of its lamented founder and editor was more than

ordinarily long and active, and he leaves an example in the conduct of a religious organ which, in its largeness of vision, intelligent appreciation of the religious position of others, and sincerity of desire to do justice to all opponents, ought to be considered worthy of pursuit and of even wider development by those engaged in the same vocation.

Massachusetts' lamented Governor Greenhalge unconsciously revealed the best side of his admirable character in a brief impromptu address made by him upon a very informal occasion a few months before his death. He had dropped in somewhat unceremoniously to a banquet given at one of Boston's hotels by a social organization which had previously tendered him its formal hospitalities, and whose members always counted him among their most genial and most welcome guests. The governor had just been greatly misrepresented by some opposing newspaper, and the injustice of the attack rankled in his feelings, which in him were far deeper than is customary with public men. Instead, however, of retorting upon the offending journal in kind, as he well knew how to do, when called upon to speak, he turned the incident into the theme of a touching and inspiring talk. Commenting upon the impressions which malicious and false assaults upon public officials must make upon the families of the latter, he said, with profound emotion vibrating in his voice and gestures: "It requires courage and patience in a public executive to stand out against the mendacious onslaughts of enemies when he knows their utterances are read in the newspapers by his nearest and dearest ones. It requires patience and courage to meet his wife and children, after his motives and honor have been subjected to the lying malice of partisan journals; to assure them that, notwithstanding the accusations, he is still the man of upright heart and honorable intentions they believed him to be; to look his boys in the face and tell them that, in spite of these attacks upon his principles and reputation, he is still a good and worthy father, whose behests and guidance they can continue safely to follow." It was evident that the governor here spoke from the bottom of his own heart and experience, and his impressive words manifested the depth of his sincere, genuine, and noble nature. It was an unfolding of those elements in his character, which, more than the brilliant qualities of his mind or the success of his public acts, endeared him to the people of his state. It was this phase of his manhood which made Governor Greenhalge a more beloved man than he ever knew.

We have contended all along, as one of the most cogent reasons for the speedy reuniting of all the factions of the Irish Parliamentary party, that England's necessities in the near future would bring about a more favorable opportunity for Ireland than has existed at any time during the present century; and that therefore Ireland's representatives should be prepared to meet the auspicious occasion with serried, undivided ranks, and a common policy. Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, in his magnificent oration on Robert Emmet in New York on the martyr patriot's birthday, corroborated and indorsed this opinion in the following stirring words: —

I repeat the expression of my belief that

within the lifetime of this generation the emancipation of Ireland will be an accomplished fact, and that causes are working to accomplish it. I base that belief, first, on my conviction that England herself will soon realize that her own pathway to safety, amid the dangers and peril which encompass her, lies through a policy of reparation and justice to Ireland; and second, I believe that if England remains blind to her own interests and deaf to the voice of justice, the civilized world will compel her to do that justice which an enlightened policy would prompt her to do spontaneously and freely of her own accord.

We see the whole world united to-day in a spirit of hostility and opposition to England, which not only prevents any extension of her influence and power, but which absolutely prevents the integrity of her empire. Wherever she has attempted to extend her power, there the world has risen in protest against it. Now, why is this? Why stands she encircled by the confession of her own statesmen, with enemies everywhere? Why is she overhung with the black cloud of distrust from which at any moment may leap out the lightning flash of destructive war? It is because she has violated the moral law! It is because she stands discredited before the world by her treatment of Ireland; it is because the world, judging of her policy by its fruits, feels that the government must be oppressive, tyrannical, and unjust. Against that background of Ireland all her other achievements pale into insignificance. (Thunderous applause.)

The manner in which many book reviews are written for some newspapers and magazines was pointed out in a recent article in *The Nineteenth Century*. The writer, Mr. William Knight, advanced the assertion, which is notoriously only too true, that when asked to review a book sent for the purpose — and presumably sent because the recipient is considered an authority or a quasi-authority (if not an expert) on the subject — some reviewers have contented themselves with cutting open the table of contents and the preface, and — without reading the book itself — proceeding to review it. At the sale of a large library of books, adds the writer, which had been sent for review to an "expert," who for many years wrote long and most dexterous literary notices for a daily newspaper of celebrity and importance, it was found that the pages of very few were cut, while some of the books and their authors had, by this critic of the hour, been brilliantly "cut up"! There are but few even of the first journals of the day which give more than a reading notice of any book sent them. The art of criticizing a book properly is a lost one, except in comparatively few publications. One of the primary reasons for this state of things is, to be sure, the congestion of volumes of all kinds under which any reviewer's table groans. There are more books published in a single year at the present time than any critic can do full justice to in several years of study and writing. The only way is to select and treat adequately of a few, and ignore the rest. No real work of merit will long remain undiscovered even if at first subjected to the latter fate. Current methods of book reviewing and criticism are the very culmination of literary fake and padding.

The Episcopal bishop of New York gave utterance, at a church dedication recently, to a noteworthy warning, peculiarly appropriate as an Easter message, and applicable with varying degrees of force to every Christian body instituted among the masses for their amelioration. Speaking upon the constant increase of the riches of the rich, and the ever spreading and growing poverty of the poor, Bishop Potter eloquently said: —

The growth of wealth and of luxury, wicked, wasteful, and wanton, as before God I declare that luxury to be, has been matched step by step by a deepening and deadening poverty which has left whole neighborhoods of people practically without hope and without aspiration.

At such a time, for the church of God to sit still and be content with theories of its duty outlawed by time and long ago demonstrated to be grotesquely inadequate to the demands of a living situation, this is to deserve the scorn of men and the curse of God! Take my word for it, men and brethren, unless you and I and all those who have any gift or stewardship of talents, or means, of whatever sort, are willing to get up out of our sloth and ease and selfish dilettanteism of service, and get down among the people who are battling amid their poverty and ignorance — young girls for their chastity, young men for their better idea' of righteousness, old and young alike for one clear ray of the immortal courage and the immortal hope — then verily the church in its stately splendor, its apostolic orders, its venerable ritual, its decorous and dignified conventions, is revealed as simply a monstrous and insolent impertinence!

Bishop Potter's conclusion may be rhetorically somewhat far-fetched, but no observing mind can for an instant doubt the burning truth and wisdom of his assertions, and the necessity incumbent upon all Christian preachers and professors of the Christian brotherhood of man to follow his behests. This declaration is like a later and a not feeble echo of Keble's inspired thunders against the Established Church of England sixty years ago, discourses which aroused the stagnant conscience of Great Britain, and gave religion there the impetus which fruited so grandly in the Tractarian movement, and the many noble works it progenerated for the uplifting of the people, directly and as indirect results. Bishop Potter's words are not unnecessary among any branch of Christians in America to-day.

While the echoes of the jubilee of Rome Redeemed (sic) were still ringing round the world, the news came from Abyssinia that the Italian army had been cut to pieces in an idiotic attempt to establish the power of King Humbert in the domain of the Negus Menelek. At once the excitable Italians were thrown into the greatest consternation. The praises of the king and of the representatives of the new order in power were changed throughout Italy to wailing and execration. Crispi, the infamous, fell before the storm, carrying his ministry with him beneath the blasts of popular fury that irresistibly smote the men who have for years duped the misguided nation. The popular belief that the show of royal Italian supremacy was a real thing, firmly fixed in power and permanency, has been shattered. United Italy stands revealed to her people and to the world as a broken, bankrupt pretender, unable either to govern the nation successfully at home, or uphold the honor of her flag abroad. That this terrible humiliation of a quarter century's impious brag and boast came, not from one of the great nations of Europe, but from a semi-civilized power in the heart of Africa, is a retribution as striking in its vengeance for the miscreant spoliations of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi as it will be effective in destroying the repute and prestige of the hollow fraud they set up under the pretext of a substantial and enduring kingdom. Without any resources in the national treasury to justify such an undertaking, or military capacity to carry it to success, the Italian leaders sought to win glory and solidity at home, by a hare-brained attempt at conquest. But they reckoned without their host, and the result is the most complete disgrace any nation has known since the Franco-Prussian war. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine. Italy is experiencing and will continue to experience the force of the old saw in all its inexorable truth.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

"Christos Voskress" ("Christ has Arisen").

Eastertide in Russia.

The cannon of the fortress of Saints Peter and Paul sends the signal booming across the Neva. Almost simultaneously the chimes ring out from countless towers, while from as many altars rises the glad response, "He has indeed arisen!"

King Frost claims the city of the Czars for his own just now. The ice-bound Neva, the canals, gay with skating rinks, the craft lying close to the granite quays these many months and wedged in with solid ice, three feet in thickness, are all in bridal white this glorious Easter morn.

Moon and stars shine their brightest, in the clear blue vault of heaven, as we cross the Nicholas Bridge.

An army, as to numbers, is already before the Malachite and lapis-lazuli altar of the Cathedral of Saint Isaac of Dalmatia, and thousands throng around its doors, unable to gain admission. No sound or murmur breaks from their lips. The long fast is ended, the hour of rejoicing is at hand—a rejoicing that includes every one in its joy; that extends from the Baltic to the Ural and north and south to the limits of the Czar's dominions. There is some joy for every one at this hour: jewelled decorations for the nobles; ribbons and medals for the rich merchant class; preferment and emolument for employees; money and clothing for the poor; good cheer, and, in many cases, pardon for prisoners, because "Christos Voskress" ("Christ has arisen"). "He has indeed arisen."

All classes have fasted and prayed; and if the rich have fasted on dainty cheer, and the succulent dishes known only to *chef* or "*cordon bleu*," they have made up in charity for the difference in Lenten fare between their observance and that of "Ivan." the peasant.

Ivan has fasted according to the letter of the law. Neither flesh, fish, butter, milk, cheese nor eggs have passed his lips. He has drunk only quass (drink made of fermented black bread) and vadker or brandy. The latter, sad to say, has been out of all proportion with the innocent quass.

But look at poor Ivan in his Easter best. His face is brimful of joy. He is eager to embrace every one he meets, and no one, save a churl or foreigner, turns from him. From the depths of the pocket of his blue caftan he fishes up a colored egg and, smiling, says: "Christos Voskress," barin, or barina (lord or lady), and you exchange three kisses with him, in early Christian fashion, and give him a rouble for "na tchai" (*pour boire*). He goes off blessing you, and crossing himself for joy, to spend it at the Balagans.*

Space will not allow us to speak of the gorgeous midnight service at Saint Isaac's, or the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan. They are marvellously splendid. Neither can we enter our own dear church of Saint Catherine, of Alexandria, the beautiful Jesuit

*Balagans, temporary theatres, constructed for the pleasure of the humble class, but patronized by all classes.

monument. Its doors are closed. Outwardly all is still, though, no doubt, in the private chapel of the convent, where the sons of Saint Ignatius once knelt, and where, till recently, their successors, the sons of Saint Dominic the preacher knelt, the good Polish fathers, now the possessors of the historic old church and convent, are offering up the incense of their prayers. Authority permits them to begin the office of the Resurrection only at 6 A. M.

Long ere that hour Ivan and his master will be in bed and asleep. From the solemn midnight service they hasten to the banquet. In every Russian house there is a table spread this night, that will remain covered the whole week; all who enter are expected to partake of its cheer, the "koolitch," or Easter loaf and its accompaniment, the "pasca," or sweet dish, made of sour cream, sugar, and plums. These, with the Easter eggs, have been blessed at midnight Mass, and are held sacred in honor of the Risen Lord. J. M. C.

Personal Influence.

The retirement of Lent has given to Catholics living in the world an opportunity to criticise wisely the amusements of the past winter, and see if their effect has been hurtful or beneficial. To take extreme cases in illustration of my meaning, no one can see and hear the opera of Fidelio by Beethoven without being wiser and better for the experience; no one can see a play or opera bouffe, written to satisfy the coarse and immoral taste which happens to be current at a particular period, without being injured or disgusted.

Such plays pass away with the caprice of the public. A play that can hold the stage for fifty years does it by the strength of intellect and by that profound appeal to one's higher nature which alone can please audiences during two generations. It is not classic plays that we are to fear, but ephemeral productions made to suit and flatter with subtle skill the bad taste of the day and hour.

In the matter of reading, a woman of sense and education may be trusted to judge for herself; but in the matter of public entertainments she has to remember that her presence at a theatre is an indorsement of the play, ballet, or opera. Do any of my readers remember that wise and holy man, Bishop Fitzpatrick? This was his advice to a woman living the devout life in the world: "Remember that what does you no harm may be a source of fearful temptation to others. If you are seen at such an entertainment, young people who know you will say, 'She is good and religious and she comes here; there can be no harm, then, in my coming.'" Dear Bishop John, as we lovingly call him, was no enemy to wholesome amusement, but he knew human nature and the force of personal influence. The Catholic public is far more influential than it was in those early days. An injurious story in a magazine has now only to be widely condemned by the Catholic public, to be followed by a penitential course of excellent articles on subjects agreeable to Catholics. Editors, authors, actors, and managers work to please the public. If any large portion of the community shows itself displeased, the success of the bad novel or play is impaired, and its vicious career is shortened.

Let us then avoid in future such public amusements as our Lenten judgment has condemned.

Public Opinion.

House Bill No. 135, introduced into the 71st General Assembly of Ohio, contains among other things this singular provision: "That all persons sentenced to death by any court having jurisdiction in the state of Ohio shall be held as subjects for experimental research. That the executioner shall be an expert physiologist." This means that prisoners condemned to death in Ohio shall be held as subjects for vivisection. The bill was introduced by Mr. Rowlen (by request). It is only a proposal, but the mere proposal should be met with a solid front of opposition. The idea is an insult to humanity, and I speak of it in this department because public opinion is now the ballot box for women, and no limit is set to the number of votes to be deposited by each individual.

EMMA FORBES CARY.

A. D. 1896.

What an endless variety of interests even one woman's life represents, with the rapid interchange of mental and manual work which the present era seems to require of her! She must be not only a well-read woman, but a philosopher and to some extent a politician in these days. A knowledge of business affairs, as well as of the science of cooking, must be added to her other more feminine acquirements as an indispensable part of her general fitness for the exigencies of the times.

This ability of adaptation to existing social requirements may give spice to life, but it is totally incompatible with the development of genius, which possibly may be sacrificed to this too diverse although thoroughly practical condition of things. The bent of genius is toward some one goal which necessitates the avoidance of ways and means that do not tend to its advancement.

This does not seem to be an age of genius in art for either men or women, at least in this country. What a lustre would shine forth with the advent of one such among us to-day! Our poets, our artists, our musicians, where are they? Yet we work, we work hard to express the best that is in us. Publishers do not lack material for bookmaking, prizes are offered for masterpieces in art, our halls are filled with lovers of music, who often return to their own firesides wearied with what they have heard.

Where are our statesmen, our lecturers? Men of thought, men of wisdom? Alas and alas! To our books we must turn, and fortunate are we if we have them.

A Thought for Easter.

A few weeks ago, what seemed a universal war cry harrowed our hearts with misgivings. Thank God, that at the Resurrection tide, with its "Peace be to you," we can proclaim to all the world our determination to maintain the peace promised to "men of good will."

There is no one, be his life ever so insignificant, who should not be thankful for the Divine Providence that has carried us through this trying crisis. There is no soul, certainly no Catholic soul, who should not, both in word and deed, acknowledge the watchful care of the God of Nations, who looks down upon the Easter of 1896, and with special blessings upon His Church in this land of freedom exhorts us to renew our pledge of faithfulness in His service.

CHARLOTTE C. JOHNSTON.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

To Samuel and others, who have asked if any concessions have been possible to members of secret societies, we offer the solution contained in the following letter from Rome to the apostolic delegate. It will be noticed that the condemnation remains in full force against the Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows, and Sons of Temperance. The toleration which may be extended to Catholic members is precisely defined in the appended letter. We invite our readers to a careful perusal of its every word. And in conclusion we must say to those who have sent us their opinions regarding the condemnation of these orders, that we have no views on such matters. Rome decides, and when Rome speaks, the case is settled.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., February 13, 1896.

Your Grace: Under date of August 13, 1895, I received from the cardinal prefect of the Propaganda, instructions regarding the application of the well-known decree of the Holy Office condemning the three societies, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, and Sons of Temperance.

According to these instructions, which I communicated to your Grace at the time, the condemnation was to be considered absolute; and wherever peculiar circumstances seemed to merit special consideration in particular cases, the matter was to be referred by the ordinary to Rome. In consequence many bishops have, since that time, sent to the Propaganda cases which have been referred to the Holy Office for consideration. The Supreme Congregation, after deliberation of such cases, has, by a decree dated January 18, 1896, determined on a course which is explained by the words, which I quote from the decree itself: —

"It was asked whether or not all associations whatever, with the sects being removed, would this at least be lawful; viz., to allow one's name to be retained on the list of membership and to pay his respective dues at the appointed time? This most important question was submitted by his Holiness to this Supreme Congregation for an answer. The congregation, after mature deliberation, judged it proper to answer as follows: As a general rule it cannot be permitted. It may be tolerated, however, provided the following four conditions are verified in each case: —

"1. If the member joined any of these societies in good faith and before their condemnation was made known to him.

"2. Provided no scandal will occur and all danger of such shall be removed by a timely declaration to the effect that the member pays his dues so that he may not be deprived of the benefits accruing therefrom. The member must, however, in the meantime, abstain from all association or commingling of any character with these sects.

"3. The renunciation must entail upon himself or his family a notable and serious loss.

"4. There must not be any danger of a loss of faith, either for the man himself or for his family, arising from the sects, especially with regard to the circumstances of sickness or death, and every possibility of funeral rites foreign to the Catholic ritual must be removed.

"These conditions, when they were made known to his Holiness, were fully approved and confirmed. Since, however, the question is a most grave one and replete with difficulties and dangers, and one which affects not only many dioceses, but also ecclesiastical provinces, the Holy Father, to the end that a uniform rule should be observed, orders that in particular cases your Eminence and your successors in the apostolic delegation shall have jurisdiction."

I beg you to communicate the above disposi-

tion of the Holy See as soon as possible to your suffragans, and through them to the confessors. With sentiments of highest esteem and fraternal charity, for his Eminence, the apostolic pro-delegate, most faithfully yours,

D. SBARRETTI, Auditor.

Lenten observer wishes to know the meaning of Septuagesima, Sexagesima, Quinquagesima, and Quadragesima.

2. Why there are forty days of Lent?

3. Where do the palms used on Palm Sunday come from?

4. What is the meaning of the triple candle used in Holy Week?

5. What is the meaning of the paschal candle?

6. Why is the book moved from the left to the right side of the altar during Mass?

1. In the early ages of Christianity, the festival of Easter was preceded, as it is at present, by a season of penance, but the same number of days was not everywhere observed. In some places Lent was of forty days; in others, more; and in some, even seventy days; again, in certain localities, the fast of Lent was interrupted some days of the week, and so Lent began earlier, that forty days of fast should be kept. Thus in some countries, Lent began with the fiftieth, the sixtieth, or the seventieth day before Easter, and so the Sundays before Lent are called Septuagesima, Sexagesima, Quinquagesima; that is, the Sunday which falls within the seventy, sixty, or fifty days' fast. Quadragesima, the ordinary name for the first of our present Sundays of Lent, signifies the Sunday falling within the forty days' fast. In the year 511 and again in 541, the popes and councils of the Church ordained that everywhere, throughout the entire Church, uniformity should be observed in the commencement and duration of Lent. So forty days of fast were marked out. With the Sundays, Lent lasts forty-six days, but the Sundays are not fast days. The old names were retained; and even now, as regards divine service, the weeks preceding Lent are observed in almost the same manner as in the days of Lent. The priest at the altar wears purple, the "Gloria in Excelsis" is omitted from the Mass, and the "Alleluia," the word of joy, from the Mass and the Divine Office.

2. In memory of our divine Lord's fast of forty days and forty nights.

3. To-day, the dealers in the Northern States largely procure the palms from Florida and other Southern districts.

4. The triple candle is lighted on Holy Thursday. It represents the Holy Trinity, one in nature, three in persons, of whom the Second Person came into the world as the light from heaven. "That was the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world" (John i, 9). Hence the priest, in lighting this candle, says thrice: "*Lumen Christi*" (the light of Christ), and the attendants, kneeling, answer, "*Deo Gratias*" (Thanks be to God), giving thanks to the Eternal Father, who sent His only begotten Son into the world to enlighten us.

5. The paschal candle represents Christ. It is lighted on the altar at the High Mass and other public offices from Holy Saturday and Easter until Ascension. Then it is extinguished after the reading of the Gospel in the High Mass of that day, to indicate that our Lord has gone to heaven.

6. In the beginning there was a practical reason for transferring the book from the Epistle to the Gospel side of the altar. The prayers and lessons which did not pertain to the Mass proper were read by the priest at the left side of the altar. But when the time for the offertory arrived, the book was removed to the

other side, to make room for the offerings of the people, which were placed at the left. Even now the book is removed for the convenience of the servers who bring the wine and water for the priest. A mystical meaning also has been given for this moving of the book: it indicates the transfer of the law and authority from the priesthood of Aaron to that of the Apostles, the men who preached the Gospel. At the end of the Gospel, the server answers, "Praise be to thee, O Christ." In this word we thank God for the good tidings conveyed to us by His Holy Gospels.

Some anonymous correspondent sends us a clipping from a Portland newspaper thus headed, "Divorce approved by the Pope." 1, we do not answer unsigned letters. 2, we have at different times in these columns pointed out the unchanging and unchangeable action of the Church on the marriage issue. Christ's law is her law: "Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder." When the marriage exists, the Church does not, cannot dissolve it. She may permit separation; she does not permit a new marriage. 3, the great anxiety of some newspapers to make sensational matter out of a seeming divorce is a strong indication of the way in which the Church is closely watched in all her movements. Our Catholics need not be alarmed by these reports. When the sensation passes by, and the truth is known, the Church will be found in her same centuries-old position — the defender of woman and the saviour of the family.

From Little Rock comes this question: —

Is it true to say that no one not a member of the Catholic Church will enter heaven?

There is a doctrine, and an absolute one, that outside the Catholic Church there is no salvation. But as we have already explained in these columns, a man may to our vision be outside the Church, and yet, by reason of his good faith and invincible ignorance, be in God's eyes a member of it. We only know this: A man must assent to the truth when it is presented to him; and if he willingly refuses to join the Catholic Church when he knows it to be the true Church, he sins against light, and merits the condemnation of those who preferred the darkness to the light. But when a man receives that light, and who receive it, who reject it, we do not know; God knows. In all these matters we should seek the real sense of words, and not any slipshod explanation that comes to the surface. The Church is the teacher and saviour of the human race by the will of the Saviour. She teaches and saves in His name, and she calls all to be her children, and to be saved by her. Each individual may not hear the call, nor recognize her mission as divine. He will answer to God according to his conscience.

Kansas asks: —

1. Can a Catholic magistrate marry any couple, Catholic, Protestant, or infidel, who may come to him for the purpose?

2. Can a priest marry non-Catholics if they request him to do so?

3. Are Catholics permitted to be present at Protestant marriage ceremonies?

4. Can a Catholic "stand up" (be a witness) at a non-Catholic marriage?

1. He can in the abstract, but practically he should send them to the priest, if Catholics, or to their minister, if Protestants. Only in case of necessity can he officiate himself.

2. There is nothing absolutely

wrong in the thing in itself. But outside of necessity, and unless he made sure there was no impediment, he should not.

3. It depends greatly on the question of scandal. If their presence there means grave scandal, they must not go. Otherwise they may be allowed, either as friends or spectators.

4. In some dioceses, as in Manchester, New Hampshire, this is made a reserved case, to be absolved only by the bishop. In other dioceses, where there is no positive prohibition, a Catholic may for weighty reasons be permitted to act as a witness, in so much as he is not considered as taking part in a religious ceremony. But always the question of scandal is to be considered, and the presence of a Catholic as a witness at a non-Catholic marriage would (outside of exceptional circumstances) give grave scandal. Practically, therefore, he should not so act.

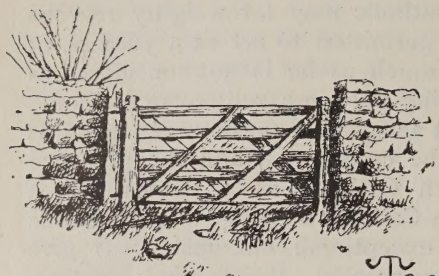
A DEAD SECRET.

LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN.

THERE is a gurl wid a hazel eye
  An' a for'ed fair as day,
Wid a cheek where pretty dimples lie
  Like little loves at play.
  An' it's me as knows
  Where she comes an' goes;
And what's her name an' where's her dwellin',
I know — but I won't be after tellin'.

She has a sweet little rosebud mouth,
  An' a hand like lilies white,
The loveliest face from north to south,
  She's a queen from dawn till night.
  An' it's me as knows
  Where she comes an' goes;
An' what's her name, an' where's her dwellin',
I know — but I won't be after tellin'.

I know a lad wid an Irish name,
  An' a roguish eye that smiles,
Wid a homely face, an' a mouth the same
  An' the roughest hand fer miles.
  But the sweet things said,
  An' the time we'll wed,
An' what's our name, an' where's our dwellin',
I know — but I won't be after tellin'.

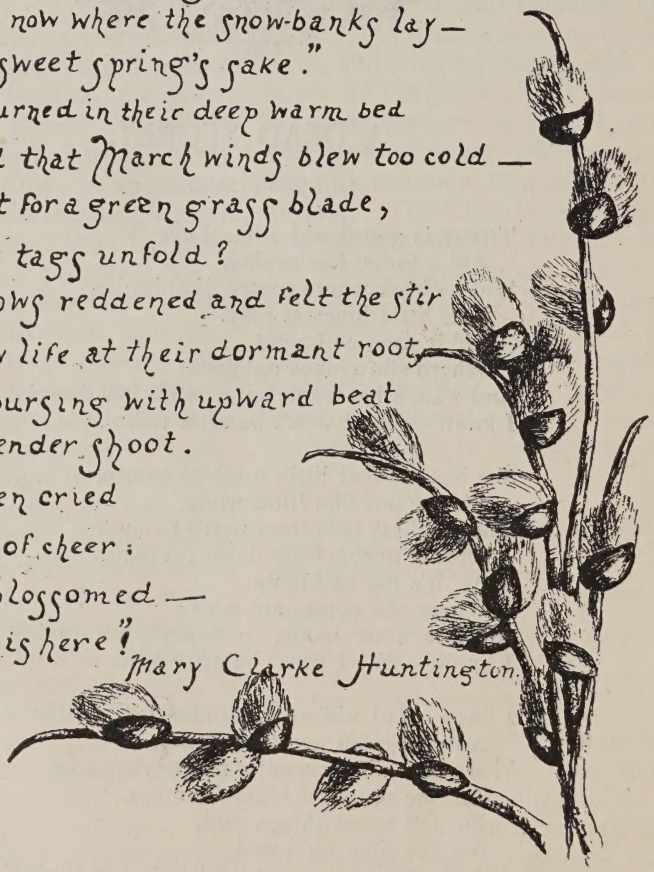


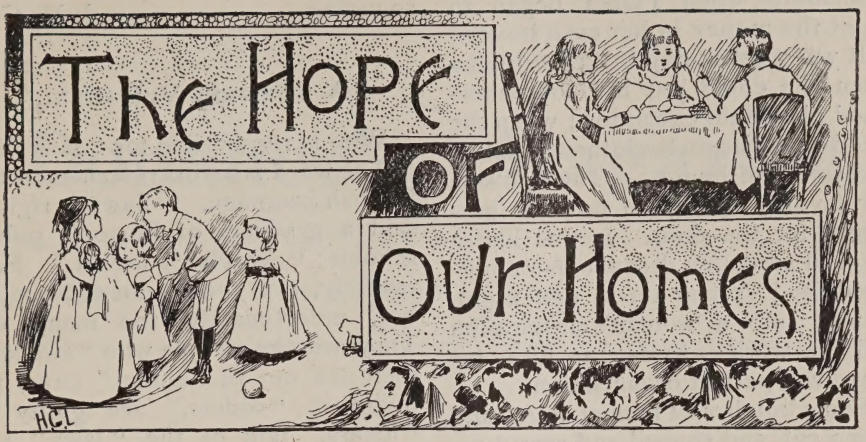
Pussy-Willows.

The willow bushes beside our wall
Whispered together: "The wild geese flew
To northward many a day ago—
And is there nothing for us to do?"

So then they tapped on the barren earth—
They called to the crocus: "Awake! awake!
Brooks ripple now where the snow-banks lay—
Arise, for the sweet spring's sake."
The crocus turned in their deep warm bed
And grumbled that March winds blew too cold—
So why not wait for a green grass blade,
Or till maple tags unfold?
But the willows reddened and felt the stir
Of sweet new life at their dormant root,
Of new life coursing with upward beat
Thro every slender shoot.
And children cried
With a sense of cheer:
"Pussys are blossomed—
And spring is here!"

Mary Clarke Huntington.





The True Story of a Russian Violet.

"Barina (Lady), may I stop a minute there?"

The poor old isvostchick we had hired in a remote district, where only the poorest of his class lingered to collect a chance fare to some more lucrative quarter, pointed with his short whip to a shop in the lower story of one of the fine new houses in the aristocratic Mohoraya.

Permission given, the old man hurried into the shop, and soon came forth with a capacious bundle, which he carefully stowed away in the bottom of the droshky, under his feet. The bundle held a suit of garments, evidently much needed. How came he to get them here, one might well ask, for the appearance of the house and the reputation of the street would not lead one to suspect the existence of a cheap shop. That the isvostchick was delighted with his purchase was shown by the expression of his wrinkled, bearded face. It told a whole story, and you may like to know the origin of a good work that could so brighten the weather-beaten, care-worn face of this poor droshky-driver.

When the day of governesses was happily and brilliantly ended for Fialka, she might have been one of the most favored maids of honor at the Imperial Court, if she had wished it; but her mind had long been made up that real work was not for those who wore silks and satins and jewels. She would none of them.

So she counted again the coins in her money box, nay, in her money boxes, for now she had more than one, and, better still, a monthly allowance for pin-money.

Pin-money for Fialka meant needles and thread, and warm stuffs suitable for the humblest of the humble and poorest of the poor, such as sweeps and isvostchicks. And now she showed the only weakness of her life: her sympathy went out more strongly to the latter as a class than to the former, not that she pitied the sweep less, but she pitied the isvostchick more, for the good reason that he was constantly exposed to the fierce Russian blast. Open-air fur-

naces had not been established in St. Petersburg when Fialka began to count the money in her cash boxes.

It was a great day for good Fialka when she could put her long-cherished plans into execution; when she could really begin to clothe the naked and feed the hungry. The first was her favorite work, to provide garments for the poor. It was like a magical seed, this dream of her childhood, and sprang up in one night, almost, into a woman's inspiration and life work — to-day an idea, to-morrow a perfect organization.

Some bundles of flannel, linen, and calico cut and shaped and sewed together, given freely to the penniless, bought at actual cost by those who could pay the modest price — such was the beginning of Fialka's work. To-day it is an immense organization. You may see hurrying through the streets of St. Petersburg a slight figure simply clad with short skirt, thick walking-boots, neat round hat, going in search of those whom she can help, or perhaps enlist in her good work. This is Fialka, Countess of X., one of the sweetest, and I should say one of the most blessed women in all the Northern Capital.

Modest to a fault, her name has never been openly pronounced in connection with the work she founded, although her correspondence concerning it is immense. And moreover, no other charity would be considered complete without her help and advice. But as the name I give her, Fialka or Violet, implies, she chooses to hide her head, and let the perfume of her good works ascend to Him who inspires them.

So from a child's unconscious play sprang a perfect work. It was as if practice on a silent keyboard had given skill and strength to produce harmonies melodious and far resounding. J. M. C.

A Common Vulgarism.

Who is responsible for "sawr"?

The word is an excrescence on the English language. "Sawr is right," said a graduate of Boston's public schools; "everybody uses it." Fortunately, everybody doesn't use it, but, unfortunately, too many do. They are the people who "swaller" their tea out of "chiner" cups, indulge in "soders," are guilty of "idears," talk of the "lawr," and have a host of unhappy feminine friends all Aders, Iders, Evars, Anners, and Hanners. Children, don't put an "r" where it does not belong.

The Use of Flags.

Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called flag-officers. Such flags are square, to distinguish them from other banners. A "flag of truce" is a white flag displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for a parley or consultation. The white flag is the sign of peace. After a battle parties from both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead under the protection of the white flag. The red flag is the sign of defiance, and is often used by revolutionists.

THE MOST SIMPLE AND SAFE REMEDY for a Cough or Throat Trouble is "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" They possess real merit.

A Good Child

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary.

Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XXXV. BOSTON, MAY, 1896. No. 5.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1896.

EX-CONGRESSMAN W. J. BRYAN.

THE campaign of 1896 will be a memorable one in the history of the United States. In 1892 the two leading parties adopted platform declarations quite similar on the money question. The Republican Party said, "The American people from tradition and interest favor bimetallism," and the Democratic Party said, "We hold to the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country, and to the coinage of both gold and silver without discrimination against either metal or charge for mintage."

The language of both platforms thus strongly declared for the bimetallic principle, and was used in the West and South to show that both parties favored the double standard, while the qualifying words of the platforms were used in the East to show that both parties were opposed to free coinage. The silver question was thus practically eliminated from the campaign and the contest was waged upon the tariff question. When Mr. Cleveland was elected, instead of calling a special session of Congress to reduce the tariff rates, he waited until the New York bankers had started the money panic of 1893, and then called Congress together to repeal the Sherman Law. The repeal of the purchasing clause of this law, followed by the veto of the seignorage bill, the issue of bonds, and the demand for the retirement of the greenbacks, has made the money question the paramount issue for the coming campaign.

The Eastern Democrats ask for a platform indorsing Mr. Cleveland's financial policy, declaring in favor of the maintenance of the gold standard, and demanding the retirement of the greenbacks. The Western and Southern Democrats will oppose any indorsement of Mr. Cleveland's

financial views, will demand the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the present legal ratio of sixteen to one without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation, and will oppose the retirement of the greenbacks. The silver Democrats believe that a gold standard means financial bondage to the masses of the people; and if the gold Democrats are sincere in their declaration that the free coinage of silver means the commercial ruin of the country, then it is certain that these divergent views cannot be harmonized by a national convention.

The Republican Party is also disturbed, but it is likely to attempt an indorsement of the Minneapolis platform in order to prevent, if possible, a division in its ranks. The gold-standard Republicans try to make the tariff question the paramount issue, but it is now probable that Western Republicans will not be content with anything less than an emphatic declaration for free silver. The Populist Party is becoming more conservative as it increases in numbers, and will probably make the fight this year substantially on the money question alone. This is also the purpose of the party known as the Free Silver Party.

It is evident, then, that the money question must be met in this presidential campaign. How the fight may shape itself it is difficult at this time to predict; but that the voters of the United States will have, for once, an opportunity to clearly express themselves on the money question is now certain. This question presents itself in two forms. First, what kind of metallic money shall we have; and second, how shall the paper money be issued? While these two questions are not necessarily connected, they will probably be fought out together, because the advocates of the gold standard are almost without exception advocates of a national bank currency, while the advocates of free silver are quite as unanimously opposed to a national bank currency.

For five years the conviction has been growing upon me that the struggle over our monetary standard must be settled before any other reform can be taken up, and that the Democratic Party must be prepared to solve the problem correctly or retire for a time, at least, from public notice.

Prior to 1873 it mattered little whether any particular nation used gold or silver or both as standard money, because there were sufficient open mints to convert into money all the gold and silver available for coinage. Now, however, the crusade against silver has gone so far that every new convert to the gold standard increases the demand for gold, and therefore makes gold dearer and commodities cheaper. The United States has reached a point where it must choose between the single gold standard and bimetallism.

We have for some years maintained the gold standard of value, but have given unlimited legal tender to silver; but the action of the government in refusing to use silver in the redemption of greenbacks has made it necessary for the United States to restore bimetallism or limit the legal-tender qualities of silver, because the government cannot afford to permit its taxes to be paid in silver unless it can use that silver in the payment of its own debts. If the United States casts its great influence upon the side of the gold standard it will help to intensify the

strain upon gold and still further discredi silver. Therefore the contest in this country has assumed a position of world-wide importance.

Until recently there was no dispute as to the meaning of the word "bimetallism." I think it may be said without fear of contradiction that until 1873 there was but one definition of bimetallism, and that definition was substantially as follows: "A system which makes gold and silver full legal-tender standard money, and permits the coinage of both gold and silver on private account at a fixed ratio, without limitation as to amount and on equal terms."

Within the last few years an attempt has been made by Senator Sherman and others to substitute a new definition and to define bimetallism to mean the use of gold as a standard, with silver coined in limited quantities as a limited legal tender and redeemable in gold. This is simply the English system at this time, and cannot properly be called bimetallism. If to use gold as a standard and silver as token money redeemable in gold can be called bimetallism, then there is no such thing as gold mono-metallism, because every gold-standard country uses silver as token money. The absurdity of such a definition is shown by the fact that we have quadruple metallism in this country now, if that definition is correct, because we coin copper and nickel, as well as silver, into token money.

Many people confuse the bimetallic principle with the concurrent circulation of gold and silver. There is an essential difference. While the advocates of bimetallism believe that there will be concurrent circulation of gold and silver under free coinage at the present ratio, yet concurrent circulation is not necessary to the bimetallic principle. For instance, we had the bimetallic principle in operation in this country from 1792 to 1834, and yet gold was at a premium and silver was the money in common use. From 1834 to 1860 we had the bimetallic principle in operation, and yet silver was at a premium and gold was the money in common use. From 1860 to 1873 we had the bimetallic principle so far as metallic money was concerned, but we were in fact on a paper basis, with gold at a premium above paper, and silver at a premium above gold.

Bimetallism is theoretically better than mono-metallism, because the use of two metals as a standard money gives stability to the volume of the currency, and therefore makes the purchasing power of the dollar less changeable. One economist has illustrated it by comparing it to a river fed from two sources, which will be more uniform in volume than a river fed from one source. The great thing desired is stability in the purchasing power of the dollar.

It is strange that the present advocates of the gold standard who style themselves the friends of "sound money" and "honest money" have never given a definition of "sound money" or "honest money" which betrays any knowledge of the science of money. If you ask a gold-standard man what he considers "sound" or "honest" money he will say that that is "sound" or "honest" money which when melted loses none of its value; or which has a bullion value equal to the coinage value.

This definition of "sound" or "honest" money overlooks entirely the purchasing power of the dollar. According to that definition the vol-

ume of the currency is entirely immaterial. If the volume of money were increased one hundred-fold, or divided by one hundred it would still be "sound money" if the bullion value of the metal were equal to the coinage value. As a matter of fact, the bullion value is equal to the coinage value only because of the law which permits the gratuitous coinage of the bullion. If, for instance, the government should charge 5 cents for coining 24.8 grains of standard gold into a dollar, no gold would be coined unless the bullion value of that much gold was ninety-five cents or less. In order to have a money which will not suffer by melting, we must have a law which will permit the gratuitous conversion of the metal into money; and yet the definition of "sound money" generally given by the goldites ignores the law upon which it is based and disregards the purchasing power of the dollar.

The bimetallists believe that an honest dollar is a dollar whose purchasing power remains the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and that that financial system is best which gives the nearest approach to absolute stability in purchasing power. A dollar can be made dear by legislation which will either lessen the volume of standard money, or provide for an increase which is less rapid than the increase in the demand for money. A dollar which increases in value is just as dishonest as a dollar which decreases in value, the only difference being that the dollar which rises in value helps the creditor and destroys enterprise, while a dollar which falls in value helps the debtor and stimulates speculation.

Mr. Carlisle in 1878 said that the destruction of silver as money throughout the world would produce more misery "than all the wars, pestilences, and famines that ever occurred in the history of the world."

In my judgment he did not overstate the case. Nothing can be more disastrous to the people as a whole than a dollar which gradually rises in purchasing power. There is a wide difference between legislation which is intended to take from an article a fictitious price put into it by law, and legislation which attempts to reduce the general level of prices. For instance, tariff reformers contend that a protective tariff raises the price of certain favored articles and thus makes the farmer and the unprotected producer pay a higher price for what he buys without realizing any higher price for what he sells. Legislation which takes away this unfair advantage to a favored few is very different from legislation which attempts to reduce average prices by making money dearer.

The contest which is being waged over the money question is largely a contest between the creditor class and the producers of wealth. The man who owns dollars is just as much interested in having those dollars rise in value as the man who owns lands is interested in having land rise in value, while the man who owes dollars and must obtain them by selling the products of his labor is unjustly oppressed by a law which makes dollars harder to get. Debts are payable in dollars, and the mortgage calls for the same number of dollars, no matter how dear those dollars may become.

Mr. Blaine understood this when he said in 1878 that the adoption of gold as the sole standard of value would have a ruinous effect on all forms of property except those in-

vestments which yield a fixed return in money, and added, "these would be enormously enhanced in value, and would gain a disproportionate and unfair advantage over all other forms of property." Mr. Sherman understood it when he said in 1869 that the contraction of the currency would bring disastrous consequences to all except "the capitalist out of debt, the salaried officer, and annuitant." Mr. Carlisle understood this when in 1878 he predicted that the secretary of the Treasury (John Sherman) would coin as little money as possible under the Bland Act because he was in sympathy with "the idle holders of idle capital," rather than "with the struggling masses who produce the wealth and pay the taxes of the country." England, a great creditor nation, insists on a gold standard and defends her position, in the language of Mr. Gladstone, because she is interested in having dollars dear. The northeastern states are in favor of the gold standard because they represent the creditor class in the United States. The people of the West and South are advocates of bimetallism because they feel most keenly the injustice done by a rising standard. The farmer who sees his mortgage increase from year to year because of the fall in the price of his products has as much legal right to protect himself (and a higher moral right) as the Eastern creditor has to demand a dollar constantly increasing in purchasing power.

But I fear I have trespassed too much upon space in the discussion of the question of metallic money. Permit me to say a word in regard to paper money.

The demand for the retirement of the greenbacks comes largely from the national banks. They ask that the greenbacks be retired by the issue of bonds drawing, say, three per cent, and then they demand the right to issue bank notes up to the face of the bonds, and they also insist that the tax upon bank-note circulation should be reduced to one quarter of one per cent or taken off entirely. If their plan is adopted they expect to purchase three per cent bonds at par and then issue enough bank notes on the bonds to reimburse them for all the money paid for the bonds; then they expect to draw interest at the rate of three per cent upon the amount of the bonds held without having any money actually invested in the transaction.

If a farmer should ask the government to loan him money to the full value of his farm at a quarter of one per cent (or for nothing) he would not only be accused of being selfish, but he would be called a socialist and an anarchist. Is it not strange that a banker can ask for a similar privilege, but on a different security, without being suspected of any selfish motive? Greenbacks have saved the people a large interest account, and have furnished as good money as this country has ever had. If the national bank points to the use of the greenback to draw gold out of the treasury, we reply that the greenback could not be used for that purpose if the government would exercise its right to redeem it in either gold or silver. Under the bimetallic principle the debtor always has the option, and that option is as important to the government as it is to an individual.

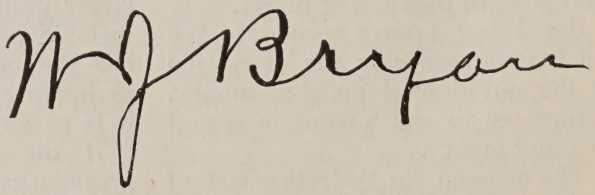
If the government will redeem greenbacks in silver it can stop the raid upon the treasury at any time, and thus protect the tax payers from

an increase in the bonded debt. There are three fundamental objections to banks of issue, whether they be state or national. In the first place, no bank can be permitted to issue money without being given a special privilege denied to the people generally. It is not a sufficient answer to this objection to say that everybody can go into the banking business. It would be just as absurd to advocate a bounty of one thousand dollars a year to all lawyers and defend it upon the ground that every person could become a lawyer.

The second objection to banks of issue is that the banks are given control of the volume of paper money. Wendell Phillips made a speech in 1880 in which he very clearly demonstrated the danger of allowing banks or private individuals to control the volume of paper money. Jefferson said that banks of issue were more dangerous than standing armies, and I am inclined to agree with him. While the control of the volume of paper money may be a dangerous power to place in the hands of the government, it is certainly safer in the hands of the government than it is in private hands.

The third objection is that the banks, when they issue paper money, regard themselves as having a vested right in the nation's financial policy, and therefore oppose any system which interferes with theirs. The Bible gives us a good illustration of this danger in the case of Demetrius, the silversmith, who objected to the teachings of Christ because those teachings interfered with his business, the making of shrines for Diana. Whenever the banks are allowed to issue bank notes, mere images of real money, they are hostile to the creation of any real money which would interfere with their notes. Mr. Cleveland suggests that the issue of paper money is properly the business of banks, and that the government ought to go out of the banking business.

Thomas Jefferson, on the other hand, thought that the issue of money was properly a business of the government, and that the banks ought to go out of the governing business. While it is unpleasant to be compelled to choose between two distinguished Democrats, I have no hesitation in standing upon the Jefferson platform rather than the platform adopted by Mr. Cleveland. The campaign of 1896 may not settle, but it will, at least, go far towards settling, the two questions first suggested: first, shall we have the gold standard or the bimetallic standard? second, shall we have paper money issued by the government or paper money issued by banks? The northeastern states will support the gold standard and national bank currency. The South and West will support bimetallism and government paper.



AMEN.

Translated from the French of Father Pierre, D. C.

(As in the shell the mighty ocean sings
Its myriad notes in one full tone compressed,
So to my heart thy gentle music brings
All voices of my God in note of rest. *)

AMEN, Amen, O grand, celestial word!
Breathing the unction of Divinity.
In thee the echo of all good is heard,
Thou sayest all in thy simplicity.

Amen, Amen, in peace or rush of war,
In pleasure or in toil, in joy or pain,
On earth, in Heaven, ah! what can I crave more,
Save Thee alone, my God, my only gain?

Amen, Amen, in love's abandoned night,
In dryness or disgust, in lonely fears,
My thousand ills are numbered in His sight,
Enough to me His name alone appears.

Amen, Amen, my God, permit, ordain,
And I adhere, Thou art my only bliss.
To the abandoned heart, how dear the pain,
When love's Amen consoles with gentle kiss.

Amen, Amen, thy cry of faith sublime
Ascendeth from Gethsemane of woe,
And on the cross the Victim of our crime
With love repeateth thee in dying throe.

Amen, Amen; of the blest Fatherland,
Thou art fore'er the canticle of love.
If to thy music here the heart expand,
'Tis presage of eternal song above.

O blest abandonment, thou dost suffice
To deify a soul enslaved to thee.
Amen, Amen, shall be my sole device,
In God. for Him I live eternally.

* Translator.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

AMONG our American prelates there is not a more pleasant personality than the Archbishop of Philadelphia. Fortune has been kind to him in many ways, and he seems bent on sharing her favors with the entire world. For forty years he has been travelling the American highway in full view of his brethren and his people, and in all that time he has given no offence to any, and has been watched with delight by thousands. Of a splendid figure, nobly featured, graceful in manners, easy of approach, persuasive in speech, his appearance and his voice have charmed many hearts and disarmed the captious. He has been a successful representative of his faith and his race before the American world. His fine physique has filled the eye and his Celtic wit has won the heart wherever he appeared.

His power as an orator has gratified his people no less than his uncommon reserve and dignity as a prelate. He has had the advantage of always appearing in public under the happiest conditions. His coming had been announced, and the story of his eloquence had long preceded him. It is to his praise that he never disappointed the expectations of his admirers. Moreover, in spite of his serious abilities and serious disposition, men smiled when they met him. Through the dignities of priest, prelate, orator and leader, the gentle lightning of his wit had so often shone that men remembered the *bon mot* sooner than the bishop, and felt the man much sooner than the orator. This is a distinct advantage for any public man, above all for the churchman of rank and ability, who is apt to overpower us.

With all his bonhomie, Archbishop Ireland is too serious, and the same may be said of the Cardinal of Baltimore. A witty prelate is twice a wit. The whole world laughs with the Abbé Maury at the mob who pressed upon him one day in the streets of Paris with threats of murder. "Monsieur l'Abbé is going to say Mass," cried one. "Let him say it at the lamp-post," cried another, meaning to hang him there. "I'll serve the Mass," yelled a cut-throat, stepping forward to seize the priest. "Thanks, my son," said the abbé, pointing two pistols at him, "here are the cruets." They made him a cardinal later. Certainly the red hat becomes a priest who is both orator and wit, and it would look finely on the auburn locks of the prelate of Philadelphia.

Dr. Ryan is a retiring character, and has so preferred the prudent and quiet course through life that the average man of affairs would hardly credit him with a large place in the affairs of the Church in America. At the same time it is easy to perceive that a man of his ability and accomplishments could with difficulty hold

an eminent position in the Church for forty years, and remain a cipher. He has not been aggressive; for aggressiveness, strangely enough, seeing that he is Irish, seems foreign to his nature. Hence, the appropriateness of a brief explanation of his career and of his influence, in view of the uncertainty average people might entertain about both. He has enjoyed a life that may fairly be called picturesque. His education he received in Ireland in O'Connell's time; he began his active life in Missouri, a decade before the war; during the rebellion he witnessed many curious scenes in and around St. Louis, and did much to alleviate the sufferings of prisoners of war in that neighborhood; as coadjutor bishop of St. Louis he had opportunities to learn the hardships of missionary life in Missouri; as the pulpit orator of the Church he acquired a solid reputation and a wide acquaintance in this country and in Europe; finally, as Archbishop of Philadelphia, he is closing his career with the same prudence and kindliness displayed in each period from the beginning.

His reputation as an orator began in the days when audiences seemed to think more of diction than they do at present. They were willing to wait long for a point or a display of strong passion, and in the waiting enjoyed the voice, gestures, diction, argument, and illustration supporting the theme. We have changed all that, whether for the better remains to be seen. The orator of this hour must score his point within five minutes of his appearance on the platform, or lose his hearer in sleep or withdrawal. Dr. Ryan belongs to the old school. He is really a pulpit orator, who looks for no applause, and takes his time in making his points. Hence, I confess to a feeling of disappointment on first hearing him at the Metropolitan Opera House of New York. He lacked fire and spontaneity, both in his matter and his manner. His voice is as rich and as strong as the notes of an organ, flexible, sweet, resonant; his subject was handled with academic precision and thoroughness; his majestic form and picturesque robes filled the eye far more clearly than the Richelieu of Booth; one listened eagerly to the development of the theme, and admired the imagery; but from first to last there was a lack of enthusiasm, and few felt the flesh creep with the delicious thrills that surged through the body when Wendell Phillips spoke to an audience. Yet the archbishop's voice is stronger and sweeter and wider in its range than Phillips', but he cannot present a subject so attractively to an audience. His thought is deeper, but his power to move the heart is less. Phillips had an extraordinary influence over human emotion.

On the Metropolitan stage I had the pleasure of once hearing Chauncey Depew, and could not help contrasting him with Archbishop Ryan. The New York orator is a speaker of the people; his audience is first in his mind, and his theme always plays second fiddle. He speaks through his nose, uses "sence" for "since," and covers the bald places in his philosophy with suspicious fluency. His voice is silvery and strong, but lacks compass. In all these details he is inferior to the archbishop, but over the lighter emotions of an audience he has supreme command. Tears and laughter, cheers and hisses sprang from the audience as easily as music from an organ under the spell of a clever player.

After one has heard Archbishop Ireland, Depew, and Phillips, it is easy to assign the prelate of Philadelphia his place in the ranks of the orators. He is purely academic, of the pulpit, not of the platform; he can demonstrate a truth better than he can plead a case; he impresses the learned rather than the crowd, and appeals to reason much oftener than to the heart. For these reasons his orations have a value much beyond the present. They cover forty years of the history of the Church in America, and naturally touch upon many phases of its career. Collected in convenient form, they would be valuable to the student of the last half century of our Church history. Strangely enough the collection has never been made, and the same fate may overtake the speeches and orations of Archbishop Ryan which befell those of Archbishop Hughes. His were not edited until after his death. Public interest had then died out, and the edition in two large quartos fails to sell. Printed in his lifetime, while he was still a figure upon the stage, a hundred thousand homes and libraries would to-day have the book, as they have the portrait of the great archbishop in their parlors

Men who heard Archbishop Ryan in his prime tell me that he did not then lack fire in his delivery, nor picturesque presentation of his subject, and they grow enthusiastic over his earlier powers. It is easy to understand that the cares of a great diocese and the advancing years make inroads upon the powers of any orator. Of what Dr. Ryan must have been twenty years ago, two paragraphs from a lecture delivered in St. Louis in 1877 will give a clear idea. They burn upon the printed page! What fire must not have leaped from their utterance, when voice and eye and gesture and pose added their charms to the word! The orator is defending the beautiful liturgy of the Church:

> Has God rejected the beautiful in this temple of creation? Who was it, when He formed this temple, that first introduced into it sculpture, painting, poetry, music; those marvellous missionaries of the beautiful that, like the angels in the vision of sleeping Israel, bring earth and heaven into sweet union? Who was the first sculptor that with his chisel struck the marble rocks, and fashioned them as he would? Who was the first painter that touched with his brush the flowers of the valley and tinged with deep azure the ocean, the mystic baptismal font in whose waters he purified the universe, and decreed that by its waters and His spirit man should become regenerate? Who was the first inspirer of music? Who was the first decorator, that studded with gems the Milky Way and spread this arch of splendor across the concave of this His temple? Who first told the strong sons of God to "shout with joy," and bade "the morning stars sing together," when all creation was ringing with the notes of Him, the first composer; when earth and air and heaven celebrated His praises; until the intruder sin broke the universal chorus, jarred against nature's chime, and tore the harp strings of the angels? Who, by conquering sin, brings back the lost melody? Who has sanctified this art of music, not to oppress the intellect, not to cloud it, not to silence it, not to lull it into a sleep fatal to its powers, but to beautify, to elevate, and to influence it, by purifying the imagination and the heart? He it was who, having inspired this glorious art, declared that music should become in heaven itself eternal; that when its sister arts should faint at the gates of heaven; when the chisel should fall from the sculptor's hand on seeing the magnificent ideas that he thought to represent; when the painter should cast away the brush in view of the glorious coloring beyond the stars; when the poet should breathe no more the song of hope, in the enjoyment of eternal fruition; when the architect need no more to build a house with hands in view of the eternal temple of Almighty God; when the sacred mission of all the other arts should have been fulfilled; then glorious music should survive them all, and, flying in through the gates of light, give her lessons to the angels, while architect, sculptor, painter, and poet should become for eternity the children of song.

The peroration of the same lecture is an illustration of the stability of the Church against the powers of darkness: —

On the eighteen hundredth anniversary of the death of Saint Peter, in the magnificent Basilica which bears his name, five hundred bishops were gathered around the Sovereign Pontiff, — bishops from every tribe and nation upon earth. Forty thousand wax lights illumined the splendid assembly. The sculptured saints of eighteen centuries looked down upon us from their niches and the tombs around. The vast temple was crowded to its utmost capacity. The papal choir, near the grand altar, commenced to sing these words, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church"; and when these one hundred voices seemed to have exhausted all their power and beauty of melody, three hundred voices above the entrance to Saint Peter's continued the text; then the two choirs united; and four hundred voices, the Chorus Angelorum, in the dome, "that vast and wondrous dome, to which Diana's marvel was a cell," kept up the strain, until at the end, the basso voices commencing, and the whole magnificent ocean of melody and harmony surging onward, they sang, "And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," "*Portae inferi non prævalebunt.*" We heard the *non* at the altar, we heard it above the distant portals, we heard it ringing round and round the dome. That text sounded in my mind that day as the announcement of a fact, of a challenge, of a prophecy. There above the tomb of Peter, there, where the hostile powers had met for eighteen hundred years, there where they had measured lances, these powers of hell and the old, united Church, the misrepresented, but still glorious Church, these words sounded like the announcement of the fact that after eighteen hundred years of fighting she was still victorious. They rang out like a challenge, as if she said: "Come forth and fight the battle for eighteen centuries more if you will," and like a prophecy that the battle should end victoriously for her because of God's great promise. Oh, glorious Church of the living God! Oh, only divine institution upon earth! In all thy power, in all thy unity, in all thy beauty, culminated but not less lovely, here is the sanction for thy continuance, here the communicated life of God that gives thee vitality and which crowns thee with victory forevermore! "On this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." "And of His kingdom there shall be no end."

His addresses, sermons, and orations abound in passages like these. Dr. Ryan has been a member of the episcopate since 1872, but his career as a bishop has been somewhat overshadowed by his fame as an orator. A bishop has but a diocese, while an orator rules a nation. As the coadjutor of St. Louis his field was not very large; but in taking charge of the see of Philadelphia he at once entered upon responsibilities which the strongest may not despise. His rank and his see thrust upon him duties whose performance might easily make or mar episcopal fortunes. Moreover, his higher office came to him at the moment when the old order was yielding to the new. The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore had just put a wedge into the hardwood of ancient conditions, and things were beginning to crack. It was impossible for the most pacific of characters to hold the see of Philadelphia, and avoid his share of the labors and struggles that resulted from the Council. To the student of the times Dr. Ryan's position has been very interesting during the past ten years. He was a western prelate holding an eastern see; his knowledge of the country, its burning questions, its churchmen, its mixed races, was extensive; he enjoyed a wide acquaintance; his influence was undoubted as archbishop of an important see; and his reputation for personal integrity, his great talents, added to it. Such a man would naturally be sought by all parties for the moral support he could lend to a cause. He was so close to the furnace at any moment of the last ten years, that a wrong movement would easily have scorched his cassock.

New York is only a two hours' ride from the Quaker City, and Baltimore and Washington may be said to be at its doors. He is the neighbor of his Eminence, the papal representative, of the Cardinal of Baltimore, of Bishop Keane, and of the Archbishop of New York. As a western prelate he had enjoyed friendly intimacy with Archbishop Ireland.

The questions which have stirred the placid air and replaced the zephyrs with blizzards, which really overheated the domestic wires and warmed the cable to Rome, were long familiar to him. He had witnessed their acute phases. How would a churchman in so delicate a position escape a rupture with one or more of the parties, was the question which interested the curious. History, one may suppose, alone can answer the question. When the dust of conflict had cleared away, and the temperature had again become normal, Archbishop Ryan seemed to stand where he had always been standing,—the friend of all earnest men, averse to what might be called acute policies, confident that time, the forces of environment, the prudence of the leaders, would do all that was needed to carry the Church over critical moments.

While there are no documents and little information on the subject, it is not difficult to imagine the method by which he avoided the scorching usually lavished on the non-partisan. He probably made it his business to find the middle term for all contestants, whenever his interference was asked. The newspapers told at one time his reply to the reporter who wished to know where he stood in a supposed difference between Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Corrigan. "As Archbishop of Philadelphia, naturally I stand midway between New York and Baltimore," was his reply. *Si non é vero, é ben trovato.* Morally, he stands midway at this moment between the East and the West, and in many important questions I have no doubt he could arbitrate their difficulties with success.

It seems clear that he is fitted for and enjoys the rôle of mediator, pacifier, and interpreter. It is not an easy one to play when the passion and pride of men are stirred intensely, but he does not appear to have suffered from its presentation. Cautiousness is the ruling principle in such a rôle, yet Archbishop Ryan is not nearly so devoted to that virtue as was the first American cardinal. He speaks out in meeting once in a while, yet always with such gentleness and dignity that none feel offence. Not a few think that with his talents, his character, his wit, he ought to have played such a part as John Hughes in the history of the time. But this is a matter of temperament as well as of ability, and Dr. Ryan has no tastes in that direction. His disposition is too equable, his experience too wide, his trust in time and caution too great, that he should light his chariot with electricity, and go bounding around the arena behind eight horses, amid the world's applause.

Yet he is a man of positive views and firm character. He has always been ready to uphold the right, and to support that policy best adapted to the Church in this country. Whatever side you may not find him supporting, you are certain to discover that his views on topics of public interest are very well known. Though careful to avoid antagonisms, his brother prelates are rarely in doubt as to the opinion which will receive his support. Thus, he has stood by the Washington University, and what it represents; Cardinal Satolli has not lacked his countenance and welcome; Archbishop Kain of St. Louis undoubtedly owes much to his friendly counsels in his delicate position in the West; the broad views of the Cardinal of Baltimore

have always had his sympathy; he appreciates the conditions to which Archbishop Ireland appeals in explanation of his policy; the Church school has found in him a steady advocate throughout his entire career.

His wide acquaintance with eminent men and with the conditions among which the Church must labor here has taught him patience with the extremists, whether ploughing the new lands or clinging to the worn-out soils. Hence the frequent appeal of both sides to this even-tempered, serious-minded wit, as to a judge whose decision carries weight, if not finality. He has steadily refused to play the partisan even to his own ideas; his wit and humor have always been subordinate to his rank, dignity, and oratory. He avoided from the beginning the mistaken course of so many witty and humorous speakers, to be witty and humorous every moment; in the end their audiences refuse to take them seriously, and will have their jokes or nothing. Men are not surprised when Dr. Ryan flashes his wit at them, but they are not looking for it in his serious moments. In the same way churchmen feel certain of his support in all right and prudent measures up to the line of partisanship; but the moment a dangerous contest is stirred up, his support is withdrawn until the passions of men have subsided. This temperament and its consequent method probably account for the archbishop's escape, unscathed, from the recent storms that swept so verbosely through the sensational journals.

No man, it can be supposed, ever rids himself completely of the personalities which office and vocation add to the simple nature of man. The king is the king even in swimming, not only to his courtiers, but to himself. Even more so is the bishop the bishop, since his office is perpetual, and goes with him into long eternity. Some men think of Archbishop Ryan only as the orator; his priests and people see in him only the bishop. It is difficult for the great to feel in themselves only the man. Yet if any officer of the Church enjoys that rare privilege, it might easily be Archbishop Ryan. He seems never to forget that the people with whom he is dealing are human beings of the same mould as himself; and his courtesy, interest, and self-forgetfulness lead them to forget the restraint so keenly felt by the laity in treating with priest and bishop. He is not simply approachable, his manners are the open door for all comers.

The common talk of the priests of his diocese leads an outsider to believe that his relations with them are of the kindly and natural sort. "The divinity that doth hedge a king" does not disturb his intimacy with them. In this way Archbishop Ryan ought to find it easy to escape often from the trammels of the orator and the archbishop. Bishop Watterson felt the pleasures of that escape recently, in his now famous interview with the drummer, whose questions led him to believe that the bishop was a traveller for the house of Lord and Church, with an immense trade in general notions. The prime minister of an Eastern monarch enjoyed it daily by retiring to a private room in his palace, and there donning the sheepskin, sandals, belt, and crook which he had worn in his youth as a poor shepherd on the hills.

The bishop of a diocese can enjoy it as often by visiting in social spirit the struggling parishes of his diocese,

and listening to the story of the parish priest who has lived for years on the salary of a farmhand. He thus touches again the level of his life as priest, and destroys or diminishes the inevitable sense of superiority which follows and is ever the curse of the great. No one has ever accused Archbishop Ryan of suffering from it, in whom it would have been in a measure excusable, considering his long career, his ability, and the physical gifts of nature. He seems to be very much the man, after forty years as priest and orator and thirty years a bishop. If in his case the facts fit the appearances, there can be no doubt that he enjoys life keenly. Orators and bishops get weary on occasion of their eloquence and their mitres, in the material sense of course; but who ever got tired of being a man?

The stories that are told of Archbishop Ryan's wit are public property, and would fill a small volume. Like all other wits, he has suffered from the habit of crediting some people with witticisms which other people invented. He did refer to Archbishop Ireland as the consecrated blizzard, but he did not call the suffragan bishops of the province of St. Paul the Young Irelanders. The apocryphal stories are numerous. A well-known and esteemed priest called upon him one day to ask for a vacation, on the ground that his health required it. As he was noted for his frequent absences from his parish, the prelate could not let slip the opportunity. He granted the leave of absence promptly, with a recommendation. "The physicians say that you need a change of air, Father?" "They do, your Grace." "How would it do, then, to try the air of your parish for a month or two, as a change?" He remonstrated once with a priest whose silk hat had seen its best days before the war. "I would not give up that hat for twenty new ones," said the priest. "It belonged to my father, who fell in the rising of '48." "And evidently fell on the hat," said the archbishop. His wit has no sting in it, for it springs from a genial and kindly nature.

Fortune has been kind to him, and he shares her favors with mankind. He is now on the way to seventy, which he will reach at the close of this century. His auburn hair shows very little gray, his figure is as erect, though not so flexible, his voice as rich and sonorous, as in the early days. The conditions that gave him so many rich gifts will probably grant him a vigorous old age. What luck to follow one man! Health, good looks, fine figure, mental ability, eloquence, high station, success, and wide reputation, all to be crowned with a green and honorable age! He has used these gifts nobly, nor squandered one. His race, country, and faith have profited by his character and his career. His moderation has equalled his ability, and he has been good anchorage for the bark of Peter in many a threatening storm. He has never hindered the new movement, nor too readily deserted the old. You read his name in connection with measures and men of each decade, showing how evenly he walks with his times. His fidelity to the past and his friends of the past is notorious, which is one explanation of his care in dealing with the present. The task of his biographer will be a pleasant and interesting one. What pen would not flow smoothly in portraying a prelate who united in himself the priest, the orator, the wit, and above all, the man!

A SONNET TRIO.

P. A. Wright, S. M.

Faith.

O Faith! thou art within the soul, a beam
Of God's own light to shine with brilliant ray,
And chase the sombre shadows of life's way.
More glorious thou than the refulgent gleam,
With varied hues bedight that rushing stream
From 'neath the car of him who rules the day,
And holds our sphere one half in genial sway—
The coursing Phaeton and his fiery team.

How sure our steps when thou dost lead us on!
We fear nor chasm deep nor dread ravine,
O'er which the hov'ring mists of doubt are seen,
Where Falsehood dwells with all her hideous spawn.
O blessed Faith! be ever at my side,
My best instructor and my surest guide!

Hope.

Oft, blessed Hope, with falt'ring steps I've sped
O'er life's most thorny path, and, woe-bestraught.
Sat by the way and mourned the evils wrought
By myriad foes upon my suff'ring head.
Then have I grieved and bitter tears have shed,
While vainly surcease from mine ills I sought
In sundry ways till thou, sweet Hope, me taught.
Wrong did I grieve, nor did it aught bestead.

My drooping spirit thou didst loving raise
From out the dismal depths of dark despair.
Too long, alas! it lay sore-stricken there,
In woeful plight, in wilful long delays.
I greet thee, Hope! to me thou art full good,
For heav'n is mine through thee and Christ's bless'd rood.

Charity.

Behold the fairest cometh — sweet her smile,
In vesture clad with rosy colored light;
Aurora's robe did never shine so bright,
Nor Helion, sinking o'er some western isle.
She comes — a torch of heavenly flame the while
Upraised she bears, and swift the baleful Night
Before her coming flees with hasty flight,

And Hate, her first, unholy and most vile.
Sad, baleful Night! alas! within the soul
That loves nor God nor man, it holdeth sway,
And guides it on that dark and dreary way
That needs must lead unto an unblest goal.
Divinest thou! within our souls for aye
Thy dwelling take and upward point the way.

THE SPIRIT OF LEIGHTON.

BERNARD MORGAN.

LEIGHTON has gone over to the majority leaving a place vacant in the world of modern art which will not be filled in our generation. Of him it may be truly said that no artist of the Victorian Age was more widely known, more universally appreciated and honored, or filled an equal space in the public eye. The peerage, conferred upon him little more than a month before his death, was the first ever bestowed on an artist in England, and the adventitious distinction was unanimously accepted as well deserved.

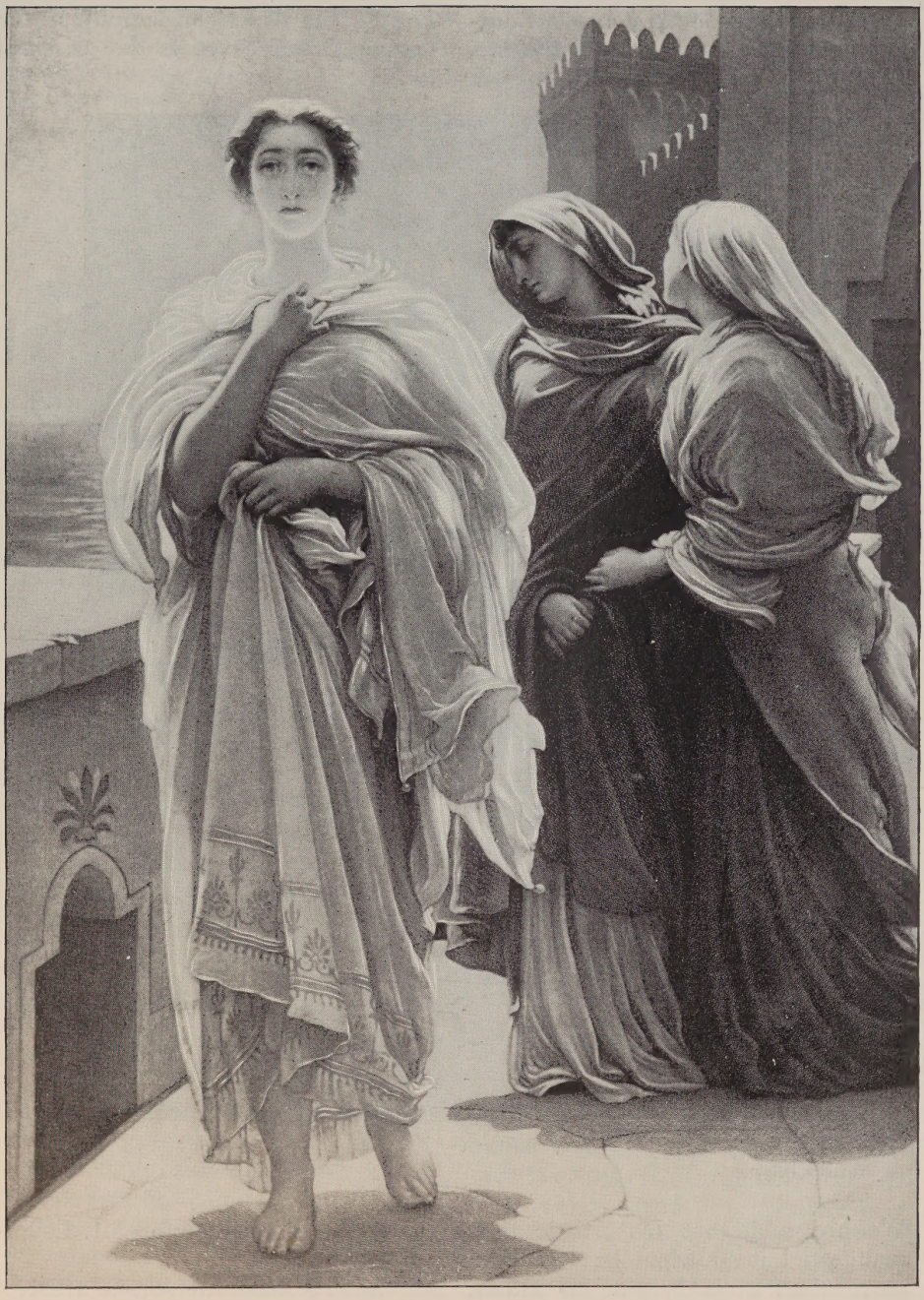
It may be doubted, however, whether the late president of the Academy would have been raised to such a pinnacle of popularity had his talents or his genius (for in this critics will differ) run in the one plane of pictorial art. "He paints, too," was an epigrammatic remark made by a brother artist expressing his versatility; and last year his present successor in the presidentship of the Academy spoke of him as "a painter, sculptor, orator, linguist, musician, soldier — and above all, a dear good fellow."

The last phrase is an affectionate recognition of the late president's kindliness of heart. This of itself would have been sufficient to make him popular among his friends, but it was further enhanced by all the graces that go to form a gentleman, and crowned by a striking beauty of person. His military achievements are summed up in the fact that for twenty years he was colonel of the Artists' Volunteer Corps, while as a musician he could hardly be called more than a discriminative amateur; but he was certainly an accomplished linguist, speaking the principal languages of Europe as fluently as his own. George Moore, the well-known critic, describes his speeches at Academy dinners and elsewhere as "rigmarole," and the present writer is obliged to confess that an oration he heard the president deliver three years ago struck him as consequential.

But his reputation as a sculptor rests on solid ground. His Athlete Struggling with a Python, in which body muscle of a typically manly frame is seen in play, and The Sluggard, its counterpart, representing the flaccidity of lazy inaction, suggest the possibility that Leighton might have achieved a higher fame in sculpture than in the kindred art.

However this may be, it is as a painter that the world knows him. How industrious a one he was may be seen from the fact that apart from his frescos, his illustrations for Dalziel's Bible, George Eliot's "Romola," Mrs. Browning's "Great God Pan," and private commissions, he exhibited no fewer than 243 works at the Academy between 1855 and 1893, every one of them marked with that almost excessive elaboration of detail which is such a striking feature of his painting.

The late president was born in



HELEN OF TROY.

Frederick Leighton.

1830, and lived on the continent during the first thirty years of his life. Powers, the American sculptor of the famous Greek Slave is due some of

DAY DREAMS. (Page 495.)

Frederick Leighton.

We are told that his artistic bent manifested itself when he was little more than a child; but his father, who was somewhat deaf, turned a deafer ear than usual to his plea for a full artistic training. To Hiram the credit of overcoming Mr. Leighton's objections.

"Shall I make my son an artist?" the doubting father asked him in Florence one day during 1844.

"Nature has spared you the trou-

ble, sir. Your son may become as famous as he likes," was the emphatic reply, and after that no more difficulties were put in young Leighton's path.

The following years were spent in study at Florence, Paris, Frankfort, and Brussels, and a few pictures were painted which hinted at the young artist's future greatness.

Thackeray was much struck with young Leighton, and jocosely warned another rising artist of the presence of a rival.

"Millais, my boy, I've met the most versatile young dog you ever heard of. His name's Leighton, and if you don't mind he'll run you hard for the presidentship some day."

It was in 1855 that the public first heard of him. For months before the Academy exhibition of that year, the young artist had been working on his first great picture. The time for sending it to England had come, and the paint seemed as wet as ever, when the painter, in sheer desperation and hardly knowing what the result would be, smeared the canvas with varnish. Fortunately the device proved successful. Shortly after, when the exhibition opened, a crowd of wondering admirers was to be constantly found in front of The Procession of Cimabue's Madonna through the Streets of Florence. The picture became at once the sensation of the season, and Leighton was

SUMMER MOON. (Page 494.)

Frederick Leighton.

hailed as a new star of art. The subject was eminently appropriate for a young artist beginning life with whole-souled devotion to a noble ideal. Cimabue's Madonna had been greeted with a transport of enthusiasm by mediæval Florence, because it was a revelation of a new spirit quickening the dry bones of Byzantine art. The angels surrounding the central figure showed the survival of the stiff Greek style; but the size of the picture, very much larger than all previous examples, was evidence of a new departure, and the freedom of execution in the drawing of the Madonna told of open revolt against the old bondage of convention. "Thus it happened," says Vasari, "that this work was an object of so much admiration to the people of that day that it was carried in solemn procession, with the sound of trumpets and other festal demonstrations, from the house of Cimabue to the church (Santa Maria Novella), he himself being highly rewarded and honored for it." All of which reminds us that art is not today the popular queen she was six hundred years ago.

The hills of Florence are represented in the background of Leighton's picture, a wall being painted in front of them to throw into relief the passing procession. Behind a group of Florentines of all ages walks Cimabue, leading his future pupil, the young Giotto, by the hand. Then comes the picture itself, seen in profile, and after it a band of contemporary artists, among whom are Simone Memmi, Gaddo Gaddi, Niccola Pisano, Buffalmacco and Arnolfo di Lapo, anxious to honor their chief. Standing apart from the passing throng, as we might expect, Dante leans against a tree and follows the procession with half-observant, half-abstracted glance.

Even the novice in things artistic can hardly fail to be struck by the grace of line, the harmony in grouping, and the rhythmic movement shown in this picture. In the original the coloring is of the pure, clear style of the fifteenth-century masters. All the characteristic features of Leighton's work are contained in this first public essay — a fact which may perhaps serve to explain why his processional pictures, such as the Daphnephoria, The Syracusan Bride leading the Wild Beasts to the Temple of Diana, etc., have always met with such favor.

In 1856 the young artist sent a composition called Music to the Academy. It was accepted, of course (none of his paintings was ever rejected, a wide-spread belief to the contrary notwithstanding); but the fickle public was in a chilly mood, and the painter had reason to feel hurt at its reception. Artists, however, appreciated its beauties, and in the succeeding years the crowds again gathered round Leighton's place on the line.

It has been remarked that the works of great artists show different stages or periods in style and coloring. Leighton is an exception, perhaps a solitary exception, to the rule. The ten years which elapsed between Cimabue's Madonna and Helen of Troy added little but facility to his hand and changed nothing in his methods. Greek subjects, however, as well as Greek ideals, had begun to occupy him almost wholly, and it was natural that he should attempt to portray the woman whose fatal beauty "had launched a thousand ships and burned the topmost towers of Ilium." The picture is an en-

deavor to represent the Argive Helen as we have her described in the Iliad.

And quickly to the Leæan gate she came,
Where sat the elders, peers of Priamus,
Thymœtus, Hiketaon, Panthous,
And many another of a noble name,
Famed warriors, now in council more of fame,
And still above the gates in converse thus
They chattered like cicalas garrulous.
These, marking Helen, swore, "It is no shame
That armed Achæan knights and Ilian men
For such a woman's sake would suffer long —
Fair as a deathless goddess seemeth she;
Nay, but abroad the red-prowed ships again
Home let her fare in peace, not working wrong
To us and children's children yet to be."

Leighton's Helen is assuredly very beautiful and stately, but without going as far as the critic who sardonically asked, "What is she made of — sugar candy?" we are not persuaded that she is the Helen that roused the wrath of war between the "well-greaved" Achæans and the Trojans, "God help them!" or the Helen who has left a name upon the harpstrings

VIOLA.

Frederick Leighton.

of bards from Homer down to Lang.

And this reminds us that, although Leighton was largely helped by the loftiness of his ideals, he was most successful when he was least ambitious. It was a theory of his that violent passion has no place in true art, but the instincts of the man and his surroundings led him to exaggerate this theory to the extent of sacrificing all passion for mere beauty. Thirty years ago Mr. W. Rossetti talked about the "passionate poetry" of Leighton's pictures, and this is perhaps the most fatuous criticism that versatile writer has ever passed on anybody. It is precisely in the delineation of real passion that Leighton is weak, and in the absence of it, the stillness of a revery, the faintness of a noonday heat, the calm of a summer night, the serenity of a smoothly flowing love, the brooding sorrow of a captivity, that he is most pleasing.

WEDDED. (Page 495.)
Frederick Leighton.

What, for instance, could be more beautiful and reposeful than the Summer Moon, which appeared in 1872 and has ever since been a high favorite with connoisseurs and amateurs alike? In the picture two girls have fallen asleep, leaning against each other in the most graceful of postures, in the niche of a balcony, while the summer Southern moon floods the landscape with its calm white radiance. We can almost feel the calm and the silence and the stillness of George MacDonald's exquisite "Noon-day melody": —

> And life is as still in its rest
> As the moon that looks down on a moon
> In the depths of a calm river's breast
> As it steals through a midnight in June.

Or turn again to the two pictures which graced the Academy walls in

1882, Day Dreams and Wedded. The first is the figure of a fair Sybarite standing near a tapestry with her cheeks pressing against her hands. The expression in her face is idyllic in peace — the peace of the love that dreams in idleness, with no haunting memories of sorrow. Wedded is in some respects its sequel. The composition is beautiful in tenderness and even in a sort of repressed strength, the lines of the drapery could hardly be more perfect, and the embrace is suggestive of the serenity of love enthroned; but if there be anything of fire-breathing passion in the treatment of the subject, it is not evident to all eyes.

Two years later the artist gave the world his Cymon and Iphigenia, another painting characteristic of his style and interesting as introducing us to a subject of which we have some lingering reminiscences from our school days. But if we thumbed our Dryden (and Catholic readers unfamiliar with the author of "The Hind and Panther" have something to be sorry for) we would be aware of an attractive poem with the same title as Leighton's picture, in which we are told all about Cymon's first sight of the damsel when,

> By chance conducted or by thirst constrained,
> The deep recesses of the grove he gained,
> Where in a plain defended by a wood
> Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood
> By which an alabaster fountain stood,
> And in the margin of the fount was laid,
> Attended by her slaves, a sleeping maid.
> The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
> And gaping mouth that testified surprise,
> Fixed on her face nor could remove his sight,
> New as he was to love and novice in delight.

If we may make one more selection from the hundreds of Leighton's pictures, we would choose his Captive Andromdea. No need to thread the dusky twilight of early Greek history for the central idea of this picture; it is the blunt woe of exile, the loneliness, the longing, and the sick patience of a woman who has been torn from all that made life sweet, and with this we may leave it.

Perhaps it were as well to leave to posterity posterity's own function of assigning to Leighton his particular niche in the temple of fame. Indeed, we cannot well do otherwise, considering that if we turn to the professional critics we are bewildered by a multiplicity of counsel in which there is little wisdom. To one his death means for the Academy the loss of the "greatest of all its presidents," and for his country "the noblest and most picturesque representative of art it has ever known," while to another excellent and breezy writer "the truth is that nature had linked to a man always conscious of a great ideal and always faithful to it a very vulgar and clap-trap showman, speaking all languages with the facility of a courier, and living in a shocking house in Kensington containing an Arab hall and a stuffed peacock." The truth doubtless lies darkling somewhere between these extremes.

But on some points all agree. The late president was guided by a noble conception of his art, and for forty years remained unswervingly faithful to it. To say that he fell short of his ideal is no reproach, but the contrary. In a sense he is a Melchisedech among painters — his art had no father and has left no offspring. He remained through a long lifetime of endeavor wholly uninfluenced by the periodical crazes of new schools. Art as he saw her was no lorn damsel with a crooked neck and unthinkable soul, nor a costermonger's daughter decked in gewgaws, nor yet a featureless virgin gazing vapidly at a crimson meadow

with blue trees; but a rare and radiant Greek maiden in flowing drapery of pleasant hues. What he did, he did with all his soul and strength and patience, and he did it all for love.

His pictures were successful, but no spirit of commercialism ever prompted a line of them, and the dirty finger of vulgarity has never disfigured them — no small merit in an age which is distinctively commercial and uncommonly vulgar. For all this we must be thankful, whether Leighton prove to be a star or a rushlight.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA. (Page 495.)

Frederick Leighton.

THE IDEAL.

HENRY COYLE.

WE are unsatisfied, and know not why;
We seek for the ideal of our dreams,
And strive to reach it, guided by the beams
Of truth and faith. Setting our standard high,
We struggle on; but when the prize is nigh,
We find that it eludes us, and it seems
To beckon onward, mocking with its gleams,
Like some bright mirage in the eastern sky.
With eyes blind to the glory here below,
Our thoughts forever turned away from earth,
We see no beauty round us, and the worth
Hidden in humble things we never know.
We grope, and pass unheeding on the way
The good that we are seeking day by day.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Gabriel Max. 1893.

TOWER OF LONDON, FROM THE RIVER.

THE CLANCARTYS.

EDITH MARY NORRIS.

PROLOGUE — 1684.

"HO! Make way there!"

"Nay, jostle not, good citizen. Surely there be space for all who would fain see the bridal train pass by."

"A bridal, say you?"

"Ay, and a brave one too. 'Tis the great Sunderland's daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Spencer, who hath just been wed to the young Earl of Clancarty."

"See!" cried another gossip. "There is the coach with the bridesmaids — sweet little ladies, and now cometh that of the bride and groom. God lend them grace!"

"They will need it, an' they live long in the married state," growled a surly voice.

"Good lack, Master Andrews, speak of that you know; marriage is a blessed estate."

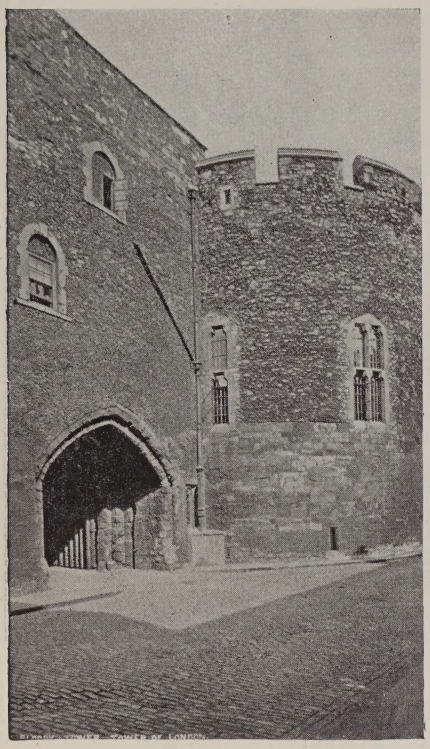
"Good clack, goody Turner! You speak of that you know not."

"Know not, and I married this twelve years syne?" began the dame indignantly.

"Nay, dame, Master Andrews doth but jest; 'tis his way. Ah, doth not the bride look brave in her white silk! I'se warrant that stomacher of pearls is worth a goodly sum."

"He is a handsome younker, the young earl, with his laughing blue eyes; and the little lady is like a white lily."

"Poor babes, play is better suited to such than marriage!"



BLOODY TOWER. TOWER OF LONDON.

"'Tis a marriage only in name. 'Twas a match made by the young lord's guardian to please my Lord Sunderland."

"And here cometh Earl Sunderland and his lady. She hath a gracious look — but he" —

"Saucy wench, wouldst decry thy betters?"

"Nay, mother, a cat may look at a king; and the cat hath her own thoughts, too, I'se warrant."

"Ay, but she keepeth a still tongue, an' she be a wise cat!"

Amid the comments and the gossip of the crowd the pageant drew up before the mansion of Sunderland, and the youthful pair tripped lightly over the crimson carpet laid upon the marble steps which led to the entrance hall. The little golden-curled maiden had her hand confidingly upon the arm of the boy, whose dress of royal blue velvet lent added richness to his dark curly hair, rosy cheeks, and beautiful Irish eyes.

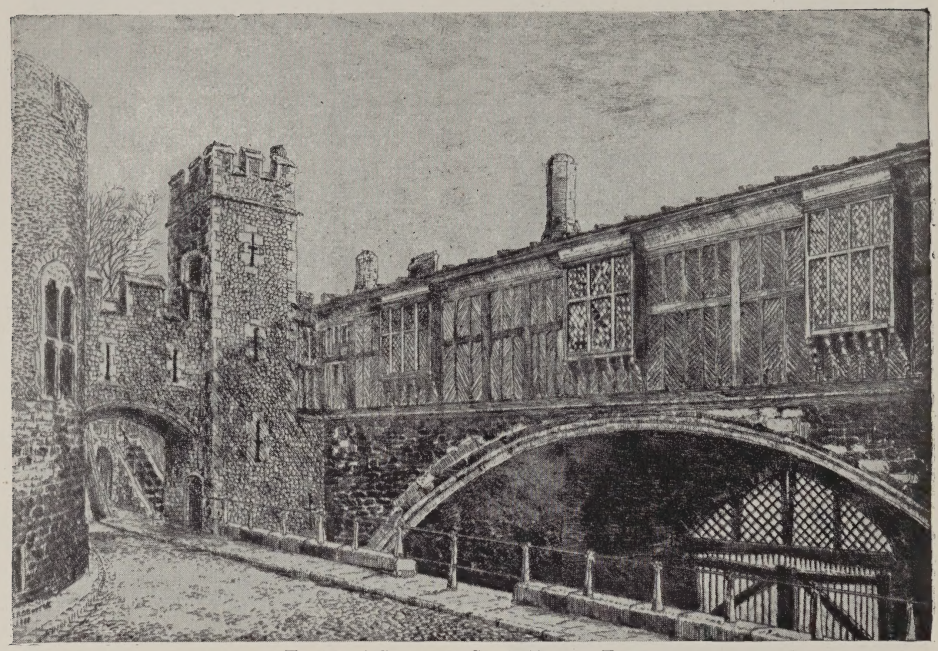
The sun shone, the people shouted and praised, but none saw the dark hand of fate outstretched above the youthful pair.

The day closed with a banquet, and the children parted — the boy of fifteen to his estates in Ireland, the bride of eleven to her schoolroom and her studies.

PART I. — 1698.

Lady Clancarty sat alone in her apartments in her father's house, seemingly intent upon some delicate embroidery. Nimble as were her

A GUARD OF THE TOWER.



TRAITORS' GATE AND SAINT THOMAS TOWER.

fingers, however, her thoughts did not keep them company, but had roved far off to one who was ever in her memory. The Lady Elizabeth at twenty-five bore out the promise of her youth, though her beauty was intensified by a pensive air which argued melancholy.

Nor was it strange that the face of this lovely woman should be so clouded, a wife only in name, forced by her unnatural position to a life of almost conventual solitude, for how, in sooth, could the wife of the proscribed Clancarty present herself at court! What wonder that her thoughts should dwell fondly upon the romantic episode of her childhood, and upon the hero of that romance — her boy bridegroom! The very events which had conspired to sever them had tended to keep alive her interest and her affection.

Young Donough MacCarthy, on bidding adieu to this girl bride, had been conveyed to his paternal estate, a vast domain in the province of Munster. Here, living amidst his own kin, though bred in the Church of England, he had reverted to the faith of his forefathers and had become a devoted adherent of King James. Nor did his patriotism end here; he sat in the Celtic parliament, and, being in command of one of the Irish regiments, was taken prisoner by Marlborough at Cork, carried to London, and thrown into the tower, his immense possessions being confiscated by William of Orange and conferred upon the son of his favorite, Bentinck, now Earl of Portland.

The unfortunate earl, after three weary years of imprisonment, managed to escape, and made his way to France, the hospitable refuge for those of his country whose misfortunes or whose patriotism doomed

them to exile. Here he was given command of an Irish regiment, but to a man of his spirit expatriation was a bitter punishment.

The Lady Elizabeth's thoughts were with her unfortunate husband, of whom she heard from time to time, but with whom she had no means of communication. Sunderland, in his pride and his craft, had forgotten apparently the part he had taken in joining the fortunes of his daughter to the young earl. He had no mind for a paupered and exiled son-in-law.

A tap on the door and the entrance of a servant roused the lady from her reverie.

"A person waits below, my lady, who saith that he beareth a message from your ladyship's mother at Windsor."

"God send she be no worse! Send him instantly hither."

In a few moments he returned, ushering a distinguished man of soldierly bearing, who stepped impulsively towards Lady Clancarty.

"You bring me a message from my mother, sir; I trust her malady hath not increased."

"Your mother is no worse. The message was but a ruse, madam, of one who had a claim to an audience, but dared not urge it."

"What mean you, sir!" said the lady, rising with dignity.

"No offence, madam, be assured." Then changing his tone, "Do you not recognize me, Elizabeth?"

Lady Clancarty started, the blood forsook her face, and she trembled with sudden weakness.

"'Tis not possible you are" —

"Ay, madam; 'tis Clancarty, who comes to seek the only friend he may hope to find in England."

"She will not fail him," said Elizabeth, giving him her hand. "But, my lord, are you not endangered by coming hither? They say" —

"That I am a rebel, proscribed, reduced to beggary — all true; but no man dare say that Donough MacCarthy is a renegade to his country, his king, or his religion. Yes, I am in danger. This Treaty of Ryswick hath bereft my party of all hope that the rightful dynasty will be restored by foreign arms. We have now nothing to hope for but the clemency usually bestowed by the superior foe upon the one whom he hath defeated."

"My father hath surely enough influence to obtain amnesty for you, that you may return to dwell in your own land."

"Deprived of my inheritance I should still be a beggar, Elizabeth, and my Lord Sunderland hath no mind for a son-in-law of that ilk."

"A part of your wealth was settled, as you know, upon me. That wealth has accumulated — there is nothing to prevent my restoring it to its rightful owner" —

"Who will accept nothing from his wife an' she give not herself," said Clancarty haughtily. "Nay, having no hope of winning her in any other fashion, I have come hither at risk of my life to urge my claims. Fate hath played a harsh part towards us since we parted at the altar, sweetheart; I pray thee be kinder than fate."

"Donough, fate is kind in sending thee hither. I will answer you in the words of Ruth: Whither thou goest, I will go; thy country shall be my country; thy God, my God."

"God hath brought us together," said Clancarty, embracing her; "Man surely will not be suffered to part us."

"You have travelled far and need

refreshment," said Lady Clancarty. "The sight of your fair face and the sound of your sweet voice are refreshment enough. Remember, I am not safe should any evil-disposed person learn my identity."

"Never fear, I will hide you in my private closet, which none are permitted to enter. I will have supper brought hither, and we will share the repast."

"But the varlet who conducted me to these apartments" —

"Is one of those who sleep without, and by this time is far enough away."

When supper was brought, Lady Clancarty dismissed her woman for the night, and, securing the door, called her husband from his seclusion.

This, the first meal shared with a wife who loved him, was the sweetest Clancarty had tasted for many a year. Still young, as years go, he had endured much, lost much; but honor he had not lost, and it seemed that love was still left him. In tender converse the hours sped, and silence had long rested on the household when the husband and wife retired.

It still wanted an hour of dawning when they were rudely awakened.

"Open in the king's name!" A thundering knocking upon the door, accompanied by the sound of a broad-axe as it ploughed its way through the stout oaken panels, awoke the sleepers. The next moment the door fell in, and a party of soldiers, accompanied by Lord Spencer, the brother of Lady Clancarty, burst into the room.

"There is the rebel; seize him!" exclaimed Spencer, pointing to the earl, who had risen and was partially clad, and, nothing daunted, awaited his fate.

"Have you no mercy?" cried his sister. "If not for him, for me!"

"Justice cometh before mercy; he is an enemy of the king," answered the fanatical Spencer.

Clancarty sought to soothe his wife; but alas! he could not put hope into a heart stunned by so cruel a blow. He besought her to assume a fortitude she could not feel, to hope that their parting might be but temporary.

"Nay," she said, "I cannot resign myself to our parting. I shall accompany you. You will take me, will you not, sir?" turning to the officer in command.

"Nay, madam, my warrant is for but one person. I have no authority to do what you ask. Now, sir, I can give but a moment more; we must be moving."

The unfortunate man embraced his wife, with a full realization that this parting might be their last, and suffered himself to be led away.

As the echoes of their footsteps died away, Lady Clancarty rang for a maid and ordered a carriage to be got in readiness to carry her to the waterside, whence she knew they would embark for the Tower of London.

We may let the reader into the secret of the arrest. Mischief the previous evening had not been idle; my lady's woman was, and so the busy imp gave her some work to do. Hearing of the stranger who had been admitted to an audience with Lady Clancarty, she could find no one who had seen him depart. To verify her suspicions, she played the spy, with such effect that she was able to inform Lord Spencer of his sister's visitor. Spencer, who was a fiery Whig, hated his brother-in-law with a deadly hatred, and with

zealous haste he hurried to denounce him.

A few minutes sufficed for Lady Clancarty's preparations, and she was at Whitehall stairs ere the boat which contained the prisoner had put forth.

Here she hired a boat and, with the old servitor whom she had chosen to accompany her, followed that containing her husband.

The rising sun gilded the brown waters of the Thames as the rowers bent to their task, and sounds of traffic began to break over the city. As they neared the mossy building whose walls, could they cry aloud, would echo so many groans of suffering, the heart of the lady grew cold with despair. These frowning, inexorable walls were to shut from her all that she held on earth most dear, or were to close them both in from the world forever, as so many had been closed before.

The drawbridge was raised, and they were permitted to pass under the gloomy arch which led to that gate over which Dante's legend "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here" might be fitly inscribed. Here at the foot of the stairs the earl was delivered to those lieutenants of the Tower whose duty it was to receive all prisoners.

"Back!" said they to those in the second boat, "back! What do ye here?"

"Sir," said Lady Clancarty, "I would fain enter with mine husband, now brought hither a prisoner."

"That were impossible, lady, without the king's warrant. It may not be, madam; not to please the great earl your father might we so transgress our orders. It were better for you to withdraw."

"Farewell, Donough," she cried, "I will yet obtain permission to share thy imprisonment."

"Nay, God forbid, sweet wife; I do but ask thee to remember one who has brought misfortune upon thee against his will or wish."

The Traitors' Gate closed, like the gate of a tomb closing on the beloved dead, and Lady Clancarty returned to her father's house. She was yet unaware of the stand her father would take in regard to Clancarty, but she hoped little from a man so crafty and self-seeking as was the Earl of Sunderland. She regained the house and shut herself in her apartments ere he had made his morning appearance.

PART II.

Stunned by the suddenness of the blow that had fallen upon him, the MacCarthy hardly realized that he had lost liberty and would soon lose life, until he heard the heavy door clanged to, and found himself alone in that chamber haunted of the dead — that chamber of suffering, in which the illustrious Sir Thomas More had languished, and whence he had gone forth to his death.

Had the misfortune befallen Clancarty ere his reunion to the bride of his youth, he could have better borne it. He was not unused to the shocks of fortune, but life had become to him more precious since he was assured of the love of this lovely woman. That she too must suffer, and that his rash act had brought this suffering upon her, did not tend to mitigate his mental anguish. But a prisoner can do naught but bear. Clancarty requested the ministrations of a priest, and sought that consolation in his religion which he could not find in his own breast.

London was soon astir with the news that so prominent a Jacobite had been lodged in the Tower. Sunderland went everywhere proclaiming that he fully approved of Lord Spencer's detestable act. But men hardly believed him, so insincere was the character he bore. All this had an effect.

Those who should have been Clancarty's friends were his enemies, and those whose every tie of party and whose political opinions might properly have caused them to call themselves the enemies of a man who in their eyes was an arch-rebel, convicted by his own deeds of treason to the kingdom, from pity became his friends. The romantic circumstances of his marriage, the separation and reunion of the couple, the heart-broken misery and despair of the young wife, added to the fact that the mother of Clancarty lay dying of a broken heart, caused a universal feeling of commiseration to swell men's hearts, and they began to ask themselves what might be done to soften the king to an act of special clemency for which hardly any one dared hope.

Their wives and daughters went to condole with Lady Clancarty; but one there was who came to do more than this.

The young wife sat in her apartments; her beautiful face had become wan and haggard, her eyes had lost their lustre, and her features were listless with despair. She felt alone even in the midst of the friendliness that had been shown her of late; those of her own household were among the enemies to her peace and happiness. Her mother lay ill at Windsor, where she had been in attendance on the queen; her brother she refused to see; nor could she feel for the father who had refused her succor and consolation in her affliction that respect and affection which is the basis of true filial duty. Her chief consolation now lay in conversing with the father who was ministering to her husband, and who carried to her those tender messages of an affection sanctioned by God and man. This gentleman was with her when the Lady Russell was announced.

"Say that I cannot see her," she began, but the priest interrupted her — a gleam of hope shot across his face.

"Nay, my daughter, you must see this lady. She is the one person in England who can help you in this strait. The king, it is rumored, hath a most gracious regard for and can deny nothing to the widow of Lord William Russell. I will withdraw."

In a few moments Lady Russell entered. Sorrow had set its seal upon her beautiful countenance, and now pity shone in her gentle eyes as she advanced to greet one who was suffering as she herself had suffered.

"I need not ask how fare you, Lady Clancarty," she said in her gentle tones. "Rather will I quickly tell you what mission hath brought me hither. The king is graciously disposed toward me as the widow of the martyred Russell, and it hath been suggested that I should approach him on behalf of the Earl of Clancarty."

"Heaven bless you, dear madam, for your goodness!"

"Nay, it were ill if mine own sorrows had taught me no compassion for the sorrows of others. My dear child, you must summon your courage and your fortitude; I am come to carry you to court."

"To court, madam? You jest, and that were ill done."

"Nay, no jest is meant. A petition hath been drawn up, which I am to present to the king with a few words of intercession on mine own part. We must awaken pity ere we can hope for clemency, and that is for you to do. Then if necessary you can yourself address the king. This is the only way in which the thing may be accomplished."

"I will prepare to accompany you, dear lady, but I do not hope."

"Perhaps it were better not to hope. But my coach is at the door, and the king I know tarrieth at Whitehall."

It was on being ushered into the presence chamber at Whitehall that Lady Clancarty experienced the sharpest pangs she had yet known. The brilliant scene afforded so sharp a contrast to the misery of her dejected heart, that she could scarce control her trembling limbs when she found herself in the presence of William and his queen, surrounded by ladies and courtiers in all the splendor of the magnificent apartment.

"Courage!" whispered Lady Russell in her ear.

As they approached nearer, the king came forward and greeted Lady Russell.

"Welcome to our court, cousin; I would we might greet thee oftener."

"Sire, I know not if I am worthy of your welcome, for I come to ask a favor of your Majesty."

"The widow of Russell can ask no favor vainly at the hands of William," answered the king.

"Then, sire, I pray you to peruse this petition which I here present. But first, sire, I crave permission to introduce one who hath claim upon your compassion — the Lady Clancarty."

William frowned.

"You have hitherto been a stranger at our court, madam," he said to the trembling woman.

"It were presumption, sire, for the wife of a proscribed rebel to present herself at the court of her king."

William smiled sarcastically.

"Yet now" —

"Now, sire, I come not as a courtier to join in the pleasures of your palace, but as a petitioner — misery, sire, hath learnt me boldness."

"I will read this petition," said the king in a softer voice. "You may await me here."

He withdrew with his secretary to one of the ante-rooms; and Lady Russell, approaching the queen and making her obeisance, asked permission to present Lady Clancarty, whose aspect won from those about her much sympathy and impressed even the volatile but good-natured queen.

"Your Majesty's influence with the king will be of great service to Lady Clancarty; may we pray you to exert it, madam?" said Lady Russell.

"But I had thought Lady Clancarty lived apart from her husband in her father's house," said the queen, who although a bad daughter was herself a devoted wife.

"That was her father's will, madam, not her own wish. She is devotedly attached to him."

"Well, well, we will see, my Lady Russell, what we can do," answered Queen Mary; and signing to her ladies to remain as they were, she joined the king in the ante-room.

The suspense of Elizabeth was intolerable. The heat seemed intense and the walls seemed to close in upon her until she was in danger of

suffocation. It appeared to her that for hours she waited in this agony amidst the throng of human butterflies who chatted and laughed with light-hearted gayety. At length the door of the ante-room opened, and William and Mary appeared. The chattering ceased, as the king, who was evidently in no light mood, approached the two ladies.

"We have thought fit," he said, "to consider a petition signed by so many of our faithful good friends, and to accord to the Earl of Clancarty our royal clemency. This order," handing a paper to Lady Russell, "will release him from the Tower on condition that he leaveth instantly our realms — never to return. For this he hath forty-eight hours' grace. Should he break this condition his life will be forfeit."

Lady Clancarty sank upon her knees.

"I cannot thank you, sire, as I ought," she said, weeping, "for the happiness you have restored to me."

"You will join your husband in his exile?" asked the king.

"Nay, sire, a woman's country is where her heart is; she knows no exile but separation from him she loves."

"Clancarty hath gained, not lost, by his venture methinks," said William. "But you are no doubt anxious to be gone. My Lady Russell, we shall see you again."

Thus dismissed, the ladies returned to Sunderland's mansion.

There is little more to tell. Where my story ends, the life story of those two began. For many years they lived on the continent, Elizabeth's marriage settlement affording them a sufficient maintenance. We do not hear of Clancarty in politics again. The joys of home and family doubtless sufficed him, though history says naught as to that.

SPRING RAINS.

G. K. Turner.

Oh fair relief, dear season of new skies,
So late your hopes have brightened our dull days
And turned our sunsets heliotrope and gold,
It seems we still can hear through barren ways
The angry north wind hurrying with wild cries
To blast our shivering trees with cold.

How different now, when through a land of peace
Fair, petulant April drives some pleasant gale,
How different! Now it is ours again,
When the south wind turns all the orchards pale,
To hear, through lengthening days of green increase,
The robins singing in the rain.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF LIFE INSURANCE.

Hon. John C. Linehan.*

IT is doubtful if, among all the business interests of the country, there is one so little understood, so complicated in its nature, and so wide in its ramifications, as that of insurance in its various departments. Most especially will this apply to life insurance, which has made wonderful progress since the war. Before that date the advent in a community of a life agent was, like an angel's visits, few and far between; but at the present time, and for years past, this energetic member of society is as well known and seemingly as indispensable as the minister, the doctor, or the lawyer. It very often happens that he has been, at one time or another, a member of one or of all the professions named, and in consequence is well up in theology, medicine, or law, and if necessary can give a point to the schoolmaster. Let that be as it may, however, the average life insurance man, as a hustler, can well take the front rank in the business.

Life insurance can now be divided into four classes: The old line, so called, or straight life, assessment, fraternal, and industrial insurance. Persons carrying risks in the first and the last, pay fixed premiums at stated periods. In the other two, assessments are paid as deaths occur among the certificate-holders. In some of the larger assessment associations, however, the premiums are collected as in the straight life companies, at stated times; but as a rule, there is a reserved right among associations of this class to increase the amount of the premium or to make an extra assessment, if necessary, to meet the obligations of the company. The financial transactions of the life insurance companies rank with the great interests of the nation.

To get an idea of their extent, one has but to contrast them with others of greater or lesser magnitude. The admitted assets, excluding capital, of fifty-six life insurance companies, all of this country, on December 31, 1892, was $919,310,131. The debt of the United States November 30, 1892, was $1,563,612,000. The total bank resources of the country, national, savings, or otherwise, on July 12, 1892, was $6,963,000,000, and the total assets of the railroads of the United States for the same year were $11,359,561,000.

The assets of the life insurance companies would pay nearly two thirds of the United States debt. They lack but a little of being one seventh of the bank resources of the country, and amount to nearly one twelfth of the assets of all the railroads in the United States.

The extent of the business transacted by the assessment associations, fraternal and otherwise, is greater than people, as a rule, realize. One hundred and thirty-two of those

* Insurance Commissioner of New Hampshire.

classed as purely assessment, that is, not fraternal, paid death claims for the year ending December 31, 1893, amounting to $18,326,310; and ninety-four fraternal associations, such as the Knights of Honor, United Workmen, etc., paid out during the same year for a similar purpose the sum of $30,854,534.

From these figures an idea can be formed of the vast sum of money either held in trust or paid to their policy-holders by life insurance companies and associations. The gain in the assets of the life companies has been steady; and a fair estimate of the amount for the year ending December 31, 1895, would not be far from $1,100,000,000—a vast sum, too large for the ordinary mind to comprehend.

From the foregoing figures an impression can be formed of the extent of the business; and it goes without saying that many a home, robbed by death of its natural protector, has been preserved from penury by the thoughtfulness of the husband or father who had, while in health, made provision for those who were dependent upon him for the comforts as well as for the necessaries of life.

. . . . . .

Every enterprise or project for the benefit of mankind has never lacked imitators, and no age or nation has ever been exempt from them.

From the time Satan tried to set up his kingdom in Heaven down to our own day, each generation has tested various schemes and projects by which the scriptural injunction would be reversed, and every man could earn his bread by the sweat, not of his own, but of his neighbor's, brow.

This business of life insurance, in its success, was the means, indirectly, of producing within the past six years a horde of the most wicked, worthless, and contemptible associations that our country had ever been cursed with, and known as endowment and bond investment companies.

They were founded, as their projectors claimed, upon the same principles as similar associations which had been in existence in England for hundreds of years, and whose success was the best proof of the soundness of their methods. To be sure, no proof for the truth of all this was given, and none was required by those among whom they labored.

The almighty dollar was what both parties wanted, and the substitution of the gorgeous certificate for the simple greenback was considered a fair exchange and no robbery, especially when the former was considered good for a cool hundred in six months or a year.

As a rule, the promoters promised, in return for a monthly instalment, to pay each certificate-holder at a certain time, running from six months to ten years, sums ranging from $100 to $1,000. The scheme was most cunningly devised and took like wildfire. It was claimed that the expense of a matured one-year certificate for $100 would not exceed $35, and that the payments of assessments, not exceeding $268, would be sufficient to secure $1,000 in ten years.

Although inducements of this nature were held out at a time when the most conservative of the savings banks were reducing the rate of interest, and it was next to an impossibility to secure six per cent on legitimate investments, still, thousands, misled by the false statements

of the endowment orators, or from the gambling spirit inherent in the blood of so many of the human race, rushed into it, and for two years the enterprise flourished like a green bay tree, to the great profit of the promoters and of the officers, but to the ultimate robbery of the great mass of the dupes who had so foolishly parted with their money.

The extent of the craze in New Hampshire alone can be inferred from the number of organizations doing business there when the Barber Bill became a law; Massachusetts furnished fifty-six, other states forty-four, and the New Hampshire corporations numbered 157 — 257 in all, every one a leech of the worst character, taking hard-earned money from the pockets, and very often from the savings-bank deposits of the working people, who received, in return, but a mere dot of the sum paid in.

The evil was of such a character that the New Hampshire Legislature of 1891 took prompt and decisive measures to suppress it. A circular letter calling the attention of the public to the character of the business had been prepared by the insurance commissioner, and a copy mailed to the address of each member-elect of the Legislature, so that when that body assembled it was ready to act.

The result of all this was the passage of the Barber Bill. Every conceivable method was taken by the officers of the endowment orders to defeat its enactment. The state Capitol was stormed by a throng of young men who assumed to teach the stalwart farmers and mechanics, the merchants and bankers of New Hampshire, new lessons in finance. All were well dressed, patronized the best hotels, and displayed the most gorgeous array of broadcloth and fine linen. Two or three stenographers, in their interest, attended every hearing of the insurance committee to take down every word said. In short, no pains were spared to make the campaign a success, but all in vain. The bill became a law, and thirty days were allowed the companies, organized under the laws of New Hampshire and of other states, to submit their statements and copies of their charter and by-laws to the insurance commissioner, who was to decide, after an examination, whether or not to license them. The result of the investigation proved that not one of the number applying for a license could furnish the guarantees required by New Hampshire laws for the protection of those who had secured risks on their lives and property.

This being the situation, but one course could be followed, and that was to refuse to license any of them. More serious objections could have been made to some, the charge of questionable methods in the transaction of business could be proven against others, while all were managed in direct violation of the standard rules of business. The great majority of the men who visited the Insurance Department in the interests of these orders were young, under thirty mainly, while some had barely attained their majority. Nevertheless, they had all undertaken to grapple with the most complicated business in the country. To be sure, they did not call it life insurance; that would have rendered them directly liable to law, but in their efforts to evade it they have been as successful as the man who tried to evade the dog law by calling his terrier a woodchuck.

One feature about the general scheme deserves the most severe condemnation, and that is, in addition to providing themselves with pleasant places, endowed with comfortable salaries, and securing their share of the profits as organizers, the officers as a rule secured for themselves the lowest numbered certificates. In one of these orders whose secretary made the most strenuous plea for a license, and who, not satisfied with its presentation to the commissioner, had it published in one of the leading dailies of the state, five of the officers held each five certificates, the face value of which was $500, or $12,500 in all, and numbered from one to twenty-five. Another held out as an inducement for people to join it this tempting bait: "The average cost of $1,000 in the Royal Arcanum is $237.46; in the Ancient Order United Workmen, $241.36; in the Knights of Honor, $336, and the average of many, $262.08. In thirty life companies for the past thirty years the average actual cost has been $268.24. There is no apparent reason why the —— cannot pay $1,000 at correspondingly low cost."

Here is one of the secrets of the craze to enter the endowment orders, the hope of realizing the sum stated for the amount invested. Inducements of this kind were, as a rule, the most potent arguments; for among the unthinking, the prospect of receiving in a year the sum of $100 in return for $30, $40, or $50, or $1,000 in ten years from an investment of $268, was too tempting a bait to pass by unheeded, especially when the names of gentlemen of prominence were found on the official roster of the order.

The connection of such men with associations of this character, either as officers or legal advisers, was one of the most shameful features of the endowment craze; and to prevent the enactment of laws for the better protection of the people who had little money to sink in such iniquitous traps, men of the highest character did not scruple to lend their aid as counsel. Of course this was done in a professional way, and from a legal standpoint may have been perfectly proper; but the apology recalls the old story of the clergyman who, on being reprimanded by his spiritual adviser for his misconduct, said, "My lord, it was not the priest, but the man that sinned." "Ah, my son," said the bishop, "if the devil got the man, what would become of the priest?"

There is no state in the Union in which the laws against lotteries and gambling are so stringent as in New Hampshire. Section 14, Chapter 272 of the General Laws of that State, reads: "Any contract or agreement for the purchase, sale, loan, payment, or use of money or property, real or personal, the terms of which are made to depend upon, or are to be varied or effected by any uncertain event, in which the parties have no interest except that created by such contract, or agreement, shall be deemed a bet or a wager." Now if there is anything in this world more uncertain than the terms of the contract between the endowment and bond orders and their certificate-holders, it has yet to be discovered.

The element of chance in one form or another entered into all of them. The assets of each order were the promises of the certificate-holders, and these promises were, as a rule, worth the paper they were written

upon, and payable when the member to whom they were issued thought it was for his or her interest. Tempting offers were made to all to enter by the front door; and once their admission fees were paid, and several assessments collected, no objection was made to their departure by the back door, for this was part of the programme — the lapsed chance of the order — another of the uncertain events whose frequent occurrence at stated intervals brought joy to the persisting members.

An increase of new members brought cash to the pockets of the organizers, and a decrease in the number of old ones left money for the persisting certificate-holders. With a knowledge of these schemes derived from a patient study of their by-laws and statements, words are inadequate to express the indignation which any honest man would feel at the heartless character of the whole business and the demoralizing effect on those who had been induced by delusive promises to join it.

It had been claimed that more discrimination ought to have been exercised in classing these organizations, but this was impossible. The plans of all were bad; there was not the first principles of business about their rules, nor of honor about their methods. If there was any difference, it was in the character of the men in charge; but this fact did not affect the general plan, which was unsound. If a vessel had been pronounced unseaworthy by competent authority, there would be no use to quarrel about the character of the commander. A good captain who would take charge of her under such circumstances not only compromised his reputation as a seaman by risking the lives of his passengers and crew, but shared the common fate of all when the vessel went to the bottom.

Considering the situation to-day, it is hard to realize that such a state of things existed but a short time ago. It was not confined, however, to New Hampshire. It not only existed in other commonwealths, but was even legalized by the judicious management of the endowment leaders, who spared neither money nor votes to accomplish their purpose.

It was short lived, however, for the action of the New Hampshire Legislature attracted the attention of the country to the evil; the other states fell into line, followed finally by the United States government, which forbade the use of the mails for the transportation of endowment mail matter, as late as a year ago.

This much must be said, however, in connection with the late but not lamented endowment orders: they were exceedingly broad and liberal in their relations with the members of the various creeds and nationalities making up the population of our glorious country. They made no discrimination between Jew and Gentile, American and foreigner, Irish and English, French and German. All were taken into their net; and Protestant, Puritan, and Catholic Ultramontane were alike fleeced in order to provide loaves and fishes for the gorgeously apparelled Supremes of the Imperial Endowment Hippodrome.

They have also furnished a most valuable addition to the literature of the nineteenth century in the titles of the various associations, representing, as they do, religion and tradition, the law and the gospel, the sacred and the profane, the ancient and the modern, etc.

A more picturesque grouping of names would be hard to match, for we find "The Star of Bethlehem" twinkling over the "Plymouth Rock"; "The Sons of Hercules" hobnobbing with the followers of "The Good Shepherd"; "The Iron League" passing between the "Gates Ajar"; "The New One Hundred" wearing "The Golden Fleece"; "A Silver Crest" displayed on "The Royal Oak"; "The Royal Knights" quartered in "The Golden Temple"; "The Crusaders of the Holy Cross" on parade with the "Sons of the Puritans"; "The Royal Ark" resting on "The Solid Rock"; "The Annual Friend" extending the "Helping Hand" to the "Sons and Daughters of America"; "The Golden Grail" on exhibition in "The Iron Hall"; "The Mystic Seven" searching for "A Golden Opportunity"; "The Fraternal Circle" considered the "Wonder of the World"; "The Red Cross," "The People's Favorite Order"; "The National Congress of Friends," "The Order of Redemption," and "The Knights of Columbia" extending "Friendly Aid" to "The Daughters of Vesta"; "The Mechanics' Alliance," "A Reliable Fellowship"; and over all, with a "Royal Assurance" were the outspread wings of "The Golden Eagle."

One of the most potent arguments used by the endowment supremes in the palmy days of the business was the enormous expenses of the old-line life companies. The banks, too, came in for their share of the abuse heaped upon all who dared oppose the nefarious scheme; but it goes without saying that, in the matter of expense of management, the orders of supremes took the front rank, while in mismanagement and downright robbery they stand unmatched in comparison with any "wild-cat" corporation ever organized.

New Hampshire was discredited by the incorporation, under its laws, of over 150 of them; but not a baker's dozen were managed by citizens of the state, and when tested, not one of them was ever authorized to do business there. Fifty-six orders organized under Massachusetts laws were authorized to do business in that commonwealth, and were left to work out their own salvation. But sixteen of them are in existence, and they are in the hands of receivers.

Realizing now the true character of the men who instituted the endowment and bond order associations, how appropriately will these words from the pen of the ablest mind in the country apply to them, as it has applied to others engaged in similar schemes: "The men who have organized and worked these conspiracies of fraud ought to be in jail; instead they are honored members of society, and often of the churches. It is the shame of our country that this is so. It is a disgrace of our community that riches, even though they be the proceeds of plunder, are permitted thus to cover all shams and atone for all sins. We need a reformation in nothing else so much as in our standard of morality."

To these sentiments every honest man will devoutly say "Amen!"

John E. Leedom.

JONQUILLE; OR, A MODERN "MAISON ROUGE."

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

MARY C. TODD.

ATHER LALUMIERE stood at his window, leaning on the sash, which he had lowered from the top. Below, a dainty muslin curtain was fluttering in the wind, and gently touching the heavy serge of his clerical gown. With the floating ends of the heavy cord which held his habit about his ample waist, he softly drummed upon the window frame. The sweet May morning had brought its joys to the humble heart of the parish priest.

Down on his well-swept walks there fluttered not a stray leaf. From the tiny flower beds the snowdrops had passed away, and the tulips and hyacinths had thrown aside their covering of mold. Their perfume was now mingled with the faint odor of his breakfast coffee.

But most beautiful of all his garden treasures were the scores and scores of jonquils, nodding to him, to each other, and to passers-by. Years ago when Father Lalumiere was young, he had brought with him, from his beloved France to his mission field in Louisiana, a little box of bulbs from his mother's garden. His sister, the little Jonquille, had placed in the box many roots of her name-flower, of which, in all his wanderings, he had preserved a stock. Blooming on southern bayous, or sometimes swept by the wind on western prairies, he had at last brought them to this little spot, where he hoped to end his days; so there they were bowing him a morning greeting, as they did every day they bloomed.

For twelve years he had cultivated his trees and vines in the garden adjoining his chapel. He was always alone, except for the yearly visit of Father DeFouri, his classmate and childhood's friend.

At first while the garden was being made, and the cottage was under way, there fluttered about the walks and through the unfinished rooms a shower of golden curls on the head of a little child whose home was just beyond the hedge; and before many weeks had passed, the plain old priest and the owner of the golden curls were comrades. She reminded him of his sister, the little Jonquille whom he had left in France, so many years ago that she now had daughters of her own; and as for the child, though her name was Margery, he always called her (because of his sister) "la petite Jonquille." There was nothing she loved so much as a sip from the father's chocolate cup, and afterwards a nap on the cool bamboo couch in the wide hall; after which she was sent home with her hands filled with jonquils, "and looking," as he said to Elise, "as the children used to do in France upon the first of May."

But twelve years had passed, and the golden curls had turned to braids under a broad hat, and a slender girl

took her way to school each day. But always when the jonquils were in bloom, she would stop at the priest's gate for her handful of flowers.

This year, Margery has confided to the priest, she is to have from her uncle, as a reward for good scholarship, a lovely southern trip to Louisiana. Uncle Edwin is to go with her, part of the route being in a carriage through the beautiful Téche country.

"How I wish, Father Lalumiere," said the happy girl, "that you were going too, for there at least you might speak in your own language which you love!"

"Yes, my friend," replied the priest, "years ago I came in a ship which landed on the coast of Louisiana, and for many months my work kept me in those parishes. My people spoke my language, the flowers bloomed, the perfumed air was soft, but, *grace à Dieu!* I found the life too easy and too happy for the poor missionary. On a boat I came to the north, bringing only old Elise. Yes, the old places I should love to see again. But there! run on, my friend, your teacher will be waiting."

This was weeks ago, before the borders were bursting in the early spring, or the apple trees had dropped their pink petals on the shady walk. Now, the priest, leaning on his window, said to Elise, "There is trouble for our friends beyond the hedge. These three days now the young Margery has not passed to her school. What do I have you for, if it is not that you learn of the trouble that is about us?"

Trouble had indeed come, as the priest had guessed, to the family of Margery. The large factory for which her father was book-keeper had closed its doors, and no other situation was to be had. Her mother, always delicate, had broken down under misfortune. With an invalid wife and three children the father's income was barely sufficient in the best of times.

Margery saw that she was needed at home; so leaving her classes, she comforted and cheered her mother, taking upon herself the care of the household, not so ill-pleased to exchange morning recitations for the care of breakfast cups, and the solving of difficult problems for the intricacies of the dishes her father loved.

All of these things reached the ear of Father Lalumiere through the medium of old Elise; and in the evening as he smoked his pipe in the little side porch, Margery came to tell him how comfortable she had made her mother, and how her father had praised her management of the house.

"You made something good for your supper, is it not so?" said the priest; "the odor of it reached me as I sat here smoking my pipe, and it smelled like nothing that Elise gives me. You will be a fine housekeeper. But what becomes of your trip to Louisiana, my friend? Will the uncle still wish you to make the visit?"

"That is the one thing that troubles me," said Margery. "I cannot leave home now, and I have come to you for advice. I want your encouragement to do something which I am sure is right, but which I am afraid mamma will oppose. I want to earn some money!"

"You! You earn some money," laughed the priest. "You are too little, are you not? And the mamma, how can you leave her?"

"That is not my plan," said Mar-

gery. "I want to do something that will not take me from her."

"Ah, what would you do, little child?" asked her friend.

"I would cook," replied the girl.

At this announcement the old priest's voice rang out so loud that old Elise appeared at the door.

"Go in, thou ugly," said her master; "go to thy pots and pans and clean them well, for thou wilt never need them more. Take thy old French petticoat and sabots, and begone, I tell thee! We have a beautiful new cook, have we not?"

Tears filled Margery's eyes at the sarcasm of the priest, which had indeed driven Elise into the house; and the sight of the pearly drops, as they fell on her cheek, partly dispelled Father Lalumiere's mirth.

"Come now, my friend," said he. "We shall see what can be made of it. You will cook! What will you cook? A 'pot-à-feu'? A 'consommé'? A 'paté-de-fois-gras'? For you will of course be a French cook! No? None of these? Then what shall it be, my friend?"

"It shall be bread," responded Margery through her tears. "You know I told you that when I visited Aunt Virgie last summer at her home I went with her to the cooking school, and that the lady who gave the lecture told us how much better and healthier it was for young girls to learn to cook, than to sew, or teach, or clerk in stores or offices. And I thought"—

Here she broke down again, and the priest poured forth a perfect volley of French; but remembering in time, he began again in English.

"And you, the little, you would cook? And where would you get some money to begin? You must have some money!"

"Now there, father," she sobbed, "is just where I want your help!"

"But me, I have no money," exclaimed the priest laughingly.

"I do not want your money," said the child. "I have written a letter to my uncle [here the tear-stained document was produced], and all I want is for you to say it will be right to send it."

"So," said the priest, "we are to have a conspiracy, it would seem; the little one is to write to *son oncle* for money, and no one is to know of it but the poor priest. *Lire!* which is as if I said 'read it to me, my friend.'"

"If you will not laugh again," said Margery.

Lighting his pipe afresh, Father Lalumiere listened to the following epistle: —

Dear Uncle Edwin: —

I am afraid I can never make you understand in a letter how very much I want you to do what I am going to ask you. If I were with you, and could talk to you face to face, I am sure I could, for then I could coax you, don't you see, and such a dear uncle as you are, could not then refuse me anything.

I told you in my last letter that papa had lost his position. He has not been able to find another. I have a plan to propose to you my dear uncle. Perhaps you will think I ought to call it an adventure, but any way, you are to be the hero of it and rescue the princess. I can hardly wait to tell it, and am afraid also for fear you will object. I want you to send me as much money as my trip would have cost, and let me spend it just as I please. There now, you know it all except that you don't know what I want to do with it, and that you could never guess. I want to invest it! You see I already know the proper term to use. I want to buy flour, sugar, butter, eggs, raisins, and all sorts of things, to make into bread, cake, salads, and everything good to eat, and then sell them to people. Will you do this, dear Uncle Edwin, and make me the happiest girl alive?

Your loving Margery, or, as Father Lalumiere calls me, "PETITE JONQUILLE."

P. S. I forgot to say that I learned last summer, when I went with Aunt Virgie to her cooking club.

"So," said the priest as she closed, "that is a good letter. I will myself buy of you some bread. Elise is good enough, but she grows too careless. I like my crisp bread, which I cannot get. And she shall teach you also to make the 'pralines' which the French children love so well. But where is it that you will sell your bread?" continued he. "Ah, my little, there is rent to pay, is there not? And it is too hard for you."

"Nothing is too hard, if I may only be allowed to try," she cried.

The flushed face and eager eyes were lifted to his, both shining with tears, and his kind heart smote him, that her grand enthusiasm to help those she loved should meet such chilling response. He nodded his head slowly and said again: —

"Yes, it is true that Elise is too old! She cannot see well, the poor thing, to make my bread, and more, she likes not for herself the crisp brown crust, which hurts her old teeth. I must have young eyes and hands to make my bread. Wait for the letter from the uncle, and we shall see."

In due time came the letter from Louisiana, enclosing a draft for twenty-five dollars, which Uncle Edwin said he thought was "sufficient to put into one air castle."

Poor Margery! Her uncle, too, then, had no confidence in her plan, and what should she do?

The cheapest place she had found to rent was a window in Miss Letty Bowers' notion store, for which she was asked to pay ten dollars a month, "where," in the vernacular of that ancient spinster, "you can't do no cookin', and mind you don't bring no flies!" As Margery closed the door of Miss Bowers' establishment, she heard her call out again, "and I don't tend your store for you fur nothin' when you are out, nuther. You'll have to pay extry fur that!"

A clerk! She had forgotten she should have to employ one, for how could she cook at home, and attend the store too?

After all she must give it up, and there was no way to help her people. Uncle Edwin was right about the air castle, and she should return the money to him though she was mortified, and she told the priest of her decision.

"No, no," said he; "while you have been gone I have made my plans. Listen! In my own country we give to every house a name; if it is small, no matter, it still has its name. By the hedge which separates my garden from yours, we shall build a tiny house. I shall build it! Each week you shall give me some of the money which you will earn, until I have back all my money. I am but a poor priest. I cannot give, but I can lend. I shall build the house which shall be, oh! so small, and we shall have it painted red — bright red, so that it may be seen among the trees, and over the door we shall paint these words, '*La Maison Rouge.*' We shall name it for the little red house which stood in the forests of France.

"See, we shall have a modern Maison Rouge, and me, I shall build it."

The tiny house was built, and all the town soon caught the pronunciation of its name from Elise and the kind old priest. The business prospered; and when Uncle Edwin learned of Margery's perseverance in her work, which daily grew more arduous as her customers increased, he sent her from Louisiana a stout colored woman, whose southern cooking was

the wonder and delight of the place, and to whose singing the priest often listened, in amazement at both words and music. More often than anything else he heard her own favorite, which reached him upon his little side porch when the grapes turned purple in the autumn sun. And these were the words he heard: —

I wisht I had my slippin' shoes,
I wisht I had my slippin' shoes,
I'd slip and slide on them golden streets
Where me and all good Christians meets.

The Maison Rouge was a great success. Father Lalumiere had his "crisp bread," and old Elise, with her French petticoat and clattering sabots, scoured and sanded the floors at intervals. The jonquils bloomed in the sunny garden, and the priest smoked his pipe in the little side porch near his chapel.

ON THE NILE.

Theodore Charles Frère.

"ON THE NILE.

Mysterious flood, that through the silent sands
Hast wandered, century on century,
Watering the length of great Egyptian lands,
Which were not but for thee."

FAST FRIENDS.

From the painting by Blume.

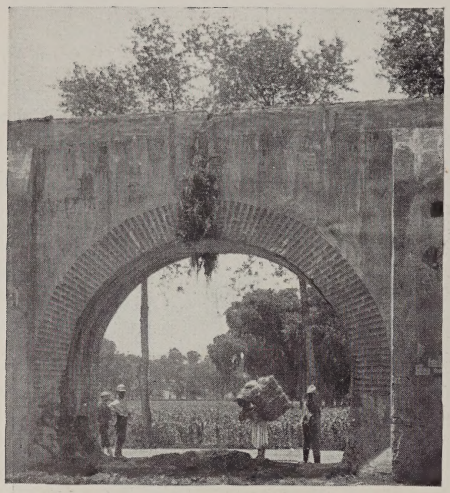
CATHEDRAL AND CHURCH OF THE SAGRARIO. (City of Mexico.)

MEXICAN RAMBLES.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

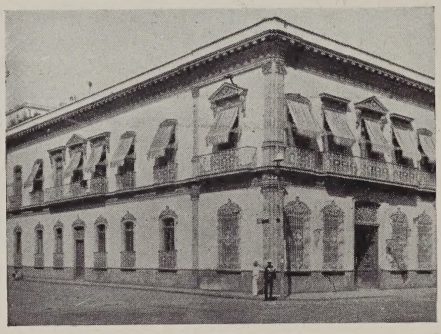
IN every Spanish-American town or city the plaza is the general meeting-place, the resort of loungers, and open-air conversation hall. Hither come the student with his text-book, the nurse-girl with her charges, the peon with his burden, and the tourist making notes of dress, manners, and characteristic types.

In the City of Mexico are several plazas, but the chief of all is the Plaza Mayor. This is a great rectangle two hundred and seventy yards long by two hundred yards in width, one side of which is occupied by the Cathedral, the grandest structure upon the continent of America. The National Palace, a huge, long, rambling building, containing the town residence of the president of the republic, various government offices, and quarters for several regiments, takes up another side. Stone buildings of two or three stories flank the plaza on the two remaining sides. The upper portions of these buildings are supported by massive pillars, and the ground floors are open, forming arcades much resembling the "Rows" of the old City of Chester, England. These colonnaded walks are called "portales," and through them crowds are continually streaming: señoras and señ-



AN ARCH OF THE GREAT ACQUEDUCT.

their grade indicated by the color of a little flag; hence diverge the various car lines, or tramways, which run out to the suburbs. Often a lady dressed in the height of Parisian fashion, with the sweetest of hats or bonnets, is seen accompanied by a Mexican woman servant, also in modern European dress, but with her black hair uncovered; or a native nurse in sombre raiment carries a baby in gay belaced and befrilled long-clothes. Squatting about the band-stand in any vacant spot are petty traders offering for sale fruits, pieces of sugar-cane, cooked viands, views of Mexico, and other small matters. They are picturesquely though thinly clad in coarse cotton garments, not very clean, and wear high-crowned straw hats. Their feet are usually bare, but sometimes are shod with *guaraches*, or leather sandals.



A MEXICAN RESIDENCE.

An ornamental oritas dressed in black and with bare heads, peddlers, *cargadores*, fashionable Mexicans in European costume, lottery-ticket sellers, Indians, tourists. Under the arcades are stores, dealing in dry goods, hats, bonnets, shoes, jewelry, watches, and other merchandise. Against the massive stone pillars are stalls filled with goods of a lighter and cheaper character, such as combs, mirrors, pieces of common pottery, personal ornaments, and many varieties of *dulces*, or sweetmeats.

Here, at the centre of the city's life, one never tires of sitting or strolling, to watch the ceaseless movement and kaleidoscopic colors of the shifting, seething mass of picturesque humanity. In such space as is left unclaimed by flower-beds, band-stands, stalls, and garden seats, hack carriages stand waiting to be hired,

MEXICAN PORTERS. (Cargadores.)

NATIVES AND POTTERY AT GUADALOUPE.

structure of glass and iron serves as the central office of the tram cars; another pavilion is the flower market, which is stocked with a bewildering profusion of beautiful and fragrant flowers, very tastefully arranged. On certain evenings of the week one of the regimental bands gives an open-air concert; and the poor Indians, who are very fond of music, crowd round the bandstand, and listen with rapt attention. Occasionally the Zócalo, as the central part of the plaza is called, is illuminated with strings of colored lamps and Chinese lanterns, and the front of the great bulk of the Cathedral is outlined with little lamps of various hues.

Now and then we notice a native woman with the Aztec features, clad in a white short-sleeved *camisa*, and a skirt which is white for a few inches below the waist, and thence down to the feet dark blue. This is a peasant woman; her straw hat is wide brimmed and high crowned; on her back she carries a burden. The men of the peon class carry their *serapes* either thrown about the upper part of the body or folded over one shoulder. The *serape* varies very much in color and design; it may be gray, purple, drab, or bright red, or the body of it may be of one color, with a stripe of another color at the edge. Pedlers carry around, balanced upon their heads, trays of cakes, fruits, and *dulces*, and often present charming studies for the painter. One figure especially attracted me, and made me wish myself a water-colorist. A

bronze-hued Indian, wearing a bright blue and scarlet *serape*, carried in his hands a basket of ripe golden oranges, set off by vividly green maiden hair fern; upon his head was a flat straw hat, and on top of it a basket of *chirimoya* also decked with sprays of fern. All this under a Mexican sun! What more could an artist wish for?

Passing out from the plaza by the *Calle de Plateros*, and down its continuation, the *Calle de San Francisco*, we came to the Alameda, a superb public garden nearly one third of a mile long by one eighth of a mile wide. It is divided by broad walks into plots, and contains four squares, each having a fountain in its centre. Though Alameda means "the place of poplars," the trees in it are chiefly elms, aspens, and ashes. This, too, is a delightful resort, but the sights and figures to be seen there much resemble those of the plaza. On Sundays, however, there is a brilliant assemblage of gayly dressed people for an hour or two after midday. This "church parade" should be missed by no traveller. A little farther on, and almost exactly one mile from the Plaza Mayor, we come upon a famous equestrian statue, said to be surpassed only by that of Marcus Aurelius. It represents Charles IV of Spain, and has had a curious history. Until 1821, the year of the Declaration of Mexican Independence, it stood in the Plaza Mayor. In that year it was removed, and for twenty years was kept out of sight. In 1852 it was brought out again and set up where it now stands. Branching off from the open space surrounding the statue is the Paseo de Bucarelli, leading to the Garita de Belen. This paseo now wears a

A Pulque Shop in Tacubaya.

deserted air, having been entirely superseded as a resort of fashion by the Paseo de la Reforma, which also begins at the Charles IV statue, and continues for more than two miles to Chapultepec. The width is more than one hundred and seventy feet; and when its six *glorietas*, or circular spaces, each four hundred feet in diameter, are filled with splendid monuments to men of note in Mexican history, the Paseo de la Reforma will be excelled by no driveway in the world. Its entrance is guarded by two colossal green bronze statues, standing on pedestals of dark polished granite, and representing Aztec heroes, armed with knotted clubs. Neither on statue or pedestal is there name or inscription. They are certainly striking works, but the sum they are said to have cost the country, eighty thousand dollars, must have left a margin of profit over cost to some official. In this instance the public has at least something to look at for its money; but on the Paseo de Bucarelli is to be seen a pedestal still waiting for a statue, for which it is said that the Chamber of Deputies has twice made an appropriation.

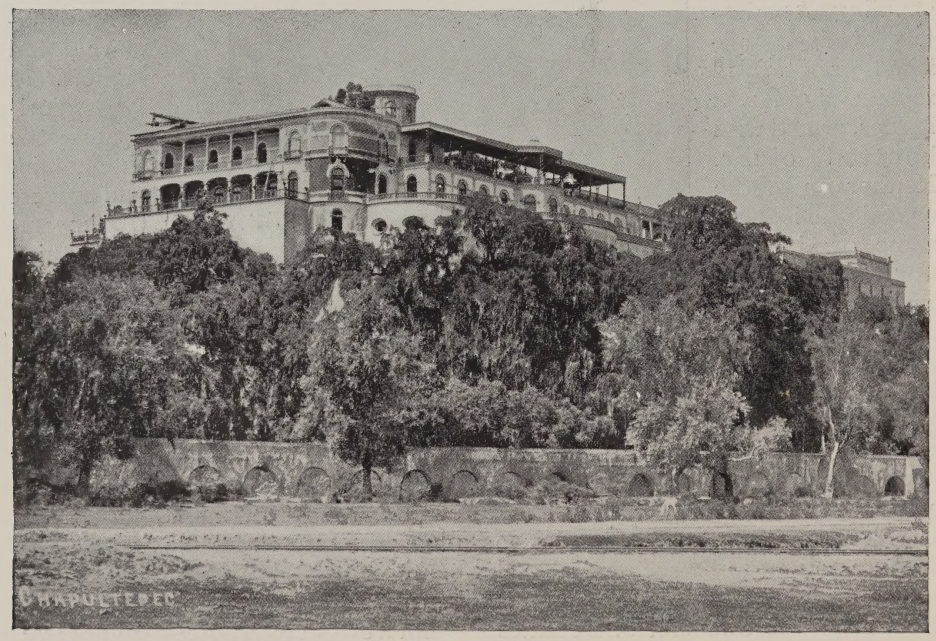
MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS. (City of Mexico.)

The Paseo de la Reforma is planted on each side with rows of trees, eucalyptus and ash alternately, and is adorned at intervals with small bronze statues of noted Mexicans, set upon pedestals about six feet in height. Along the sidewalks are high-backed stone seats, and in several places the driveway opens out into large circular spaces, or *glorietas*, surrounded by curved sedilia, and having in their centres colossal monuments. In the first of these glorietas is a monument to Columbus, the pedestal of which shows a very happy blending of marble and bronze reliefs. In the second glorieta stands a statue of Quahtemotzin, the last and bravest of the Aztec emperors. In the third it is proposed to place a statue of Cortes, of whom, great as was the part he played in Mexican history, there is said to be no memorial in the country. This splendid drive is the legacy of the empire to the republic, for it was planned by the ill-fated Carlotta, wife of the Austrian Archduke Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico.

On a bright afternoon — and nearly all afternoons are bright in the Val-

ley of Mexico—the display of horses and carriages is probably the most notable that can be seen anywhere upon the American continent. Although Mexican families of the higher class are not as a rule rich, yet they are very fond of show, and especially of fine horses and carriages. In order to keep up an equipage and coachman, they will stint their household expenditure. The centre of the paseo is reserved for riders, and the sides for carriages; picturesquely mounted policemen see that the rules of the road are observed. At dusk the carriages are driven back to the city, and are so numerous that they form a continuous stream for nearly an hour. The swell young Mexicans are disposed to copy English manners, many of them having, in fact, received their education at Stonyhurst College, a famous Catholic school in England. The rich Mexican drives an English dog-cart with a high-stepping horse, and a "tiger" behind. One sees more rarely now than formerly the gayly caparisoned Mexican horseman, jingling with silver buttons and gleaming with embroidery; though the coachmen still wear the high conical felt hat with silver or gold embroidered brim, silver cord and monogram. At times the band of one of the regiments quartered in the city enlivens the scene, and brightens with a little gayety the hard lives of the poor Mexican natives.

A delightful walk of about two miles down the paseo brings us to the gates of the castle of Chapultepec. If you desire to ride thither, you can take at the Plaza Mayor a car of the *Ferrocarril de Tacubaya*, one of the suburban street railways. The cars are of American make, and are rattled along at an excellent rate by teams of handy little mules. Mexican street cars, though the



CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC. (Once occupied by Maximilian and Carlotta.)

United States of Mexico are under a republican form of government, are of three classes: first, second, and freight. The rates charged for second-class cars are half those charged for cars of the first class, but you have to sit side by side with people whose personal habits are not all one would wish them to be. The freight cars carry merchandise, and often Indian women squat upon the floor beside their burdens. There is yet a fourth variety of car, that which goes out to the suburban cemeteries. The coffin, decorated with wreaths and bouquets, is carried upon a car covered at the top, but open at the sides; a single mule draws it at a hand-gallop. Immediately behind comes an ordinary car carrying the friends and relatives of the deceased.

As the car moves along, the driver blows a horn to warn people off the track, which is to the right of the *calzada*, or stone-arched aqueduct; on the other side of the *calzada* is a much-travelled dusty road, enlivened by the frequent passage of strings of burros driven by two or three peons. The little burros are often almost buried beneath their cumbrous loads of baled hay, boxes of groceries, and other ungainly merchandise. Men and women, too, shuffle along at no mean pace, bearing earthenware packed into and strung outside of wooden crates, fowl, bags of charcoal, pieces of timber, and many other things. Human beings are used very much as beasts of burden in Mexico, for the wages of unskilled labor are so low that for many purposes men are the cheapest freight carriers. Heavy drain pipes, for instance, are strapped with matting and cord to boards about four feet long by two feet in width; under this load a man jogs rapidly along at a sort of shuffling trot.

These poor *cargadores*, or porters, are very ragged, and their faces are wrinkled by hard labor and scanty fare; but for all that they wear a cheerful and kindly air. Two men, whose ragged raiment scarce hung together, one with worn sandals, and the other barefooted, chatted unconcernedly, and with a certain ease and grace of manner, with my companion, who wore the most correct American costume. At parting they shook hands, and raised their battered straw hats with instinctive politeness. Of course it may be said that all this is superficial, and means nothing; but it makes life more gracious, and graciousness is better than bearishness, even though the latter hide a good heart.

In a stream hard by we see women washing clothes in native Mexican fashion upon flat stones; an excellent plan where the water supply is copious and clear, but not so good when it is obtained from a sluggish ditch. I noticed here a circumstance which tends to show how everything is turned to account among a very poor people: a man with a bamboo rod, with half a dozen steel prongs affixed at one end like knitting needles, prodded about in the ditches and water-courses, trying to impale frogs. When he caught one, he broke the hapless creature's joints, and dropped it into his basket.

Only the middle and lower class Mexicans now wear the national costume, and that in a modified form; the rich people wear European or American clothes, ride bicycles, drive broughams with cockney coachmen, and dog-carts with English grooms. Many men who wear the ordinary modern dress retain

the high-crowned hat with silver decorations. The bull fighter is always clean shaven, but other men wear mustachios or beards. The *serenos*, or watchmen, are rather showy; they wear blue uniforms with white worsted trimmings on the breast of the tunic, and shakos with white covers. For weapons they carry staves and revolvers. At night they have lanterns, which they set down on the pavement; and muffled like the conspirators in an opera in their dark *serapes*, they stand in the shade of a doorway. When to all this we add a packet of cigarettes, some *tortillas*, and a whistle, it will be seen that they are well prepared for either peace or war. At regular intervals during the night they blow their whistles, answering to each other, and keeping the restless tourist unaccustomed to these nightly sounds, awake.

But here we are at Chapultepec! We enter the grounds of the castle through a stone archway, on each side of which is a guardhouse. Here soldiers lounge about, but with a listless air, and lacking the smartness we are accustomed to see in men of martial training. Nor do the officers look much smarter than the men. Yet I was told that they fight very well, and bear fatigue and poor fare with wonderful patience.

The bold, rocky hill of Chapultepec, or the Grasshopper, is one of the most historic spots in Mexico, as it is certainly one of the most picturesque. In the days of the Aztecs two colossal figures, said to represent Montezuma and his father, were carved upon the rock; an Aztec palace crowned the eminence. This and the rock statues were alike destroyed by the *conquistadores* of Cortes; but the glorious cypresses, which have witnessed so much of what is noblest and most tragic in Mexican history, have survived the destroying invaders. The Aztec emperors, the soldiers of fortune, the Spanish viceroys, and that most recent and luckless invader, Maximilian, have all passed away, but the cypresses still stand, ancient but lusty. The castle built on the rock necessarily follows the shape of its foundation, and is a long, rambling structure, commanding a view over the City and Valley of Mexico and its surrounding mountain ranges, which is surpassed by few vistas in the world, and, when its sentimental interest is taken into account, we may almost say by none.

The present castle was built by the Spanish viceroy, Don Bernardo de Galvez in 1785, and was occupied by him and his successors as a country residence. Before Maximilian became emperor of Mexico, it had ceased to be a sovereign's residence, and was used as a military school. The Austrian archduke had it thoroughly repaired and decorated with classical statuary and wall paintings, like those of a Roman noble's villa at Capua or Pompeii. Many of the figures are nude; and the Mexicans, under some curious impulse of modesty, have draped them with *serapes*. Maximilian and his wife Carlotta were very fond of Chapultepec, and spent much of their time there. The next tenants of the castle were Presidents Juarez and Lerdo de Tejada. Now it is a college once more, and students of the military art wander through its time-honored cypress groves. The cadets wear dark blue uniforms, with two puce-colored stripes running down the sides of their trousers, French caps, and sword-bayonets with handsome hilts. Many of them are pleasant looking youths, and of much neater and smarter appearance than

the regimental officers one sees around the city barracks.

It is not easy to say how old these glorious cypresses of Chapultepec are, but their age must be reckoned by centuries. The largest and oldest of them is called Montezuma's Tree. Compared with the *sequoias* of Calaveras County, California, and the still greater eucalypti of the Blue Mountains of Australia, it is a small tree, being only forty-eight feet in circumference and one hundred and seventy feet in height; but in the wealth of its associations it is far more interesting. The stems of the cypresses are knotted and gnarled, and from their boughs hang trailing masses of Spanish moss, a singularly delicate and feathery parasitic growth. These pale green streamers add the charm of quaintness and distinction to the venerable grove. Under the city-ward face of the rock is a little lake, and near it is a simple stone monument to the cadets who fell during the North American invasion.

Hard by Montezuma's Tree issues a clear spring, called Montezuma's Bath. An aqueduct of 904 stone arches carries this water to the city. The aqueduct was begun in 1677, and was not completed until more than a century later. The place in the city where the water gushes out is called *El Salto del Agua* (the leap of the waters), and the water itself is called "the pure water," to distinguish it from that of the aqueduct of San Cosmé, which is termed "thick water."

Behind the cypress grove is the *Molino del Rey*, or Mill of the King, the key to the City of Mexico, in capturing which the United States troops suffered heavy losses. It is now used as a foundry for cannon. On the hill above the mill is a monument to the soldiers who fell in the battle; and on the plains below, two other engagements, Churubusco and Contreras, were fought. The lovely groves and walks of Chapultepec are a favorite resort of tourists.

Near Chapultepec and about four miles by car from the city, is the charming suburb of Tacubaya, built on rising ground on a site much healthier than that of the city. Indeed, after the conquest, the king of Spain commanded that the new city should be built where Tacubaya now stands, instead of being rebuilt upon the site of Tenochtitlan, the old Aztec capital. But the generals and nobles whose property would in this case have suffered a great depreciation in value, violently opposed the change of site. Cortes was further induced to rebuild in the old place by the vast quantity of material at hand from the ruined Aztec temples and palaces.

There are many handsome country houses in Tacubaya. These are called *huertas*, and the parks and gardens surrounding them are lavishly adorned with arbors, statues, fountains, streams, and lakelets. The mansions themselves are as elegant as possible, and are filled with costly pictures, china, and works of art. Yet twenty years ago the owners of these charming retreats were so afraid of being kidnapped on their way from the city that they scarcely ever visited them. It was the desire of Maximilian to induce the rich Mexicans to build towards Chapultepec and Tacubaya, and handsome houses are now springing up along the Paseo de la Reforma in that direction. They are built of a curious soft stone, called tepetaté, a sort of conglomerate which cuts easily when fresh, but hardens on exposure to the air.

A FLOWER-NUN.

MARY F. M. NIXON.

IT is a well-known fact that there are fashions in everything, and this is the case with flowers, as well as with gowns and bonnets. Long ago the lily of the field seems to have been the chic flower of Judea, and Sappho sang of the rose as "the grace of the earth, the queen of the flowers that are growing upon it." English primroses, Dutch tulips, Japanese chrysanthemums, American beauties, all have had their day; and now the Queen Cophetua, Fashion, has exalted into the high place she reserves for her favorite a veritable little "beggar maid" in her plain frock.

Unlike most of her predecessors, — for fashion is a fickle jade — the violet seems to have come to stay. We have violets for corsage and boutonnière, on muffs or parasol, on window ledge and lamp shades, on collars, and dainty flower boas. In these, so well are the genuine simulated, so delicately are they scented, that they seem real indeed, and the fair face rising from the flowers appears only the sweetest blossom in a perfect cluster of "April's loveliest coronet." Had the poet who said "the violet is a nun" lived at the present day, he would have been surprised to find so many orders amongst the supposed religious. The tiny blossom,

> Sweeter than the lids
> Of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath

grows in nearly every clime and among all peoples.

It is an insignificant little thing, too, really not large enough to make the fuss that has been made about it by poets and painters in all ages. There is no flower which has been so much spoken of in song or fable as the "modest violet"; and

> Long as there are violets
> They shall have a place in story.

It seems to make no difference where one is, the ubiquitous blue-eyed violets "glance love to one another." In the garden of the Belgian consul's palace at Tangier, a wilderness of beauty in a bower of loveliness, the air sweet with orange blossoms and jasmine, there is stretched

a bed of huge blue and white violets, mingled like the softest of Persian carpets and fragrant as "odors of Araby the blest." These double violets which abound in Northern Africa are not so beautiful in form as other varieties, but their perfume is of almost unearthly sweetness. The same kind nestles in the crannies of the Alhambra walls, or hides by the cool, marble rim of the fountain of Lindaraya, and blooms in the garden of the Generaliffe. One fancies some Moorish Hafiza enhancing her dark loveliness with a coquettish bunch of violets in her veil.

In Italy the white violets are much prized, and they are smaller in size but quite as fragrant as the Spanish ones. The Parma ones, large and purple, are celebrated and used for perfumery and scents for many purposes. The flowers grow in great luxuriance about Naples and Rome; but the lovely things are made instruments of torture to the unwary traveller. The peddling of them is unceasing. Even a true flower lover cannot buy all the flowers in Rome; and after one has a dozen bunches, one is persecuted just as fiercely to make it a "baker's dozen." The sight of a cluster in the possession of the forestiere but whets the ardor of the flower sellers, the dirty, ragged, charming children who throng the Piazza di Spagna. The bambini swarm about and run after one for blocks crying, "Tak' e peecteer, buy e flower," and the owner of a kodak and a centimo is forced to yield in self-defence.

On the Alpine mountains or in the picturesque haunts of the Tyrol, the hardy violet flourishes. Often in the midst of snow one finds a group of dainty blue blossoms, as bright as a bit of sky peering through white clouds. These are the single violets and seldom perfumed, but of a marvellously beautiful color, not purple, but seeming to have reached heavenward and caught the celestial hue.

The French are perhaps too gay and showy to fully appreciate the gentle flower-nun; yet even in France she is found, and a poet sings, —

> The violet still grows in the depths of thy valleys,
> Though withered, thy tears shall unfold it again.

She is also the German "Veilchen" and Heine must have thought of her when he wrote, —

> Du bist wie eine blume
> So hold, und schoen, und rein.

Violets of various kinds are found in the jungles of India, on the steppes of Siberia, and even in the "Dark Continent," but the real home of the flower-nun is "Merrie England." There she flourishes in beauty of form, color, and sweetness, and nearly all of the great poets have sung her praises. She is usually taken as a symbol of retiring shyness, a village beauty hiding 'neath a green thatch, a type of femininity peculiarly attractive to John Bull.

> A violet by a mossy bank
> Half hidden from the eye,
> Fair as a star when only one
> Is shining in the sky.

And if the comely flower sometimes peeps coquettishly from its retreat and casts naive glances at the white English daisy until the latter blushes "celestial rosy red, love's proper hue," still one likes the flower none the less, perhaps. Unending demureness sometimes cloys.

Wandering about Stratford-on-Avon where

> The daisies pied and violets blue,
> And ladies' smocks all silver white,
> And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight,

one does not wonder that Shakespeare refers so often to the violet.

Everywhere at one's feet, breathing out sweetness upon the clear, cool English air, are the blue or white blossoms which Herrick so daintily apostrophizes, —

> Welcome, maids of honor!
> Ye do bring the spring
> And wait upon her.

In the heather-covered hills of Scotia the violet glistens, and the vivid sward of Erin often changes its emerald hue to deepest blue, so densely do the violets crowd upon each other. The eyes of Irish beauties reflect the violets, and it was doubtless of them the poet thought when he wrote, —

> Blue violets you liken to,
> The kindest eyes ere looked on you
> Without a thought disloyal.

If the British Isles are the home of the violet, it has descended by ordinary generation to England's sturdy offspring, America. The United States especially fairly teems with woodland monasteries filled with the flower-nuns. What they lack in sweetness, for only a few of the American kinds are fragrant, they make up in form, color, and variety. There are fifty-five different kinds of violets in the United States alone, varying from the double scented ones in Florida, California, and Texas, to the purple single ones of the Alleghanies. They are fitting daughters of the liberty which has nourished their mother, for they grow with genuine independence in a tiny handful of soil on rocks or tree trunks.

Even along a stony roadside one sees

> Such a starved bank of moss
> Till one May morn
> Blue runs a flash across,
> And violets are born.

The strange green violet of Ohio is found along the banks of that river, and there are yellow and pink violets and even variegated ones, but these always seem anomalies.

Many are the legends woven about violets, some of them relics of Indian lore. The white violet, with the dash of scarlet in the centre, is the soul of a Seminole maiden. Her lover's arrow killed her, in a fit of jealousy, and a drop of her heart's blood fell into the heart of the white flower, which ever since has bled in sympathy for her.

A Puritan girl peeped into a white violet bud and breathed upon it, and lo, when the flower opened, its perfume was strangely sweet.

The small sprite which grows in "many a shy and secret place," entirely robed in purest white, is a flower Dominican, living ever a life of silent prayer and praise. Looking into the pure faces of these most delicate of all violets, we feel we

> Can hear the violet chorus,
> To the sky's benediction above,
> And we all are lying together
> On the bosom of Infinite Love.

Perhaps the strangest violet of all is the "Crow's Foot." This is the order *Violacæ*, variety *Viola cucullata*, having multi-fibrous roots. The serrated leaf, like a bird's claw, is in color a bluish green, differing widely from the bright green shield-shaped leaf of the ordinary violet. One variety of this special violet is found abundantly in the Ozark Mountains of Southwest Missouri. This is called the Arkansas or tri-color violet, the two upper petals being of a dark, reddish purple, the second ones paler in hue, and the fifth a delicate lavender.

Patriotic Southerners say the dark petals were dyed from the blood

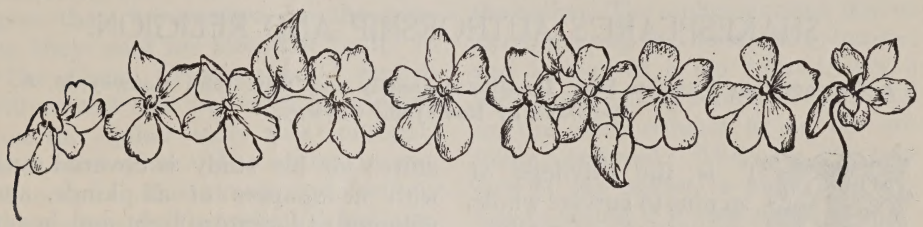
shed in the late Civil War. A more reasonable fiction is that a Northern violet married a Southern pansy.

> The pansy freaked with jet
> Is yet the heart's-ease which the poet knew.

And these are first cousins to the violet, belonging to the same order but of different species. Like a sweet-faced, sunny-tempered child, the violet blooms on year after year, beloved by all. It matters little of what variety, form, or color, the flower-nun seems to have a true vocation, since she is always "content to fill a little space."

As she and her modest sisterhood raise their fragrant *Benedicite* on high, one feels like saying, with the poet,

> In all green places where ye blow,
> Tenderest thoughts of God that grow,
> Violets, sweet Violets;
> Hidden hearts, that lying low,
> Sweeten all about you so,
> Violets, sweet Violets.



AN INVOCATION.

C. G. Beede.

Oh, Soul, climb up thy starry ways,
Reach out thy hands and touch the lyre,
Gather about thy head the rays
Of song's primeval, living fire.

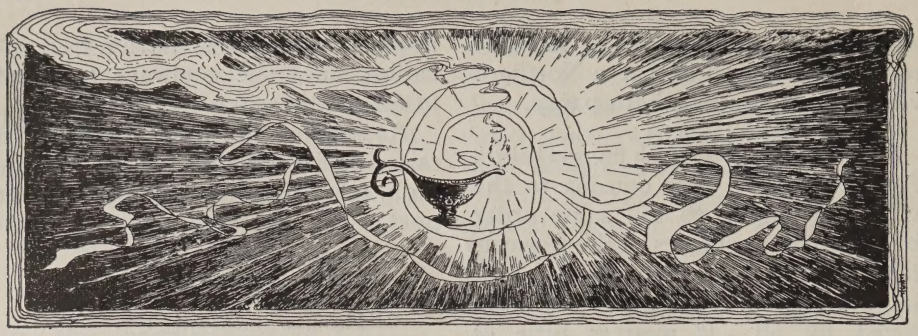
The harmony that keyed thy strings
When Milton, Byron, Shakespeare sang,
Now sits and dreams with folded wings,
Where once immortal music rang!

Search high and low through all the earth,
Only a strain or two is tost—
The shuttlecocks for children's mirth
To mock the final holocaust.

Our hands are weak, our ears are dull,
The motive power of song is dead;
Now Pride and Greed, they only, cull
The flowers that deck the poet's head.

Awake, awake! Thy lyre is where
Thy altars lift before the Lord,
Where self is immolated — there —
There thou shalt find the hidden chord.

Oh, Soul, climb up beyond the stars;
Up to the glory 'round the throne,
Where Love and Truth still wake the bars
Of music and of song, alone.



SHAKESPEARE'S AUTHORSHIP AND RELIGION.

A Conversation between Hon. Ignatius Donnelly and Rev. John Conway, M. A. Recorded by Rev. John Conway.

"IT is the privilege of genius to survive whole generations of malign-ers." Thus spoke the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota, quoting from his own book "Dr. Huguet," when I called upon him in his comfortable quarters at the Hotel Ryan in St. Paul. There is not a man in the North Star State who has withstood more bravely and more serenely the bitter attack of enemies, political, personal, and literary, than this many-sided sage who published a book of verse at nineteen and "The Great Cryptogram" at fifty-four.

He is one of the gentlest of men, with a heart ever throbbing with sympathy for his fellows, and a brain always active in thinking out schemes for the betterment of humanity.

Sixty-four winters have not diminished his native wit, and his cleanly, clerical face beams with delight when a friend pays him a passing visit. A glance at Mr. Donnelly's study is enough to satisfy one that he is still an active editor and a ceaseless toiler in the more pretentious fields of literature; for his study is covered over with newspapers of all kinds, and volumes of literature light and heavy are scattered about in all directions.

Mr. Donnelly is probably the best equipped scholar in the world on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy; and as he is about to publish another book on the cipher in the plays, which he says will settle the question of their authorship forever, I proposed to him the following question: —

"In view of the scholarly character of 'The Great Cryptogram,' how do you account for the vast amount of adverse criticism which it called forth?"

"In answer to your question I would say that when I published 'The Great Cryptogram' in 1888, I thought I had enough to show that there was really a cipher in the plays. I gave the cipher-numbers which worked out the story, although I did not show how they were obtained. I withheld this at the request of my publishers. I thought, however, that if I could demonstrate that a particular number, say 505, applied to the

text of the great folio of 1623, and, counting from the beginnings and ends of plays, scenes, columns, and sub-divisions caused by stage directions, produced a coherent story, the world would be satisfied that there was a cipher there even though I did not explain how I obtained that number (505).

"The critics, however, made a great outcry over the fact that I had not revealed the source of the cipher-numbers; and when subsequently I gave that information to the public they paid no attention to it. In 'The Great Cryptogram' I repeatedly stated that my work in bringing out the cipher story was imperfect and incomplete. The critics, instead of accepting this excuse and devoting themselves to that which I had presented, to ascertain whether or not it established the probability of a cipher, assailed me furiously for the imperfections which I had myself admitted. I was covered with the ridicule and abuse of two continents. Instead of any recognition of my honest efforts to establish the truth of a great contention, and settle an issue which has disturbed the literary world for forty years, I was pursued like a malefactor.

"I did not lose my wits as did poor Delia Bacon under similar treatment. I quietly settled down with patience and industry to demonstrate the truth of my claim, that there is a cipher in the Shakespeare plays which asserts Francis Bacon's authorship of the same, and reveals the whole inner history of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. I need not say it has been a stupendous task, and every step of the investigation made it plainer that I was right. I have now reached a point where I am able to work out long continuous sentences by a rule as inflexible as that of the multiplication table. I could publish to-day enough of the results of my labor to settle forever the reality of the cipher and the Baconian authorship. But I am anxious to go still further and perfect my workmanship.

"I have not been saying anything about my work, and shall not do so now except in answer to the questions which you are kind enough to propound. There is nothing accidental, or empirical, or hap-hazard about the cipher. The cipher-number moves alternately up and down the columns; and instead of being spread over a wide surface, long sentences are found on the same column or on the adjoining columns. The plan, the reticule of the cipher, is plain to every one to whom it is explained. It perhaps did not require as much ingenuity to form the cipher as it did to discover it, for the reason that Bacon had his own rule and could follow it without restraint, while the decipherer had to find out the rule which told the story whereof he knew nothing.

"The marvellous, the tremendous power of the cipher-maker was shown, not so much in setting his words over the pages at arithmetical distances apart, as in twisting the text of the play so as to bring those words in their regular order, and occasionally bursting forth into the most elevated and transcendent poetry. The very vastness and intricacy of the work have been one reason why men have rejected the theory of a cipher. They could not see any reason why any man should produce such an involved and complicated work when he could have written the story out in the ordinary manner and transmitted it to posterity by some more certain means. But who shall measure the

capacity or divine the purposes of one capable of writing the Shakespeare plays? And when my book is published, the world will realize what an unparalleled piece of intellectual effort has been put forth in the plays. The folio of 1623 will forever stand the eighth wonder of the world. I might perhaps have concluded my labors in less time than I have taken, but I have been greatly interrupted by political engagements, writing other books, and attending to the small details of life. I have not been able to employ assistance, and therefore all I have done has been done with my own hand.

"This new discovery will prove, I think, but a small part of a great matter. Books have recently been published in England which go to show that Francis Bacon was the real founder of the Rosicrucian society, which has been so much discussed of late and about which so little is known. It is also claimed by these writers that speculative freemasonry was an outgrowth from Rosicrucianism. The emblem of Rosicrucianism was the cross or the rosy cross, about which Ben Jonson speaks in one of his plays, and the highest degree of freemasonry is the rosy cross.

"It is claimed that this is the umbilical cord which united the parent and child. The Rosicrucian society, though surrounded by much mysticism, seems to have been established to protect liberty of thought against the encroachments of kings and churches. And there are those who think that from it can be traced that development of unbelief, led by Hobbes, Bacon's friend, Voltaire and others, which resulted in the great French revolution. I do not say that these things are true, but they are possible, and they open vistas into realms of thought away beyond the reach of the thinkers of to-day. The Elizabethan age was the prolific parent of influences which have spread over the whole world and which will continue to affect the condition of mankind for ages to come. I believe we have in the cipher in the Shakespeare plays the very soul and essence of that great era revealed by the loftiest genius and the profoundest thinker that has ever dwelt on earth.

"But this conversation is rather one-sided. You are a professor of English literature, and therefore a student of the famous plays. May I ask what objection you have (for I know by the twinkle of your eye you do not quite agree with me) to my claim in favor of the Baconian authorship?"

Father Conway. "I have several objections against your theory; but you will please allow me to be very brief as well as very frank. Your claim is far from being original. Delia Bacon, Judge Holmes, Lord Palmerston, and others maintained that the immortal dramas are the creation of Francis Bacon. De Quincey declares them to be the combined efforts of the great minds of Shakespeare's time. These people put forward the literary arguments with great force and without that appearance of special pleading and of personal hatred against the man Shakespeare which mark the pages of 'The Great Cryptogram.' Yet the writers mentioned never secured much of a following.

"Then you know while it is possible for the whole world to be deceived for a while, all the people are not likely to be wrong all the time. Now for three hundred years there

has been a moral unanimity in favor of the opinion that Shakespeare wrote the plays. Nor is it probable that a man as mean and as ambitious as Bacon should have fathered his failures while he surrendered his successes to Shakespeare. Specialists like Sir Henry Irving say that none but an actor could have written the plays. In fact, this great Shakepearian actor goes so far as to call the discussion an idiotic one.

"Brilliant as Colonel Ingersoll is as a rhetorician, I do not set much stock in him as a reasoner. Yet as you broke a lance with him, if my memory does not deceive me, on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, let me remind you of one good point he made. It is this: —

"'Bacon certainly wrote that "love is ever a matter of comedy and tragedy; it worketh mischief like a siren or a fury." The author of 'Romeo and Juliet' never wrote that.'

"I am well aware that in the days of Shakespeare, London was, as it is to-day, the centre of refinement. Outside of it and the universities great illiteracy obtained. But what of that? What if Stratford-on-Avon were a Bœotia in miniature? What if Shakespeare's own family were uneducated? It is a well-known fact that in those days one member of a family might be a prize-man from Oxford while the others could not read or write.

"The charges of drunkenness, dishonesty, forgery, falsehood, greed, and usury brought against Shakespeare, thereby implying that such as he could not have written the plays, are hardly worth considering. The reason is because so little is known about the history of Shakespeare that these accusations cannot be proved, and even if they could the argument would not be worth much. Stevens, one of his editors, says that all we know with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon, married and had children there, went to London, where he commenced life as an actor, wrote poems and plays, returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried.

"It seems to me that the testimony of Ben Jonson alone is enough to set aside any claims on behalf of the Baconian authorship. Jonson was Shakespeare's contemporary. Both wrote plays, and in that day Jonson's were more popular than Shakespeare's for the same reason that 'Sweet Marie' is more popular than 'Oh, Blame not the Bard.' Jonson wrote a poem addressed 'To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakespeare.' In this poem he refers to Shakespeare as the

> "Soul of the age
> The applause, delight, and wonder of our stage.

"He also adds the following lines which seem conclusive: —

> "Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
> To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
> He was not of an age, but for all time."

Mr. Donnelly. "I like your powers of condensation. But surely you do not hold that these arguments prove beyond yea or nay that Shakespeare wrote the plays."

Father Conway. "The burden of proof does not rest upon me. Shakespeare is in possession and possession is nine points of the law, as students of Blackstone say. Surely you do not think that Ben Jonson, Shakepeare's contemporary and friend, could have been deceived."

Mr. Donnelly. "No, not exactly. Let me explain. Ben Jonson was one of Bacon's 'good pens,' and

helped him in the translation of his philosophical works into Latin. Ben's conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden show that Jonson lived in Bacon's house, and he gives one of Bacon's jokes. He says that when Jonson was about to start off on foot to travel to Scotland, Bacon said to him that he disliked to see poets go upon other feet than iambics and dactyls. I have no doubt that the relations between Jonson and Bacon were very close and that Jonson was completely in the secret of the authorship of the plays.

"The chief witness of Shakespeare's authorship of the plays which go by his name has been Ben Jonson. He is always called upon to do service by those who defend the prevalent belief. We claim that Ben Jonson, in speaking of Shakespeare, meant Bacon. In the introductory verses of the great folio he says:—

"Or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

"Ben subsequently in his Discoveries, printed in 1640, gave the names of fifteen of the most eminent wits and orators of his own and the preceding age. He omitted Shakespeare from the list. After speaking of Lord Egerton, Sir Francis Bacon's predecessor on the wool-sack, he adds: 'But for his learned and able but unfortunate successor (Bacon), is he that has filled up all numbers and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome.'

"Here he not only applies the same expression 'insolent Greece' or 'haughty Rome' to both Shakespeare and Bacon, but he declares that Bacon was a poet and had filled up all 'numbers,' which mean poetry, because poetry is the only form of composition in which the syllables are numbered. He was not only, according to Jonson, a poet but a great poet, and a poet in the English language, 'because he had performed that in our tongue,' says Jonson. The probabilities are that if Francis Bacon had a secret society Ben Jonson was one of the members. There is another piece of testimony going to show that some men or association of men continued in existence long after the death of both Shakespeare and Bacon, who saw to it that the second and third folios were exact duplicates in the arrangement of the text and even in the repetition of errors of the first folio. The same words begin and end each page and each column from the first word to the last of those great folios, notwithstanding the fact that they were printed with different sizes of type.

"This could not have occurred by accident; for in one instance, page 79 of the histories, the printer found it impossible to get all the words of a second column of that page into its duplicate column of page 79 of the other folios, and a line or two were carried over to the next page, where there was plenty of room. But at the bottom of that column the text was so adjusted that it ended with the same word which appeared at the bottom of the same column in the first folio. There was of course neither stereotyping nor photography then, and these facts demonstrate to my mind that some person or society was in existence after the Cromwellian revolution who compelled the printers to make the second and third folios absolute duplicates of the first, and that this was done because they knew there was a cipher in the plays which de-

pended upon the precise arrangement of the words upon the pages, and to which the seeming typographical errors were necessary. Besides, in your adhesion to the popular belief you have omitted my cryptogrammic argument altogether."

Father Conway. "Not at all. I am well aware that Lord Bacon dealt in ciphers; but as much of the argument as you have yet made known to the public seems to me to damage your cause rather than otherwise. You say that if there be a cipher in the plays it is probably in the form of a brief statement to the effect that 'I, Francis Bacon, of St. Alban's, son of Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the Great Seal of England, wrote these plays which go by the name of William Shakespeare.' Having thus made your sentence, you then proceed to find out its words by a most complicated and arbitrary process. You turn to the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' and you find the word William repeated eleven times. You turn over a leaf to where Mistress Page says: —

"Why, woman, your husband is in his old lines again; he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters of what complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying *peere* out, *peere* out, etc.

"There you have *peere*; now where do you get *Shakes?* You go to the next page but one for it. Mistress Page speaks: —

"And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milchkine yield blood, and *shakes* a straw.

"Again you say that it was in the first part of 'King Henry the Fifth' that you found the most startling proof of the existence of a cipher. The carriers speak as follows: —

"1 car. What ostler, come away and be hanged, come away.

"2 car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

"The average reader will not be satisfied with this far-fetched union of *Shakes* and *peere* in order to find the name of the Bard of Avon; nor will the ordinary intellect be willing to accept the statement that a well-cured piece of pork carried by a waiter to Charing Cross is the cipher name of him who was called the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind. The plays are so rich in words, that a few pages of them will give a vocabulary out of which a story might well be manufactured by means of some artful manipulation. If there be a cipher in the plays, it strikes me that you have not made enough of it known. But then you have promised another book, which I hope will clear away obscurities. Let me ask you another question, Mr. Donnelly. You seem to hate Shakespeare. Why do you say in 'The Great Cryptogram' that Shakespeare's name was not Shakespeare but Jack Peter?"

Mr. Donnelly. "I did not exactly say that in 'The Great Cryptogram.' I stated that there was a marked difference between the man Shakespeare and the name under which the plays were published during his own lifetime.

"The three signatures to the Stratford actor's will and one to a legal instrument are all the specimens extant of Shakespeare's writing in the whole world, and in each case the signature is spelled S–H–A–K–S–P–E–R–E, — a word of nine letters and probably pronounced S–H–A–X–P–E–R; while two plays and poems published during Shakespeare's lifetime had the name Shakespeare, a word of eleven letters, pro-

nounced Shakespeare and very often written with a hyphen between Shake and speare. This latter form was, I think, Bacon's *nom de plume*, and was so used for the protection of Shakespeare, so that he could, if necessary, deny that the play was his, for that was not his name. We know that Queen Elizabeth was very indignant about the play of 'Richard the Second,' because it depicted the deposition and death of a king. As she said, 'Know you not that I am Richard the Second?'

"There are many evidences that Shakespeare's name was not pronounced among his familiars as Shakespeare. In the bond which was given to enable him to marry Anna Hathaway with one calling of the banns his name is written William Shagspur. And in many other cases it is spelt Shaxpur. In the British Museum I asked for a book in reference to Shakespeare, and the librarian inquired, 'Is it a work in reference to the man or the plays?' Said I, 'What difference does that make?' 'Why,' said he, 'all books in reference to the man are catalogued under the name Shakespere, while all books in reference to the plays are catalogued under the title Shakespeare. Thus England has a sort of doubled-barrelled poet, and we may say with the writer of the plays, 'One of these men is genius to the other, which is which?'

"We Baconians claim that either the man Shakespeare, when he signed his will, did not know how to spell his own name or that he permitted others to put forth his immortal productions under a name which was not his.

"I stated in the 'Cryptogram' that there were those who believed that Shakespeare was a corruption of Jack Peter. Jack was pronounced with an S sound even as Jock is today; and Pierre, as we all know, was another form of Peter. But the etymology of the name is really of very little consequence; and whether it originated from a combination of two Christian names like the common cognomen of John Thomas, or was a reminiscence of some gallant ancestor who shook his spear upon the field of battle, throws no light upon the authorship of the plays. A man named Jack Peter might have written them just as well as a man named Bacon. I believe our high-sounding adjective Ciceronian is derived from a man who was so called because one of his ancestors had a wart on the side of his nose. Fame does not always pick out grand names for her resounding trumpet.

"Now, as you are a clergyman as well as a professor of literature, I should like to ask you what you think of the religion of the author of the plays?"

Father Conway. "At least for convenience' sake let me call the author of the plays by the name of Shakespeare. It is difficult and unsatisfactory to try to decide the religion of any poet by his writing. A poet sees beauty in all religions; and if he be in a poetic mood, he jots down his feelings even though they be but fleeting. For instance, one might well argue that Alfred Tennyson was an Universalist, were he to rely solely upon the following lines: —

> "I can but trust that good shall fall,
> At last far off at last, for all,
> And every winter change to spring.

"And judging from the many references to Catholic doctrines and practices correctly mentioned by Longfellow, it would not be a difficult

task to construct an argument showing him to have been a Catholic. As to the religion of Shakespeare I think no one will question that he was a Christian. Some seem to think that his language is at times coarser than is consistent with a form of Christianity as high as Catholicism. Quite true, the language of the Elizabethan period was plainer than ours, but there are not many coarse expressions in the thirty-six plays attributed to Shakespeare. There is no contempt of religion, and he invariably upholds the ethics of moral and divine truths. He himself may not have been quite spotless, and certainly was not if his character were such as the Baconians say; but there is no church whose membership is entirely made up of saints.

"Shakespeare makes the pure and passionate Juliet say: —

> "At your leisure, holy father, now,
> Or shall I come to you at even Mass?

"Some argue that Shakespeare could not have been a Catholic, for if he were he would have known better than to speak of Mass in the evening. But Shakespeare made no mistake in the words which he put into the mouth of lovelorn Juliet. In those days and long before, vespers were called *missæ vespertinæ* — evening Masses. Even to this day, in some remote rural districts of England, where the Reformation did not reach, the priest sometimes receives in reply to his query, 'Do you go to Mass?' the answer, 'Yes, father, I go to Mass in the evening.' So that the passage quoted from 'Romeo and Juliet' would point rather to the Catholicity of its author. Another presumption in favor of the Catholicity of the 'Sweet Swan of Avon' is found in the female characters which he delineates. Some of his women are like those who are closely trained in a Catholic atmosphere and in accordance with the strictest principles of the Catholic Church. There is Isabella, in whose spotless life love and reason blended into perfect truth; there is Juliet, within whose heart purity and passion met like white and red within the bosom of a rose; there is the soulful Cordelia, whose very tears restored one to health; there is the stainless Imogen, who cried out, 'What is it to be false?'

"None save one who was himself a Catholic, or at least the result of Catholic thought and training, could have given such a Catholic spirit to his plays as has Shakespeare.

"A careful student of Shakespeare's works can easily understand why Carlyle regards him as the flowering of medieval Catholicism. Nor are we forced to be content with the presumptions established by the sharply drawn ethical principles of the great poet, by the accuracy of the words of Juliet, by the character of his women, by the spirit of his plays, by that subtle something which makes the sage of Chelsea say of him that he is the product of medieval Catholicism. Every allusion of his to sacred subjects is made in the most reverential tone.

"And when the great dramatist deals with distinctly Catholic personages he gives them their due respect throughout. Cardinal Wolsey, even in his very fall, even when charging Cromwell to fling away ambition, even when bemoaning that he had not served his God as well as he had served his king, is an impressive and dignified churchman. Shakespeare makes the Catholic Katherine of Aragon one of the most noble figures in all the plays. Catholics were persecuted in the days of Shakespeare,

but not one word against the ancient faith ever escapes his lips. He often refers to Catholic doctrines, and his references are always theologically correct. He brings the ghost of Hamlet's father from purgatory. What is the following but the Catholic doctrine of purgatory: —

"Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in flames
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away.

"The king sins and is cut off in the blossom of his sin, 'unhousled, disappointed, unanel'd'; that is, without confession, unprepared, and without Extreme Unction.

"We have the statement of one Protestant clergyman to the effect that Shakespeare died a Catholic. Sixty-two years after the death of the poet, a certain Rev. W. Fulman, a Protestant clergyman from Shakespeare's country, died, having bequeathed some manuscript to his friend, the Rev. Mr. Davies. The latter published the manuscript and added some notes, one of which is, 'He (Shakespeare) died a papist.'

"So little is known about the personal history of Shakespeare that in all probability we shall never be able to determine from that source with absolute certainty what his religion was; but from a study of his plays one can come to no other conclusion save this, that he was permeated with Catholicism."

THE FAILING WORDS.

D. J. Donahoe.

In spring, when the greening valleys
Are sweet with the breath of flowers,
And the brooklet sings and sparkles
Through glade and blossoming bowers;

When the hills and the higher barrens
Are loud with the songs of birds,
My heart is filled with music,
But, alas, how fail the words!

I would sing with the trill and rapture
Of the wood-thrush in the grove;
I would sing with the gentle soothing
Of the wild dove's voice of love;

I would utter the slumbrous murmur
Of bees in the clover blooms,
And the song the stream is singing
To the wild grape's sweet perfumes.

I would echo the sweetness and gladness
Of brooks and bees and birds;
But, ah! though rapt with the music,
How faint are the failing words!

MEDITATION.

Gabriel Max.

A May Blossom.

SCENE AT THE ANCIENT OLYMPIC GAMES. THE RACE WINNER.

REVIVAL OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

JOSEPH C. DRUM.

THE Grecian games have been revived in Athens after a lapse of almost twenty centuries. The Panathenaic Stadium has been thronged with interested spectators, whose thundering cheers at the spirited spectacles presented have sounded a clarion note to awaken in the Athenians of the present an ambition to regain the athletic glory which antiquity always granted their ancestors.

The contests were held on the spot where long ago the fleet-footed youth of Greece struggled for the olive wreath of glory, where giants threw the discus, and victorious wrestlers, jumpers, and other heroes of the arena and race-course won the applause of their delighted fellow-citizens. Nothing but the ground plan of the old Stadion had been left to suggest the lines of restoration, for the marble tiers and columns had long before met the rude fate of medieval limekilns. Nevertheless, the generosity of several public-spirited Athenians enabled those in charge of the games to rebuild completely the magnificent oval.

The revival of these games was the outcome of a decision of an international athletic congress, which met at Paris two years ago. It was there determined to inaugurate a series of contests, to take place every four years: the first in Athens, the second in Paris, etc. Athens was chosen as the first place, because hers was the nation whose ancestors

were unsurpassed in ancient times in athletics, and to whom the cultivation of the body was almost a religion.

The Grecian government made this affair a national matter; and after interesting King George II, his consort Olga, and their son, the Crown Prince Constantin, they formed a general committee, with the Duke of Sparta at its head, to make preparations. National interest was immediately aroused, and a popular subscription of a large amount was offered. The Stadium was restored to all its former beauty; and when everything was prepared, the people flocked to the city, just as in the ancient days, and the revival of the ancient contests formed a fitting celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Grecian independence.

Athletes of all nations were present to take part on the occasion. They added new conquests to those which marked their careers at home, and thousands of onlookers cheered them on to fame, as they vied beneath the same sun which ages ago shone on the triumphs of the sleek-skinned Olympic heroes.

It was proper that among the athletes from abroad there should be representatives of the United States, the greatest nation of athletes in the world to-day, as Greece was in the days gone by. That they did their country justice no one can deny; their conduct and make-up, their great pluck and determination, won genuine admiration and praise.

It is much to be regretted that circumstances and disinterest prevented the heroes of the great international meet of last September from being present. The men themselves were anxious for the fray, and were detained only by the indifference of those who could have sent them there, the rich athletic clubs of their several cities. The treatment, in all probability, made some of them regret, in the moment of disappointment, their past loyalty to amateur athletics.

The only man of international prominence among the Americans was Thomas E. Burke, whose performance in New York last September, when he defeated the Englishmen, Jordan and Fitzherbert, in the quarter-mile run, was a remarkable one. Burke's first notable winning was on March 17, 1894, when he created the interscholastic record of 1 minute and 20⅖ seconds for the half-mile run. In the same year he won the quarter mile in 50⅗ seconds. This was wonderful time for a schoolboy, and brought him no end of applause. After this Burke began a series of contests, in which through immature generalship he met many defeats at the hands of Tommy Keane in the middle distances, and Bernard Wefers in the dashes. But though he lost races, he gained experience, as a result of which he is at present considered a very "heady" runner.

A fine exhibition of this was given in his famous race at New York last September. The Englishmen were growing tired of the number of their defeats, and, when the quarter mile came up, decided to try a little strategy on the schoolboy. Fitzherbert was counted on to give Burke the struggle of his life, and Jordan, the other competitor, was not looked upon as dangerous. Consequently, at the crack of the pistol, the latter darted ahead as if to engage Burke in a disastrous burst of speed. The latter, however, fell behind Fitzherbert, in order to watch the supposed

THOMAS E. BURKE, SPRINTER. MANAGER JOHN GRAHAM. ELLERY H. CLARK, JUMPER AND WEIGHT THROWER.

ARTHUR A. BLAKE, LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER. THOMAS P. CURTIS, SPRINTER AND HURDLER.

winner. Around they went, Burke anxiously watching for Fitzherbert's spurt; but the latter held back. Suddenly Jordan, who was in the lead and within a short distance of the finish, surprised all by making a tremendous spurt. Burke recognized the danger at once, and, leaving the tardy Fitzherbert, ran like a deer, beating Jordan by six inches, and winning in forty-nine seconds. No wonder the crowd present went wild with delight. The feat was one to create enthusiasm in the most indifferent.

W. Welles Hoyt of Harvard, another American representative, has gained prominence as a pole vaulter. He is a member of the class of '98 and a graduate of the Roxbury Latin School. He held the state interscholastic pole-vaulting record of 10 feet 6½ inches until last June, when it was increased an inch by Johnson of Worcester. His ablest performance was at the Mott Haven Games last summer, when he and Bucholz of the University of Pennsylvania tied for first place at 11 feet 2¾ inches. As a hurdler Hoyt has shown some ability. He holds the interscholastic record of 17⅖ seconds for the high hurdles.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE.

Arthur Blake, son of Mary Elizabeth Blake, the well-known writer, is an excellent long-distance runner. His best time performance was at Yale in May, 1895, when he ran second to Morgan in the mile, finishing two yards behind. The winner's time was 4 minutes 32⅖ seconds. Blake was always a first-class cross-country runner, and has made good time over the Corey Hill course.

In the local athletic meetings in which he has participated, the mile run is almost sure to be the most exciting event on the programme, and this because of the manner in which Blake invariably finishes. At about the second lap to the last he is seen plodding along among the defeated ones, as if every hope had gone; then of a sudden, the conditions will change and the crowd will rise excitedly in their seats and cheer as Blake's tall form, surmounted with a bushy head of hair, goes tearing around the course. One by one he passes them all, until, as the bell rings for the finish, he is found, if not a winner, at least "placed."

Ellery H. Clark did not attain any prominence as an athlete until he entered Harvard in 1893. During the last three years he has been actively engaged in athletics, and to-day has probably few equals in the country as an all-round man. He has won over one hundred prizes at jumping, sprinting, and weight throwing, and in addition holds the B. A. A. and Harvard records with

the sixteen-pound hammer, is champion of New England with the sixteen-pound shot, and holds the maritime provinces' records at the high and broad jumps.

Last fall in six consecutive meetings, which included the national, New England, and maritime championships, he carried off twelve first prizes, seven seconds, and two thirds. He wound up the season at the fall handicap games of the N. Y. A. C. by winning first prize in the hammer, second in the shot and high jump, and third in the hop, step and jump.

Clark stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height and weighs 170 pounds. His best records are: hammer, 123 feet 7 inches, shot, 38 feet 9 inches, high jump, 5 feet 10⅝ inches, and broad jump, 22 feet.

QUEEN OLGA OF GREECE.

Thomas P. Curtis is best known as a football player, having been a member at different times of Columbia College, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Boston Athletic Association teams. In this rôle Curtis' name will live forever at "Tech."

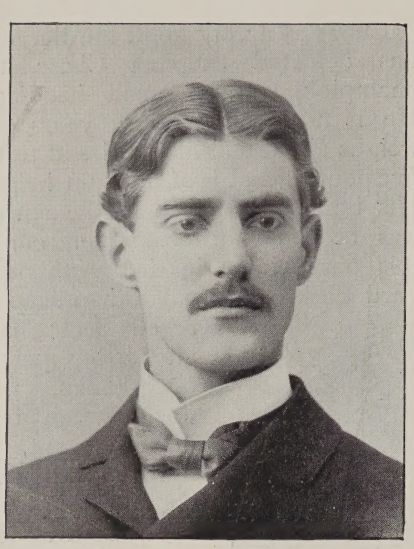
Never will be forgotten the game he played in the fall of '93 against the famous Brown University eleven. In it he frequently took the ball and dove completely over the centre of the line, gaining his ground every time. The affair ended in a broken bone for Curtis; but "Tech" was just beaten by the score of 6 to 0.

Curtis is a very good hurdler, and has defeated Stephen Chase, the champion, from a small handicap. He is now twenty-three years old, weighs about one hundred and forty-five pounds, and is of medium height. His best performance in the sprints was at the Ninth Regiment games this past winter in the seventy-five yard dash. He had a handicap of seven feet; and after being passed by Wefers, who was scratch man in the event, he ran the last fifty yards within two inches of the champion, and forced him to break a world's record to win. The time was 7⅗ seconds.

John Graham, the manager of the team, was born at Liverpool, England, October 22, 1861. He came to this country in 1880, and has been an assistant instructor in athletics at Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton. In 1889 he was made instructor at the Charlesbank Gymnasium, Boston, and later succeeded Harry Cornish as manager of the B. A. A. He has trained a number of good athletic teams.

J. B. Connolly of Harvard College also went to Athens. He is a fine jumper, and was once holder of the world's record for the hop, step and jump, and has a mark of twenty-two feet three inches in the broad jump.

During the doubtful period, preliminary to the decision of the



W. Welles Hoyt, Pole Vaulter.

B. A A. to send a team to Athens, Prof. Sloane of Princeton College, the American member of the general committee of arrangements, in order to make sure that this country would be represented, organized a team from Princeton and sent them over. They were Captain Garrett, '97, Lane, '97, Lyter, '97, and Ramison, '98. Colfelt, '99, a clever quarter miler, was to go but could not.

While the performances of our Americans in the games were not in themselves very wonderful, they were nevertheless sufficiently good to sweep everything before them. The most notable performance was that of Captain Garrett of Princeton in throwing the discus. He easily distanced all competitors and this, too, with but a few days' practice at the game. Burke won both of the short-distance runs, and Blake was second in the mile race. He also entered the twenty-five mile road race to Athens from Marathon, but found the Greek peasants too hardy a lot of roadsters for him. Connolly showed that he is yet a champion in the three jumps, and Clark was an easy winner in the high jump. Curtis, too, has an olive wreath to show his triumph in the hurdle race, and Hoyt and Tyler also have prizes for their work in the pole vaulting. Jamison was second to Burke in the quarter-mile dash, and John Paine of Boston demonstrated the superiority of American marksmen by winning the rifle and revolver competitions.

The gymnastic exhibitions and other contests were not entered by the Americans, so that the German and Swiss athletes were easy winners, excepting in the twenty-five mile cross-country race. In this the old-time endurance of the Grecian race was shown, for the winners were all Greeks. When Louis, the winner, crossed the line, the cheering would have put the crowd at an ancient Olympiad to shame.

There seems to be no doubt among authorities that the Olympic games of old took definite shape

The Disc Thrower.

about the year 600 B. C., when Iolaus drove the horses of Hercules to victory and was crowned by him with a wreath of the sacred olive tree. After this, chariot racing became popular, and the course at Olympia was used exclusively for that sport. As years passed other athletic games came into favor; and soon the famous festivals known as the Olympiads, which took place every four years, were instituted. So sacred were these games to the people, that a sacrifice of some animal to Zeus was rendered previous to their commencement and the lapse of time itself was computed according to their occurrence.

The judges in the games were chosen from the citizens of Elis, and were, at the most, nine in number. Besides the horse contests, which included chariot racing, running in pairs and singly, fancy riding by the jockeys, and walking matches, there were also boxing, wrestling, running, jumping, throwing the discus, hurling the javelin, etc., etc.

These games were held at Olmypia near Elis, and not, as one might believe, in the Stadion of Herodes Atticus at Athens, which was restored for the revival. Tradition has it that the ancient city of Olympia was one of magnificence, and, strange as it may seem, practically deserted, save during the few days spent in celebrating the Olympiads. In its most famous days the city, wherein was built the temple of Zeus, was without a rival in beauty. Numerous temples of other deities dotted the plain, and thousands of statues of the winners of the different Olympiads, the masterpieces of ancient sculpture, were scattered all around, each surrounded with its bower of green and gray, the plane tree and wild olive. Among these reproductions of famous mortals were placed, with only equal honors, the images of the gods themselves.

The first day of the Olympic festivals was spent in the sacrifice to Zeus, father of the gods. The oath was also given in the name of this most powerful deity. In it the competitor declared that he was of pure Hellenic blood, free bornand honorable, properly trained for the contest, and with purposes of a victory, which would be won without bribery or any unlawful means.

The second day was devoted to the games of the boys; and the greatest honors, those of the stadion, came on the third day.

The Stadion at Olympia was oblong and about three hundred yards in length. On each side hills, with myriads of seats for the spectators, sloped downward to the smooth level of sand, which formed the surface of the arena. At either end was the starting-point and goal, and an olive-wreathed pillar marked the turning point in the diaulos — the double stadion — and races of greater length. The judges also had their positions within the arena.

Because of the truce, which was always declared before the holding of the games, and which lasted some time after, this famous festival was always attended by natives of other countries, and even by the hereditary enemy of the Greeks, the Medes of Persia. Men of all ages and conditions were present to cheer their favorites, and the most beautiful maidens in the world urged on a lover to victory or wept at his defeat. The mothers of the nation, however, never witnessed the games, nor could they do so under pain of death. This peculiar regulation

seems strange to modern minds, and mere conjecture alone can tell the reason for its creation and practice among the ancients.

As in our meetings of the present day, the short race or single length of the Stadion was the first event. Their skins glistening with oil, the competitors listened for the signal with feet on the starting-line, and at the blast of a trumpet rushed down the arena. Then the air would be rent with the unbridled shouting of the populace as they urged on their heroes. Then came a pause in the cheering out of respect for the announcer, after which the friends of the victor went wild over his success.

Then came the diaulos, or double stadion. Twice the length they must go to win the crown. The wrestling bouts were all conducted at once. Each man faced his opponent, and all struggled simultaneously for the first victory. Then the winners met, and so on until the wreath was won. These wrestlers were not covered with oil, as were the runners, but were generally coated with a fine sand, which prevented slipping.

The dolichos was the great running event of the games, and was measured by twelve laps of the stadion, the equivalent of about three miles. Twelve golden eagles with expanded wings were placed near the throne of the judges; and as each lap was completed, one of these was thrown to the ground.

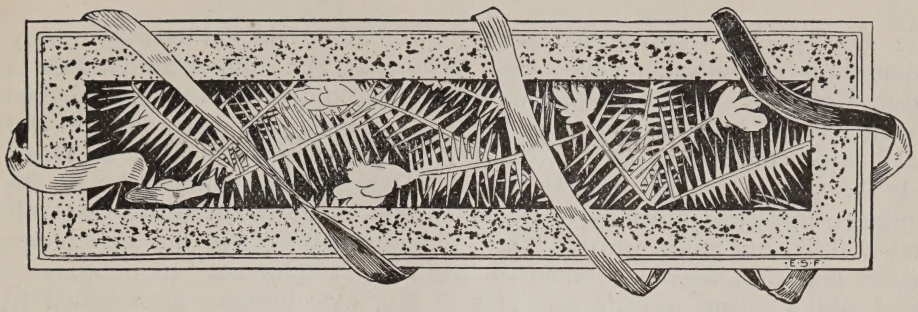
The boxing matches were the most brutal features of the ancient games. Men of great stature and large bodies generally competed, for only they could stand under the blow of the fist covered with a cestus. Few deaths, however, resulted from these conflicts, because it was stipulated that any man killing an opponent would be denied the victory.

The race of the hoplites, in which the runners, clad in full armor, ran the single stadion, was always a favorite pastime. From it is taken our modern heavy-marching-order race, which was so popular a few years ago in regimental games.

The pankration was the principal event in point of popularity. It was a mixture of wrestling and boxing, without the cestus, and would be now termed an out-and-out rough and tumble fight. It was always conducted with as much dignity as possible, and continued without interruption until the conquered one saved his life by signalling a surrender.

After the games were over the victors marched in triumphal procession to the temple of Zeus, and were there crowned with wreaths of the sacred olive. The lack of value in the prize was in direct contrast to the great honor of the victory. The heroes' statues were placed among those who had gone before. In most states they received pensions for life, but in Sparta their reward was the place of danger in battle.

The games during Easter week were carried off with the greatest precision and success. The wonderful beauty of the Greek land at this season, the great traditions attached to its prehistoric ruins, the wholesome Greek hospitality, the illumination of the Acropolis and other classical monuments, the great historical parade, the reproduction of the ancient drama and of the dances of the old peasantry, and the grand musical festival, were features of this memorable international celebration, and an experience for the spectators upon which the most travelled among them may congratulate himself.



THE END OF ANNE'S LOVE STORY.

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

I DO not know the beginning of it. It was already far advanced when she came to us, for she left New York to be near her sweetheart, and was visiting Mrs. McGuire while looking for "a place."

We needed another maid, a good, strong, pleasant-mannered young woman who would add to the lighter household tasks the care of our invalid aunt. This was known to our neighbors in a general way, and we had several applicants among the workers. But no one suited us until Mrs. McGuire brought Anne to see us.

Such a pretty girl! The whitest skin, the whitest teeth, the bluest, eyes, wide as an innocent child's, the softest, wavy, curl-tipped, red-brown hair, together with an air of neatness, modesty, and purity that was recommendation enough in itself. My mother breathed a sigh of relief.

"My sister, Mrs. Grey, is a great sufferer," said she, hesitating, — she was a tender and truthful soul, hating to find a fault in one she loved, and hating equally to conceal it for her own good, — "and sometimes she is rather difficult to please. You will need patience, and all your kind Irish heart, but you will be doing a good work for the sick; and we shall appreciate it."

Anne looked up smiling, and looked down blushing. "I can thry, mem," she said simply, folding her quiet, capable hands one over the other.

She did try faithfully and successfully. Modest as she looked, neat, trim, and cleanly as heart could wish, seldom speaking unless addressed, yet always pleasant, she bore with the invalid's caprices with a sweet patience which nothing troubled, even while holding out against impossible requirements and the most contradictory demands. We soon came to feel the most perfect confidence in her and to have a strong liking for her. Also, alas! the sorrowful foreboding of her loss was ours.

The sweetheart was an invisible but all-pervading presence from the first. We saw his footprints on the walks; we heard his deep voice on

the side porch when Anne came home from her "afternoon out" with Mrs. McGuire; we knew she was summoned at irregular intervals to hold brief conferences at the same side door, from which she returned smiling shyly and blushing rosily; and at last, my mother made some gentle inquiries, to which Anne replied with as gentle directness. He was "a boy" she had known in "the town beyant." Mrs. McGuire knew him for "a very dacint man."

"An' wud ye be plazed to spake wid Mrs. McGuire, Mrs. Brand?"

No, my mother did not think it necessary, but she suggested that it would be better to invite him into the house rather than to expose herself to the dangers of cold or malaria.

"You know, Anne, I am quite willing to make a good girl as happy as I can. This is a worthy young man, as you know, and he will neither hinder you in attending to your duties nor will you keep him from his. Don't hang over the gate or wander about in the night air when he comes. Bring him into the house. It is your home for the present, at least, and don't be ashamed of him."

My mother's smile was always beautiful and cheering, and Anne almost laughed her proud delight. Ashamed of him, indeed!

"Thank ye kindly, mem! His name is Dinis McDermott, mem, an' I'll be plazed to ask him into the house."

After that he came every Sunday evening, and sat with Anne in the little dining-room until the clock was on the stroke of ten. Punctually at that hour she entered my aunt's room, gowned and coifed and aproned for service as though she had never known the bits of finery we caught in glimpses on the stairs. Punctually every Thursday she slipped away at three o'clock in the afternoon, and was back at ten at her post, cheerful and demure and practical as if no Denis McDermott was stumbling over the shrubs under the windows and colliding with arbors in the vain attempt to find "a short cut" to the gate.

As they became accustomed to the changed order of things, he grew less shy, and we came face to face with him, one after the other. A good-looking young fellow, well and suitably dressed, quiet, but well-mannered, and manly, too. In short, we thought him a match for Anne as good as she could hope for, since to us the men of her own class all seemed to lack her natural refinement. Mrs. McGuire's testimony was all in his favor, although she hinted that she could say more than she did but for the relationship. He was her own "niece," she said, and explained to me further that she meant he was her sister's son. Mrs. McGuire had her own ideas on many subjects, and clung closely to many odd ways of expressing herself, as it seemed to us. She said he was as good a boy as we could find in America, and that Anne was "the fortunate crater."

Well, Anne thought so at least. My room adjoined my aunt's, and thus, from a fuller knowledge of Anne's trials and triumphs as I overheard them, there arose a warmer sympathy and a closer relation than existed on the part of the other members of the family. Occasionally I stopped her at my door for a cheering word as she passed. Sometimes I volunteered assistance in an emergency or checked a rising storm by carrying the weight of my presence into the breezy sick room. She was very grateful to me, and showed

it in many ways; most delicately and truly, I felt, by confiding in me. As time slipped away, she began to lay before me her simple plans and to ask advice, shyly and prettily, her Irish modesty and reserve yielding only to me. Little by little, she let drop into my ear — and into my heart, for I grew deeply interested in her — the outline of her ideal home, its furnishing and plenishing, her own means and "his," her own views and "his." It was all very sensible, very clear headed, but there was pathos in it, too. The story of her orphan past, her patient endurance, her steady self-denial, came out between the lines. I was glad she was soon to reap the reward in part, at least. She loved "him" dearly and trusted entirely. When the day came at last, she went away from us as happy, as hopeful, and as high-hearted a bride as any I ever knew.

It so happened that we did not see her for a long time. Before we had set sail upon the "sea of troubles" to which her departure consigned us in the way of maid seeking, my aunt died suddenly and without warning to us. It was a great shock to my mother; and lonely and sad in the house where her youth, her youth's companion, and her youth's lover had gone from her, she gathered up her treasures that remained and went to make her home in the near city. We sent messages and farewells to Anne's little home, and wondered a little that she never came to bid us good by, but soon forgot it in the excitement and newness of our life in a strange home. The waves of change sweep over and carry away much that is written on the sands that border the ocean of eternity.

Two years later, I was busy in my own room one cold, wet morning when there came a light tap on my door. In answer to my summons, it opened softly and slowly. Anne came in. Anne? I rose with a sudden dull pang of surprise and disappointment. That Anne should have come to this!

She crossed the room towards me, smiling and pleased, but the ghost of her former self. The deepened tones of her soft voice, the tremor of her folded hands — they were quiet hands no longer — showed her affectionate delight at the meeting, but all else was sadly changed. Her dress was worn and poor and scanty; a small, close-fitting bonnet, a coarse shawl, had taken the place of her pretty, tidy costumes. Her color was all gone, her cheeks were sunken, she had lost several teeth, and her hair, faded, thin and harsh, was drawn tightly from her high, deeply lined forehead. Involuntarily I recalled the pretty wife Denis had chosen, and felt sorry for him.

But Anne was her old self in simple directness. A few commonplace speeches, and I knew she had come with a purpose. In answer to my first question, she opened to me the grave over which we clasped hands in greeting — the grave of her dead hopes, her vanished happiness, her sweet and pure ambitions.

"Miss Alice, dear! It's Anne McDermott ye see now. There's nothing left of Anne Malloy. No, not even her tears!"

"Why, Anne, what do you mean? Your husband — where is he?" For I saw he was not dead. It was something worse that brought that look to Anne's face.

"Where he always is, Miss Alice. Lyin' drunk in Tom Fagin's saloon. You'll mind Tom Fagin's? Oh, Miss Alice, me heart's bruk!"

There was something awful in the tearless agony of those blue eyes, steadily, hopelessly meeting mine. Yet, there was something of Anne Malloy left. There was her patience and her fortitude, tried in the hot fires of disappointment, sorrow, want, and loss, and not found wanting in pure gold.

I bent forward and laid my hand on hers, still folded together.

"Anne, I know nothing. Tell me. Let me help you."

"Miss Alice, I came for it. God forgive me, I wouldn't have come but for that — for the help, I mean. It's sore me heart is that you should see me this way — it's the best, 'deed, an' it's all I have. Ye'll mind, Miss Alice, I had full an' plinty whin I wint wid him?"

It was a sad story, worse, far worse than the common one of gradual descent from better days. From the first, Anne found herself completely in the power of a drunkard, a gambler in his low way, a liar, and a heartless brute. How he had so blinded her, why he had so patiently waited to deceive her, I have never been able to decide; but from the very hour he took her into the home she had bought with her savings and prepared with such loving pride and care, he had thrown aside every semblance of decency and well doing. If I could tell the story as I heard it in the lowered tones of her still flute-like voice, in the measured words of self-control, adding weight to each sentence however anxiously guarded against exaggeration, what a lesson would it convey to heedless youth! Surely, no woman could choose rashly or enter fearlessly upon an untried future, brought face to face with poor, deceived, noble Anne McDermott.

Yes, noble. Looking at it from quite another point of view, it was a beautiful story. She had faced her woe with Anne's simple courage. She had said to herself, in the depths of her humiliation, her dismay, her wrecked and shattered life, "I can thry." There seemed never to have come any other thought. "I can try to better it. It will never be what I thought, but I can try to make it not quite so bad, at least. I can try to make him a better man. He's Denis and I am his wife. I can try to do God's will as his wife." That was the spirit of it. And she had tried, she was trying, she looked forward to nothing but trying, terribly as she had suffered, bitterly as she had been shamed, miserably as she had failed thus far. Everything had gone from her except the house they still lived in. Bought with her own money and secured to herself, she had held it. Stripped of all she had carried into it, abused in his drunken furies, it was still a shelter.

"I'll niver give it up, Miss Alice, niver! Times an' times he's tried to get it from me, an' he's bate me, he's choked me, he's burned me, he's done more than all else — he's kipt sober an' coaxed me. But I've hild to it, an' I will hold to it, plaze God! Ye see, he niver thinks ov lavin' the place, bad as he does be actin' in it. So I'll kape it, an' kape it as dacint as I can for him to come home til, whiniver he will. No, no, Miss Alice dear!"—she was quick to read my thoughts—"don't be thinkin' it! It's not that I love him as Anne Malloy loved Denis McDermott—it's not that at all, at all. But I'm his wife. There's no gettin' away from that, Miss Alice. I was married hard an' fast before the altar, an', God hilpin' me, I'll do His will as a

wife. There's the home for him to come til, any way. An' some day, plaze God, he will come home til it, if it's only to die in it, sinsible an' askin' God's mercy on his poor soul. Miss Alice, that's the hilp I've come for. I — I didn't tell ye yet I had — a — little — baby."

"Oh, poor Anne!"

The poor thing suddenly broke down, covering her face with her shawl and shrinking in her chair as though withered by a scorching blast from the bottomless pit of woe. But she lifted her hand to check me as I rose, and silently struggled with herself.

"Miss Alice, it's true. Oh, but he was the purty little fellow! An' I loved him — God knows I did. An' I tried the harder — 'deed an' I did! — but the poor little man niver knew what it was to have a father. He niver loiked him, an' it only made him the worse to me. An' betwane one thing an' the other the baby just fretted the life out ov his pretty self. I've been me lone this three months."

She sat for a little while, clasping and unclasping her hands with a strange, fluttering motion. Then with a new earnestness she began again:

"The house bein' so lonely an' me widout a soul to spake wid, I do be thinkin', thinkin' all the time. One day, it come til me I wasn't doin' all I could, an' thin I thought ov you, Miss Alice, an' I knew ye'd hilp me to try iverything on earth. I've been workin' an' savin' for two months to get the money to come this length. An' I'm here."

The blue eyes were on me now with steady earnestness, and the folded hands were quiet.

"Miss Alice, ye mind the good books ye used to lind me?"

"Yes, Anne."

"There was a dale in thim about the prayers that wor answered, an' the promises that wor made for thim. Well, Miss Alice, I kipt some ov thim' an' I've read an' read an' now I've promised. Miss Alice, will ye write to thim that has the writin' ov the books, an' ask for prayers for Dinis? I ask ye wid me whole heart in it. Where else will I go for all the hilp I'm wantin'? Write, dear, an' they'll print it, an' many's the good Catholic'll read it, an' not wan ov thim but'll say a prayer for me in me sore need. An' Dinis'll perhaps be gettin' grace to do better. Shure, there's many ov thim that's better than meself, an' their prayers 'll be heard where mine won't. Glory be to God! Maybe there'll be a rale saint among thim! Miss Alice, will ye write?"

"I will indeed, Anne. This very day!"

She had spoken eagerly toward the last, her eyes had brightened with hope, and the color had flamed into her cheeks. Her heart was in it, indeed. Those lonely communings in her desolate home had kindled into faith stronger than knowledge. I could not say other than I did.

"Oh, Miss Alice, God bliss ye! May Our Lady see that ye niver know sorrow for yerself! Ye have the kind heart for the sorrowful always, I know. An' now, I'll go me ways."

She rose at once and gathered her shawl closer about her.

"Anne, you will surely stop and see my mother? And Miss Grace, too. They have not forgotten you and all your kind care of Aunt Jane."

"Miss Alice, no, plaze. Let me go me ways an' say no word. Ah,

don't be shamin' me foreninst thim. Let me creep away home an' wait there."

I had not a word to say. Sorrowfully enough I parted with her, and after she was gone I had a hearty cry. But the letters were written and sent before the day darkened.

How often after that I thought of her, I need not count. I longed to hear from her and would have gone to her, but I recalled her shrinking from us through those two hard years, and her last words, "Let me creep away home an' wait there." I could not intrude until she sent for me.

I went at once and eagerly. There had been a fire, and in it Anne had been hurt. I found her in the hospital. It was a new one, not far from my own dear old home, and very white and beautiful and comfortable it looked as I trod the long corridor with the nurse. In the midst of the stilness and peace, the sunlight and fresh air coming in at the long windows, Anne lay in a sotless bed, covered to the lips.

"Poor thing!" whispered the nurse, as we entered the long ward. "It will not be long now. But she is passed all the suffering."

"What is it?" I asked, pausing and dreading the answer.

The nurse looked at me curiously.

"You haven't heard? Her house was burned to the ground and her husband killed by a falling timber. He was carrying her out, for she was ill at the time and quite helpless."

We were very near her now, and she heard us approach. She opened her eyes, and they met mine with a seraphic light in their blue.

"Oh, Anne," I cried, bending over her, "I am so sorry, so sorry!"

"Miss Alice!" she whispered faintly, "I sint for ye to bid ye rejoice wid me. He got the grace. He was me own Dinis whin he died, God be praised!"

She could not move except to turn her head, and even my inexperienced eyes could see she had not long to live. But she spoke more clearly when she next attempted it, and she told me — with intervals of rest — the end of her love story.

"Ye know whin ye wrote, Miss Alice? It was after that he began to do better. An' I prayed an' I tried, thinkin' ov all that wor hilpin' wid their prayers, an' he was a better man all the time. Thin, I tuk the sickness. An' in the night — I don't mind whin it was — she can tell ye — whin we woke in the very midst of the hot flames an' the smoke, he was like me own Dinis, he was that brave an' kind. Ye'll mind him, Miss Alice?"

"Yes, Anne. A very fine, strong, pleasant looking man, when I used to see him."

"He was, Miss Alice. He was all that. An' he was strong that night! He wrapped me close in the blanket an' he tuk me up in his arms, an' he says, 'Kape up yer heart, Anne, an' I'll save ye the night.' The door wouldn't open at first, an' thin there was the stair all blazin'. 'Anne,' says he, 'say a prayer for yerself an' another for me, darlin', an' may the Blissid Virgin hilp us! Oh, Mother of God, I'm goin' through it.' An' wid that he wint straight into it, an' glory be to God! he brought me safe through it. The blow he got on his head knocked him sinseless over me, an' the blankets wor all in a blaze whin they found us."

"Was he killed instantly, Anne?"

"Oh, no, dear! He had his sinses wance more, an' he called for me

an' I heard him. They were all around me, an' I begged, an' they tuk me to him. Sure they knew it couldn't hurt me now. Miss Alice, dear! he blissed me for the good wife entirely, an' he asked for the priest an' had all the last sacraments. Glory be to God! Miss Alice, ye mind I tould ye I'd keep the house if it was only for him to come home to it to die sinsible, an' to make his peace with God? The saints be praised!"

She lay very still. The nurse made a sign which I felt rather than understood. She was going fast. She had had all the last sacraments, but the priest had been sent for, and came in hurriedly until he reached her side. The low voice in the prayers roused her. She murmured faint responses and then thanked him in broken words for his coming.

"Ye have been that good to me!" I heard, "an' ye'll pray for Dinis an' for me? God be thanked!" Then she looked up once more, earnestly and eagerly. "Do ye think will I know thim that prayed for me in me trouble? Our Lady — I — 'll — ask hersilf" — Her voice trailed off in a murmur which we could not interpret.

The angel of death turned the leaf. We can read no farther now; but surely, the end of Anne's love story is written in heaven.

EX-SENATOR DAWES AND THE SNAP TARIFF OF 1872.

M. E. Hennessy.

EX-SENATOR HENRY L. DAWES is now living in retirement at his old home in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. If he lives until October 16 next, he will be an octogenarian. For nearly fifty years he was in public life, a statesman of the old school, honest and unflinching. It was he who succeeded Charles Sumners as Massachusetts' representative in the upper branch of Congress in 1875, after serving with some of the greatest men the country has produced, from the Thirty-fifth until the Forty-third Congress.

The fact is not generally known that Senator Dawes gave the country a tariff under which revenues were collected for three years. The circumstances attending the preparation and passage of this act, the tariff bill of 1872, are among the curiosities of legislation. The ex-senator himself tells the story, which has never before found its way into print.

The Forty-second Congress convened March 4, 1871. James G. Blaine was elected Speaker by Western votes. There was a great deal of talk about committee places, and a resolution was offered requesting the Speaker to appoint the commit-

tees at once. After considerable discussion the motion was tabled, the Speaker declaring it as his opinion that the early announcement of the committees by him in the preceding Congress was premature. He deemed it advisable to acquaint himself with the characters of the members before placing them, and hence he did not announce the committees until the second session, which met December 4, 1871. Mr. Dawes, much to the surprise of everybody, was made chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means.

The committee consisted of nine members, six Republicans and three Democrats, as follows: Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts, Horace Maynard of Tennessee, William D. Kelley of Pennsylvania, James Brooks of New York, Gustavus A. Finkelnburg of Missouri, Horatio C. Burchard of Illinois, Ellis H. Roberts of New York, Michael C. Kerr of Indiana, and James B. Beck of Kentucky. Mr. Dawes had never served on this committee before; but Mr. Blaine, who had served with him in many Congresses, knew his ability and worth.

Mr. Dawes says, in his relation of this interesting tariff debate, that there were only two high-tariff men on the committee. Mr. Dawes favored a slight reduction in the duties. Although chairman of the committee, he allowed Mr. Finkelnburg to report the bill, as he did not approve the report of the majority of the committee. The debate lasted for weeks, Mr. Dawes taking very little part in it. Finally, talk ended and the vote came, Mr. Kelley moving to strike out all after the enacting clause, the bill as it was at that time not being satisfactory to the high-tariff men.

Mr. Kelley's motion was carried amid great excitement. He then moved to recommit, with instructions to report his bill increasing the duties very largely over the then existing law. He sat down, forgetting to move the previous question, when Mr. Dawes, being recognized by the chair, moved to amend by substituting his bill, which had never been printed and which nobody but himself had ever seen, and had been made up as the discussion on the committee's bill dragged along.

Mr. Dawes had an excellent idea of the views of his associates of the House of Representatives, and his bill was nearer their ideal of a tariff measure than the other two. He moved the previous question. It was carried, and the Dawes Bill was substituted for the Kelley Act. A motion to recommit the bill was carried, and the measure was immediately reported and passed by the House. When it went to the Senate there was much talk of amending it; but the Senate was told that it was the Dawes Bill or none, and it became a law as it passed the House.

The bill provided a horizontal reduction of ten per cent on all dutiable articles, and the country lived under it until 1875, when its author, Mr. Dawes, moved for its repeal. The treasury, which in 1872 was overflowing, according to Secretary Boutwell's report that the revenues of the government exceeded the expenditure by thirty-six million dollars, was depleted by the panic of 1873, and Mr. Dawes' motion to repeal was based on the ground that the act did not yield revenue enough.

The snap tariff of 1872 was thus removed. At the time of its passage John Sherman of Ohio was the Senate chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

THE PUBLIC SPEAKER.

Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor.

MOST of us who have anything to do with public speaking have erroneously followed the old-fashioned schools of elocution, which are either imitative or mechanical. The imitative school set up some model of supposed perfection — generally the teacher — without the slightest regard to differences of the pupils' nature and pitch of voice, temperament, or mode of action. Even yet the vicious influence of this school pervades the stage. Men of marked individuality have spoiled themselves by imitating Edwin Forrest and Edwin Booth. One would think that they purposely caught cold, in order to obtain the tragic orotund.

The mechanical school was even worse. Who does not remember those absurd books on elocution, with their chromatic or diatonic scales; their falls of a fifth, their directions for the aspirate and the guttural? A system of elocutionary notation, similar to that of music, was invented; and the wretched student was obliged to strike the right key for different selections. Woe to him if he started "Rolla's Address to the Sun" on any key much above his boots! Unhappy student if he failed to begin "The Charge of the Light Brigade" on any tone which did not recall a blast of the French horn! We have seen the finest passages of poetry and of oratory stretched on this elocutionary dissecting table, and cut up into grunts, gasps, and bellowings, which not even the "ears of the groundlings" would tolerate. It is simply absurd and unnatural to fancy that expression is deliberative and obedient to rule.

Next came the impulsive school. "Let yourself loose," may be taken as the homely rule of this school, which ignored the fact that man is not instinctively right but abnormal, and that he stands in need of training. This school commended itself to the conceited laziness which calls itself genius. It ruined many a promising actor, who found "impulse" waning just when he wanted it.

The open secret of effective delivery is that it is essentially a mental act. Delivery is psychic; expression is an action of the mind; it is not a physical thing. The failure to perceive this lies at the root of all false delivery. Students have been trained to think that certain gestures, a particular pose, a peculiar tone of voice, mark the good elocutionist. Under this delusion, they unconsciously acquire a stilted and bombastic style, so foreign to all true art that the untutored child of nature turns from it, bored and disgusted. This false method is taught to children, and thus obtains a factitious traditional value.

With what feelings of regret have we often listened to the painful efforts of children at public exhibitions? The trail of the elocutionary serpent is over them all. Affectation, utter misconception of the end of declamation, and, to add to the

misery, ill-timed and too forcible emphasis distinguish the efforts of children, who if left to their own way of saying things, would charm an audience.

The scholastic philosophy teaches that the soul sees by means of a picture; that is, by the idea which is presented to it through the imagination. Here is the philosophic basis of oratorical delivery. Feeling is awakened in others by suggesting a corresponding mental picture. You must affect your audience through their imagination. Do not depend upon the sympathy of your hearers, but upon your own emotion, responsive to imagination. Not even the orator, who addresses men directly, forgets the magnitude of his theme or his purpose in watching the effect of his discourse.

Expression is from within out, or the external manifestation of an internal plenitude of force and life. Never mind the externals. Focus your whole soul on its fundamental action, and you will speak aright.

Naturalness, the perfect flower of elocution, comes, and comes alone, from losing one's self in one's subject. Then each idea rouses all the faculties. There are unconscious powers in the soul, which are roused to activity by emotion. Then the soul speaks its native language, which all can understand. Delivery, we repeat, is dependent upon imagination. The orator sees, and makes you see what he sees. Only when he is wrong is he conscious of either voice or of gesture.

Nature is always original. It is a commonplace that no two leaves of a tree are exactly alike. How absurd, then, the plan to drill a class into the same way of declaiming! In perfect delivery, mechanical action has no place. Why point up to the sun, or down to the ground? Representation is a low form of art, like photography as compared with painting.

The first requisite of oratory is to understand what you say. The man should be above the artist, the master, not the slave of his art.

Is it possible to attain this supreme excellence of delivery? Why not? But the traditions of the rostrum, the stage, the schoolroom, are all opposed to it. If you are cast for a character, you are mechanically trained to do such and such things, and to adopt such and such a tone, or the trainer, and probably the audience, will find fault. Ten to one, the happy parents at a commencement will be disappointed if "John" does not mouth and bellow his speech, instead of telling the audience what he has to say as he would tell it over the tea table. And as for our charming girl graduates, is it not an immemorial tradition that they declaim with a simpering articulation never heard from others in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth?

To such pleas and objections we answer that the worst fault is not to be one's self. Never mind the winks and smiles and dubious shaking of heads. Manifest in your delivery the direct impulse of a living soul, show what you think, feel, and are. Bring your subject fully before your own mind, and you will soon bring it before the mind of your audience. Loudness and muscularity of action are foreign to true oratory. The most dramatic men are not actors. Nothing can be substituted for expression which is under the dictates of emotion; and emotion depends upon imagination.

Art is the intervention of personality. It is a subjective idea, made objective. In view of this truth, what is the use of an elocutionist trying to mould a class of fifty into the same form? To the day of doom, you will express your thought differently from the manner in which I express mine. Why? Because you have personality.

If men were phonographs we could secure sameness. All might become "faultily faultless, splendidly null." We might learn one or two sets of tunes and rattle them off to everybody's delectation, at least for a time. But language does not govern delivery; it is thought that governs it. There is no necessary connection between language and the manner of its delivery, nor are the tones of the voice governed by the constructive forms of language.

Yet in defiance of these natural principles, we have Shylock, with his dreadful, aspirated guttural, supposed to be expressive of the most intense hatred. We have a sepulchral-voiced Hamlet, whose hollow reverberations are taken to indicate immeasurable woe. Macbeth must give us a series of "short, sharp explosives" (whatever they are), or we shall not know whether he means to murder Duncan or not. Romeo treats us to the "effusive orotund," which we suppose is the proper tone when a lover pops the question. In like manner the comedian adopts an unnatural, high-strung voice which is confidently assumed to be irresistible in awakening hilarity.

The more perfect the delivery is, the less will it be noticed. Instead of resorting to vocal trickery, remember that a look, a tone, a movement of the hand, a pause, will arouse the attention of your audience. Gesture does not communicate thought, but expresses earnestness, which is only another name for emotion.

The gist of the whole subject is this: delivery, declamation, or elocution is, in its very nature, an act of the mind. There it begins its true and natural life. The rest is only manifestation, and this manifestation will be more or less effective as your mental grasp of your subject is more or less comprehensive. Your soul sees by means of pictures, by ideas, which the imagination furnishes. If the picture is vivid, your delivery will be vivid. If the picture is faint, obscure, or badly lighted in your mind, your delivery will be faulty.

This we conceive to be the true principle of elocution. The externals will be easily mastered. Such accidents as emphasis, gesture, and melody will never atone for the want of the essential. The right tone and gesture will follow the idea, as the shadow the sun.

A clever student has been deterred from the study of elocution by the absurd systems of imitation and of mechanism which have threatened to ruin this beautiful art. Let such take courage from the profound truth that expression is an act of the soul, manifesting itself in word and gesture, according to the law of our own personality. If incompetent teachers insist upon the methods of mechanism and imitation, let a sensible youth simply ignore them.

Then if he choose, he may practise tones, perfect articulation, and even "saw the air." But he should have graven upon his mind this incontestable principle, that oratorical or dramatic expression is fundamentally an act of the mind and not of the body, except as the latter intervenes as an instrument and auxiliary.

MAPLE SUGAR FROM TREE TO TABLE.

GEORGE M. DIMOND.

IT was a distinguished Western statesman who, after a day passed in a Vermont sugar orchard, said that if he could make the maple sugar of the country he wouldn't care who made its songs or its laws. Doubtless there are thousands of persons who read DONAHOE'S who will indorse the sweet sentiment, if for no other reason than that the maple-sugar crop of the United States represents an income to the producers of quite one million five hundred thousand dollars annually. Last year the maple belt of the country produced enough sap to yield seventy million pounds of sugar, and this year this distinctly American product will probably be increased by several million pounds.

Vermont, as is well known, is one of the greatest sources of the country's maple-sugar supply, and its reputation for producing the finest quality of sugar is deserved; for the sugar-makers of the Green Mountain State were the first to recognize the importance of the commodity as a factor in domestic as well as foreign commerce, and to bring to its manufacture, not only scientific helps, but the potent aid of observation and study of the maple tree and the effects upon it of climate, soil, and meteorological conditions.

Vermont, however, does not produce all of the maple sugar that is sold as Vermont sugar. A considerable quantity of the maple sweet — just as good, perhaps, as the Vermont article — is made in New York State, in sections of Pennsylvania, and in the western reserve of Ohio, and is, for commercial reasons, labelled and sold as genuine Vermont sugar. But there is maple sugar and maple sugar. The kind that makes its appearance early in February in high-priced fancy groceries, labelled "Pure Vermont, first run," is a delusion and a snare. The grocers buy that article for just what they represent it to be to their customers; but instead of being the "first run" of the Vermont sugar orchard, it is usually the last run of the year before — and something else. Another swindle on the public is the stuff that is seen soon after Christmas in cheap groceries and on fruit-stands and sold for maple sugar. This has nothing about it even to suggest the word "maple," so boldly employed to give it commercial value. It is a concoction of talc (a soft magnesium mineral) and cane sugar, with a dash of sand, as Vermonters declare, to give it flavor, and is to be classed with the "spring" lamb of January, the "pure" honey from that hive of industry, the glucose factory, and with the other fake products that are thrust upon innocent city-bred persons at prices far beyond value.

As the maple-sugar season seldom opens before the first of March, it should be plain to those who read that the real sugar, fresh from the Vermont sugar bush, is not likely to be in the market much before that

date. And when it does appear it is to be distinguished from the cooked-over or adulterated article by its delicate sweetness and a flavor peculiarly and distinctly its own, a flavor most gratifying to the nicer perceptions of the palate, and entirely wanting in the cooked-over article. Yet it is estimated that there were manufactured and disposed of in the big cities last year ten pounds of adulterated or imitation maple sugar for every one of the genuine made and sold.

Nothing short of a visit to a maple-sugar camp will give one a clear idea as to just how the sap of the maple is converted into the delicious syrup that makes one's griddle cakes worth the eating, or into the glossy brown sugar cakes that melt in one's mouth like snow. There are very few farms of any size in Vermont that have not a group or an orchard of rock or sugar maples somewhere on the premises, usually on the timberland; and as the sugar season comes at a time of the year when the farmer could not profitably employ his time otherwise, there are a great many sugar camps in Vermont.

Every one has his own peculiar method of sugaring. Many farmers look upon sugar-making as only an incident of the year's work, while others give it the study and attention necessary to its development as a large and profitable industry. The sugar orchards of Vermont vary in size from a hundred to three or four thousand trees, although there is in Windham County, in the southern part of the state, one orchard of over seven thousand trees, the largest in the world.

Opening in March, the sugar season continues three or four weeks, according to the weather, and the most favorable conditions of temperature must exist to make sugar-making a success. During the last days of February the sugar-maker goes into camp, starts a fire under the big arch in the sugar-house, and sets about washing and scouring up buckets, pans, kettles, and other utensils employed in making sugar. A couple of days of hard work will put everything in readiness for sugar weather. The next bright, warm day will find the farmer in the woods tapping the maples and setting the buckets. The traditional sugar weather is freezing nights and thawing days, with occasional light, feathery snowfalls, known by sugar-makers as sugar snow.

The trees are tapped by boring the trunks with a half-inch bit about one and a half inches in depth and from one to three feet above the ground. Trees under a foot in diameter are not considered large enough to tap, and the older growths produce the sweetest sap. After tapping, a spout of sumac tree, tin, or galvanized iron, fitted with a hook for holding the bucket, is driven firmly into the hole made by the bit. A bucket of wood or tin is hung on the spout and the tapping process is finished. Only one hole is bored in the smaller trees, but it is not uncommon to see three or four buckets with two spouts to each hung on maples of large size. A still, dry atmosphere with a northwest wind is the best for steady sap running. If the buckets fill with sap in a day, the run is regarded as a good one, although twice this amount is often obtained in exceptionally favorable weather. A southwest wind with threats of storm will stop the flow.

If the storm is a snowstorm and a freeze succeeds it, the sugar-maker

will be happy, for then the sap will start with a spurt and run freely when the thaw that must quickly follow comes. A tap on the south side of a tree will produce more sap than a tap on the north side, and sap that runs at night will make more and better sugar than the same quantity of day sap. And, as anomalous as it may seem, a few trees will produce as much sap as a good many; i. e., trees standing close together divide the aggregate flow made possible by the area of soil they cover, which aggregate would be as great if there were half as many trees draining the spot. An acre of ground, scientific sugar-makers say, should not be called upon to support more than thirty trees to be tapped for sap.

Maple sap as it comes from the tree is like water in appearance, with a sweetish flavor, though not very pronounced. Sap is gathered with a sled, upon which is placed a large wooden tank holding several barrels, and a horse or ox team drags this through the orchard from tree to tree during the gathering process. Then the tank is drawn to the sugar-house and the sap spouted into a large holder or supply tank, from which it is fed into the pans or evaporator, in which the sap is reduced to syrup. A barrel of good sap will make a gallon of syrup, which is equivalent to eight pounds of hard sugar.

The modern sap evaporator makes it possible to do a good deal of sugaring in a short time. It is made of tin, copper, or galvanized iron; and sap flowing in at one end is, by means of partitions a foot or more apart, extending nearly across the pan, made to take a zigzag course to the other end, where it is drawn off in syrup. In a large orchard two men are required to do the boiling—one to keep the fire brisk and hot, and the other to watch the pan and take care of the syrup. Not more than half an inch of sap covers the evaporator during the boiling. At times when the sap is running freely the sugar-maker must work night and day, and he is quite as likely as not to work Sundays during sugaring.

The proper consistency of syrup to be drawn from the evaporator is about eleven pounds to the gallon, and this degree of density is reached at 219 degrees. The sap is never made into more than syrup in the evaporator. When it is drawn off syrup, it is placed in a sugaring kettle, and if wanted for hard sugar the boiling is continued until the thermometer indicates from 232 to 238 degrees, when the mass is removed from the fire, stirred briskly for a short time, to give it the proper grain, and it is then poured into tin pails or cake moulds, as the case may be, to harden. When it becomes cold it is removed from the moulds and is ready for the market. The very best maple sugar that comes from Vermont or elsewhere is a light, clear, dry, glossy brown, so very light, indeed, that it much resembles in appearance clarified beeswax. That kind of maple sugar is worth the eating.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

Judicious criticism is an excellent and interesting thing. It fills a wholesome function in the literary world, and has a corrective and improving effect when intelligently bestowed and wisely utilized. So far as DONAHOE'S is concerned, it will ever give and accept well-grounded criticism in broad, good-natured, and manful fashion. Since its motto is *Excelsior* in all that makes for the best moral, cultural, and literary tone, it will apply to the removal of apparent defects all advisory or censorious suggestions emanating from sensible and well-meaning sources. But there its notice and adaptation of any expressed stricture will end. Conscious of rectitude in aim and principle, it can easily sequestrate genuine counsel from exaggerated or invidious carping, whether the latter be shrined in a metropolitan publication whose religious dress should conceal naught of injustice, or copied by a remote paperlet whose mission is but obscure and feeble.

It may be stated in passing that we have no quarrel with the critic who argues against the point of view of our articles. We purposely allow our writers as much latitude as Catholic faith, morality, correct principle, literary form, and good syntax will permit. Within these lines, over which we strictly exercise all the judgment and knowledge we possess, we concede to our contributors the right of expressing what opinions they have to offer. If these cannot stand the attack of differing minds, well and good. Controversy began in the Garden of Eden and will endure till the world of men and women is swallowed up in nothingness. But to make a published article the peg upon which to fling aspersions upon a periodical's motives and intentions is neither legitimate controversy nor ingenuous dealing. It is not practised by men who have the real good of literature at heart. The bearing of these remarks, as Jack Bunsby would say, lies in their application. We have no doubt they will reach the right spot. *Verbum sap.*

They are making Purcell's discredited biography of Cardinal Manning the pretext for summing up the result of the Catholic Revival in England consequent upon the Oxford Movement. They, the anti-Catholic Episcopalians, find of course that the movement has accomplished little or nothing in bringing back the conscience and faith of England to its first allegiance to the Church of Saint Austin and Sir Thomas More. Facts are overpoweringly against them, certainly, but whoever knew of a fact favorable to Catholicism that was recognized by the special pleaders against the Church.

Your true anti-Catholic takes Froude for an exemplar; and when he finds something that proves a Catholic position, or even fairly illustrates a Catholic dogma, he unblushingly distorts it to its diametric opposite. Hence it is not surprising that Froude's untrue, unfair, and cavalier methods in dealing with the Council of Trent, as with every other

Catholic subject he handled, should be applied to the treatment of the great consequences of the Tractarian departure from the Establishment into the Church. The magnitude and significance of the innumerable conversions in England, the adoption or imitation of Catholic ritualism and practice, the growing favor towards Catholics, and the bright prospects of ultimate reunion with the Papal government, are all either belittled or misstated by the oracles of the rapidly becoming minority of irreconcilables.

There is, however, an implied admission of facts as they are in the latest utterances of their prominent leaders and writers. "The danger of the High Church," says one of these authorities, "is its affinity with Rome; and," he suggestively adds, "affinity has a trick of turning into identity." What does that mean? The same writer says in another place: "It [the Oxford Movement] has not done, *at least as yet* [italics ours], for the Roman Catholic Church all that was either feared or hoped." Again, what does the italicized statement imply? Nothing, if not alarm lest the movement begun at Oxford is still working and will eventually lead England back into full communion with the Church. That is the pith and truth of the assertion which its maker intended to convey a far different idea. Rome was not built in a day, is an old saying which can be taken home with a new force by those who decry the advances of the Catholic Church in England. Rome was not driven from that country in a day, nor is it to be expected that the defection of three centuries can be overcome all at once. Time is accomplishing that triumph, and the hostile writer's *at least as yet* is but an unconscious or an unwilling concession to a future result.

The spectre of revolution which has haunted France like a grim Nemesis for a century is again dimly stalking through the councils of that restless nation. Three years ago the scandals attaching to the Panama canal fiasco came within an ace of overthrowing the third republic, the only lack being some one able and astute enough to turn the tide to his individual advantage. To-day the jobbery and corruption unearthed in the Southern Railway investigations bring the country once more to the brink of absolute peril. With the minister of justice smirched with the stigma of boodleism, high justices using their places and prerogatives for political ends, and a majority of the popular representatives steeped in venality, the wonder is that the people of France are so long patient. It is characteristic of them not to dissociate the principle of a government from those who are administering it, and the fate of national officials has usually involved that of the government they represented. This national trait is so well understood and so clearly demonstrated in the nation's history that even the most ardent and most sincere leaders of republican ideas in France to-day are trembling for the continuance of the republic. It begins to be too manifest to permit of argument, that any legitimate pretender or any strong, ambitious leader would find backing enough to enable him to achieve a successful *coup d'état* in any direction his ambition might prompt. The most radical French press admits this, ascribing the dura-

tion of the republic solely to luck, and to the fortuitous absence of an opponent powerful enough to overthrow it. Thus France continues to be the prey of the political passions of the hour, and her vicissitudes illustrate the correctness of the opinion that she will not recover from the effects of her great revolution for ages to come.

It remained for Americans to demonstrate prowess on the spot, and in the contests which brought glory to ancient Greece, raising her athletic heroes to demi-gods, and making their brawn and skill the admiration and envy of later ages. The issue of the revived Olympic games has established the right and power of American athletes to claim rank with the victors of old, and to invite favorable comparison with their legendary achievements in the arena and on the course. No doubt the illusions of time and the genius of ancient sculpture have enhanced and idealized the strength, resource, and dexterity of the ancient Olympic contestants; but even accepting the fabled traditions of the Stadion for unembellished facts, there is no reason for apology or extenuation in favor of the modern American athlete. The late exhibition of the latter's aptitude in all that concerns physical development and endurance was something in which the whole country can rejoice and be proud of. It speaks eloquently, too, on the subject of the bodily decline of the modern man, the American in particular. It proves the ruggedness of the stock and the flourishing status of all that concerns manly force and faculty among us. Climatic changes and the fatigue of the intervening journey told in only one instance against the American competitors, who bore off the greater share of honors in the international meet. Without any straining of modesty, therefore, America can justly claim the historic mantle of olden Greece, and wear it without fear of loss in any accepted challenge.

If the movement for a tribunal of arbitration between English-speaking peoples is a sincere one on the part of its promoters in England, there should be some beneficent fruitage for Ireland in its being formed. A good plan to test how deep is this much advertised desire for peace and good will among men would be to introduce a plank in the proposed conference, advocating the submission of Ireland's claims to the arbitrament of the to be established court. Ireland is an English-speaking nation, too, and there is no clamor against England from any country so loud or so just as hers. There would probably be no obstacle to this portion of the platform from the second half of the projected Anglo-American convention, but we can imagine Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour's consternation were this desideratum laid before them. Their recently expressed emphatic approval of arbitration as the most Christian means of settling disputes would undoubtedly experience a violent reaction, and this latest dream of the millennium would speedily vanish from the deliberations. As far as the United States is concerned, there is no immediate need for the suggested step. But as regards Ireland it is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Let some delegate introduce the plan into the coming conference. It would enliven the proceedings to hear the British lion roar. It would also

elicit some instruction as to England's real views on arbitration as a working principle generally applied.

It is hardly gracious in Mrs. de Navarro to commit herself to the statement that during her dramatic career her "person was a target for any who paid to make it one." This affirmation occurs in her published memoirs of the stage, as one of the reasons which compelled her to abandon it, and it does an injustice, not an intended one assuredly, to thousands of men and women who followed Mary Anderson's rise to eminence with something like personal pride and an extraordinary display of affectionate, disinterested delight. Mary Anderson adorned the stage by her statuesque beauty, her purity and womanliness of character, her identification with the best lessons the theatre can teach, and her apparent ambition to portray only the master stage creations of womankind. It was these qualities, and above them all her recognized goodness of life, which drew her audiences far oftener and in greater numbers than her innate or acquired dramatic abilities. Thousands of spectators have sat again and again under the spell of Mary Anderson the woman, who were never deceived into a belief of her greatness as an actress. And if they paid to make of her person a "target" for the eyes and thoughts, it was in countless cases because they were charmed by her unsullied character and piety, more than by her histrionic power, which had its well-defined and easily perceived limitations. Indeed, the paragraph on which these words are based is in itself an indication that Mrs. de Navarro had never more than a factitious, transitory calling to the stage. To quote it in full: —

> To be conscious that one's person was a target for any who paid to make it one; to live for months at a time in one groove, with uncongenial surroundings, and in an atmosphere seldom penetrated by the sun and air, and to be continually repeating the same passions and thoughts in the same words — that was the most part of my daily life, and became so like slavery to me that I resolved to cut myself free from it.

True genius bears with fortitude the ofttimes hard yoke of its vocation; and if its bent is in the direction of the moral improvement of the sphere for which it has been given, the monotony or even slavery of its exactions is accepted with a resignation that sweetens artistic toil and relieves its drudgery of tedium. Mrs. de Navarro's psychological reasons for quitting the stage, as herein couched, give a surprising emphasis to the criticisms for coldness and artificiality that accompanied her many portrayals of great dramatic characters.

The movement to secure amnesty for the Irish political prisoners is one that should enlist the profoundest sympathy and coöperation of every American citizen, whatever his ancestry or place of birth. An English prison is about the worst evil that can befall an Irishman this side of the Inferno, and death itself is preferable to the lingering punishment, unrelieved by resignation, and heightened by hatred of the injustice that has condemned the victims. Several of the prisoners are undergoing a life sentence, and some have yet the greater part of a twenty years' servitude before them. To secure their release and to provide for their impoverished families is the object of the Amnesty Association, which has an agent in America at present. Surely the "offended majesty" of the crown has been suf-

ficiently "avenged" by the terms already served by these patriotic men.

The late Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis was for many years the ablest prelate, as well as the most striking personality, in the American church. Endowed by nature with a profound and original mind, a most determined will, and indomitable energy, he made his impress felt in a remarkable way in the development of the growing Church, from the first of his ministry in this country. His great executive capacity was demonstrated in the progress of the Faith and its institutions in the vast archdiocese over which he ruled for half a century; his learning in several works which are still authorities on the subjects treated; his force of character and independence of mind in the attitude he took and ably defended in the Vatican Council; and his true zeal for the Church in the submission made to it, when the majority of the bishops sustained the opposite opinions. For the last years of his life his mind was but a ruin of its pristine greatness, and time was unkind to him in prolonging his career beyond the days of its surpassing lustre and usefulness. Nevertheless the infirmities of senility could not dim the brilliancy of his life's services to religion, and he leaves behind a name that shall live in American history as one of the grandest exponents of Catholicity on this soil.

The life of General Sir Edward Hamley is a valuable contribution to the history of this century. He won fame in the Crimean War, became an eminent authority in the art of military strategy, and conducted his share of the war in Africa with a skill and gallantry not very well requited by his country. He was a true-hearted man, chivalrous to women, kind to animals, always at hand to defend the unprotected. It is then surprising to find that a man so upright should have allowed himself to be used as commissioner to Turkey, with a view to making a dividing line which "would mean, not only a great strategical success for Turkey, but would be excessively mortifying to Russian vanity." He followed the same course pursued by Curzon thirty years earlier, and yet the biographer says, "Though the business of both Curzon and Hamley was to strengthen the hands of the Turks, both were keenly alive to the abuses of the Turkish administration."

Sir Edward, always candid, tells us in his diary, speaking of the Armenians, that on the Turkish side they are secure neither of life nor property, and they never grow rich, being subjected to the raids of Kurds, or to the equally cruel protection of legalized brigands under the name of Turkish soldiers. On the Russian side they and their property are protected, and the Armenian talent for business is developed. He adds that Armenia, without loving Russia, greatly prefers her rule to that of Turkey.

Yet his assiduity was such that he arranged matters with a success which won warm expressions of approval from her Majesty's government, and procured from the Sultan his promotion to be grand officer of the medjidee.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Various Points of View.

The Ladies' Home Journal of February has an editorial on women in the business world. "The fact cannot be disputed," says the writer, "that no single factor in modern life is doing so much to degenerate our young womanhood as this mad race on the part of girls, impelled by necessity or not, to go into the business world." The assertion is added that in too many commercial houses, as well as in factories, the men who employ and superintend girls are not fit, morally speaking, to herd swine. These statements are supported by a quotation from a public speech delivered, not long ago by Mr. Isaac H. Clothier, a high authority on the question of employment: "More wrong has been done to thousands of girls who have gone into our commercial houses than the world dreams of," said Mr. Clothier.

Both these warnings are followed by an urgent appeal to young women in behalf of domestic service, as offering a safer and more dignified position than that of servants pure and simple in business houses, for "the employees of business men are nothing more nor less than servants."

There are various sides to this question, as to most others. In recent numbers of this Department, an account was given of an ideal factory town in New England, and also of intelligence offices where traps are laid for innocent girls seeking places in private families. In every walk of life there is an opportunity for making a wise or foolish choice. It is for good judgment and firm principle to guide the young girl to a decision.

False Reasoning.

Many young women prefer employment in business houses to domestic service on account of the freedom from control which they enjoy after the day's work is done. They do, in fact, have more liberty than falls to the lot of domestics, or to the heads of houses, or to children living under their parents' roof. They have more liberty than is good for any one, whether man or woman, liberty to do as they please in the evening, to make intimacies with chance acquaintances, to neglect their health by irregular hours for food and sleep, in fact, to "have their own way" to a degree which is injurious to personal character.

A holy religious woman, now dead, made this remark: "It is usually impossible for a woman who has had perfect control over her own actions to adapt herself to the religious life. The daughter who lives with her parents is accustomed to a kind of discipline; she is used to adapting herself to other people. The young woman who leaves home to follow some pursuit is so used to judge for herself that, generally speaking, she finds it impossible to adapt herself to life in a community." Not many young women leading business lives wish to become religious, but this distinction made by a nun of wide

experience is of value in deciding whether unlimited liberty is a genuine privilege.

It will be said that the life in shops and offices and factories is one of subjection to rule. Yes, and sometimes of humiliation, too; but when the hours of work are ended, there is no parent or mistress to consult as to the disposition of the hours between laying off the yoke at night and resuming it the next day.

If a girl has no better reason for entering upon a life in the business world than a desire for unlimited freedom in the use of her evenings and holidays, she should pause before entering on a career that will tax to the utmost her good sense and principles.

Domestic Service.

There are two kinds of household where this question of domestic service offers few difficulties. One is the large establishment where high wages and light work unite to attract skilful workers and induce them to stay. The other is the family, large or small, rich or of moderate means, where traditions of many generations govern the relation between the members of the family and those who serve them. In such households, and there are many of them, mutual courtesy, sympathy and kindness govern the actions of those who rule and those who obey.

It is not of these two kinds of household that I shall speak, but of the family of small means, living in houses unprovided with some of the many modern inventions which lighten labor. In such a household the one domestic has more work to do at lower wages than the parlor maid or laundress in houses provided with every convenience. The mistress is perhaps inexperienced in the art of directing, she thinks it beneath her dignity to understand the work which the maid has to do; and if the latter is wholly untrained, domestic chaos ensues. This misery is unnecessary. A housekeeper should be proud of her skill, whether as cook, seamstress, or laundress. She should know the work to be done, the easiest way to do it, and its difficulty even when done in the best way. If the women who employ servants look with contempt on manual labor, the spirit spreads throughout the land, and a girl seeking her fortune prefers shop or factory to service in a family of small means.

The skilful housewife who cannot pay high wages sometimes complains that the maid whom she has trained leaves her for a place with high wages and light duties. This is provoking and disappointing; but it is so closely in accord with the ordinary law of promotion, that complaint seems useless. Happily there are many exceptions to the rule, young women who prefer the solitary control of the kitchen to a division of labor.

Two things would do much to solve the domestic puzzle: trustworthy offices to bring worthy young women into communication with housewives of moderate means; and a just standard as to the dignity of labor. When mistresses and maids respect each other, their sorrows will be lessened if not ended.

A Good Year's Work.

The Grey Nuns at Cambridge have received in one year twenty-six patients into their cottage hospital. There have been twelve deaths, and

of these eight were the result of cancer. On a fine piece of land stands one wing of the future hospital for incurables, strongly built, and only awaiting the finishing of the interior to receive from fifty to seventy-five patients.

There will be no line drawn as to religion, race, age, or the kind of disease, if it is not contagious, received into their home. There will be men's wards besides those for women and children.

The hospital is already incorporated under the name of the Holy Ghost Home for Incurables. Inmates will be received from other parts of the state as readily as if they lived in Cambridge.

So far the building has been carried without debt; and it is hoped that funds will be provided for its completion by generous people of every denomination, as it is intended for the relief of suffering without party spirit of any description.

EMMA FORBES CARY.

Fellow-Travellers.

My duties oblige me to go into town on the electric cars several times in every week. At first I thought this a hardship and disliked it very much; but soon I began to think differently, and now I consider that ride in the morning and evening my one recreation in the course of a busy day. Human sympathy is the influence which produces in us the most marvellous changes.

One morning as I sat listlessly in my corner, I was attracted by the gentlemanly manners and neat appearance of a young lad half of whose face was a scar while the other was fair and smooth; and since that day I have learned to look for him, he is always so happy and cheerful. Sometimes he takes a book out of his bag and studies; but if the car is crowded he springs to his feet to offer a seat to the first woman, old or young, who may come in.

There is a group of schoolboys who sometimes go into town in our car, and a merry, good-natured, roguish set they are. They talk and laugh gayly, but they are always polite, so that I look forward each morning to meeting them.

At the transfer station our car, which has been comfortably empty, is suddenly filled with women and girls, ready to begin their hard day's work. That it is hard their faces show, especially the faces of the middle-aged women. The young girls have still a look of hope and courage in their eyes, but there are unmistakable signs of weariness that sooner or later must harden into a sharp, bitter expression, or take on the look of quiet resignation to their lot, which is to be clearly seen in the faces of the elderly women.

Often we stop at the Eye and Ear Infirmary, either to leave some patient who seeks help there, or to take in those who have found relief. One morning a woman got on the car with two children, four or five years old. The children's eyes were half closed and inflamed, and they looked ill and suffering; but their spirits were quite undisturbed, and the sights from the car windows filled them with delight. I was so occupied with watching the little party that I almost forgot to stop at my destination. As I rose to leave the car, the mother said, "Are they not beautiful?" and held out her hand to me. I took her hand warmly and said, "They are dear, sweet children," and that mother, whose

poverty-stricken life was probably one heroic sacrifice of self from morning until night, filled me with envy.

Another mother entered the car one day with a child who had a pair of beaming, sunny eyes that seemed to flood the car with sunshine. The child looked at the passengers with a wondering gaze, and one man after another laid aside his paper and smiled back at the little angel. Even the man with the severe face and fine clothes, who sits as stiff as if he had swallowed a yardstick, even he could not help smiling when this wee tot walked up to him and looked into his face.

In the evening I come home in a car filled with workingmen and women whose faces look dull, indifferent, and weary; but even at that hour of depressions, every one looks interested at the sound of a baby's cooing or the laughter of a child. MARY ACTON.

Hints for the Cook.

Cookies. — Two cups sugar, one cup butter, three-fourths cup sweet milk, two eggs, five cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Roll thin and bake quickly.

Kisses. — The whites of two eggs, four ounces of sugar, vanilla, one cupful chopped nuts. Beat the whites to a very stiff froth, mix in quickly the sugar, vanilla, and nuts; drop in wafers the size of a dollar, and bake in a moderate oven.

Sponge Cake. — One pound of sugar, twelve ounces of flour, twelve ounces of chestnut meal, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, eight eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the egg yolks and sugar till very light, add the flour and stiffly beaten whites, the nut meal, vanilla, and baking powder. Put in small oblong pans, dust with powdered sugar, and bake in a moderate oven.

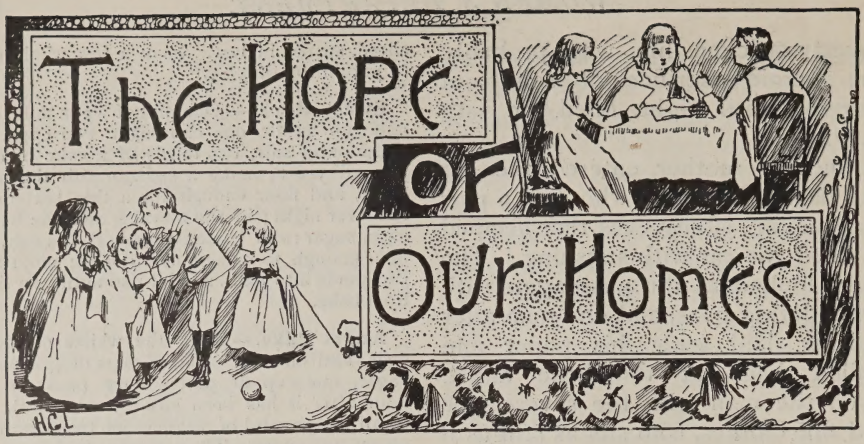
Almond Cake. — Three-quarters cup butter, one cup sugar, half cup sweet milk, three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, two cups flour, two level teaspoonfuls baking powder, and one pound of almonds blanched and sliced, stirred in last. Save a few whole ones to put on top of icing.

Sweet Rusk. — One pint of warm milk, one-half cup butter, one cup sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful salt, two thirds of a cake of compressed yeast; make a sponge with the milk, yeast, and flour enough for a thin batter; let rise over night; in the morning add the butter, eggs, sugar (well beaten together), the salt, and flour enough to make a soft dough; mold with the hands into balls, and let rise until very light, then bake.

Angel Cake. — Take the whites of eleven eggs, and one and one-half cups of granulated sugar, one cup of pastry flour (measure the flour after it has been sifted *four* times), one small teaspoonful of vanilla, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Then put in the sieve the flour and cream of tartar, and sift again. Beat the eggs to a stiff froth, beat the sugar into the eggs, and then add the seasoning; add the flour, stirring it in quickly and lightly beat until you are ready to put it into the oven; put it in a new pan, or a pan that has been used for nothing else, and keep it in a moderate oven forty minutes. Do not grease the pan. When the cake has cooled in the pan, loosen from the sides with a knife, and then take out.

Plain Pie Crust. — Into one quart of flour rub a large spoonful of salt and half a cup of lard, and then wet with ice water enough to make a soft paste; roll this on the board until it is about half an inch thick, then spread on half a cup of washed butter, dredge with flour, and fold into a small square. Pound lightly with the rolling-pin, then roll out again; roll it up, and set on the ice to harden; it will be ready to use in two hours. In winter it can be used immediately. To make the bottom crust, rub three quarters of a cup of lard into one quart of flour and one spoonful of salt, and wet with cold water to make a soft paste. Do not roll, as it makes it tough. Butter is more healthful than lard; therefore, if you can afford it, use it.

Veal Loaf. — Take three and a half pounds of veal from the leg and chop it very fine; add six powdered crackers, half a pound of salt pork chopped fine, and two eggs well beaten. Season with tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful black pepper, half a teaspoonful of allspice, one half of ground clove, half a small onion chopped fine; sage or sweet marjoram may be used instead of onion, if preferred. Knead all this together and make it into a loaf, and place it on a tin sheet. Beat one egg and pour it over the loaf; put bits of butter on the top, and sift over it half a pound of crackers. Take half a teacup of hot water, add a piece of butter the size of a nutmeg, and with this baste the loaf three or four times while baking. Bake two hours. When cold cut in thin slices, and serve for either breakfast or tea.



Petey's Easter Prayer.

"You'll be good to her, Petey?"

"I will," said Petey solemnly. "S'elp me."

Petey's promise was a prayer, and with it sounding in her ears the mother loosed her earthly bonds and passed from the ken of the court.

The burden she laid down Petey took up bravely, lovingly. When the tiny baby nestled her head in his ragged little coat the street boy knew more of fatherhood than falls to the lot of many men.

"She's all mine now," he whispered softly, as if the dead might dispute his claim. "There ain't anyone else ter own Mary Feelisher."

As the days passed on the motherless one proved the fitness of her name. A beautiful peace possessed her baby soul, and she became as the star of Petey's life.

"She's the knowenes' child 'at ever lived," he said proudly. "I ain't more'n half way upstairs 'fore she begins ter crow."

"An' well she may," responded noisy, kindly Mrs. McCarthy, who lived on the same floor, and frequently "gave an eye" to the baby's needs. "Sure her own mother—may the heavens be her bed—couldn't do more'n you're doin'; what with makin' the livin' fer both an' mindin' the baby day an' night there ain't your equals in the court, Petey Dempsey. An' that's what I keep tellin' that good-fer-nothin' Mick," and to emphasize her good opinion the worthy woman bestowed on Petey a slap that made his small shoulders quiver. But no stroke of lance was ever more welcome as knightly guerdon than was this meed of praise to Petey. It expressed approbation, and was in marked contrast to the sounding whacks she administered to Mick and the other little McCarthys.

Winter lengthened into spring, and Petey and his baby were frequently seen taking an evening promenade. They wandered in many places, but had a special fondness for the basement chapel of a near-by church, the lights, the music, and the indescribable charm of a consecrated spot holding in thrall the waifs' unconscious spiritual nature. Petey knelt reverently at the foot of the shrine, one arm encircling Mary Felicia, the other directing her attention to the adoring angels kneeling on either side, always in supplication.

"They're allers whisperin'," was

the boy's recurring thought. "I wonder what they're sayin'."

One evening a young girl knelt beside him, her ecstatic gaze lifted to the pictured chalice rays above the angels.

"She'll know," decided Petey; and touching her gently, he put his question, "Please, Miss, what's them angels allers sayin'?"

The girl's holy eyes looked into the waif's soul and divined his need. With the infinite tenderness born of that spiritual knowledge, she made answer: "They are saying 'I love you, I love you.'"

"Thank you, Miss; that sounds pritty," said Petey. "I'll learn Mary Feelisher ter say them words."

And so it came to pass that the first words the baby uttered were "I love oo." She babbled them to Petey, to the cranky old pedler on the first floor, to tramp cats and dogs, to Mrs. McCarthy, and even made captive vagabond Mick by cooing them softly in return for a nibbled cookey bestowed upon her.

By a liberal use of her few words Mary Felicia reigned in her humble sphere, till one day, to the common sorrow of the court, a scarlet card on the door of the miserable tenement explained why the ambulance rolled away with the baby in the crib, Petey running behind, his young heart bursting with the agony of a mother bereft of her joy.

"She was the cunnin'es' little beggar 'at ever was," blubbered Mick McCarthy.

"Shure it was the doctor killed her," wailed his mother, and then fell in wrath on her own youngest born for innocently asking if the doctor had also killed "Spot Gilligan," a neighbor's dog that had met an untimely death.

The cranky pedler made himself obnoxious to the hospital folks by calling every day and openly asserting that their lack of skill was populating the cemeteries, and that the whole staff should be arraigned for manslaughter if not murder.

Holy week came in, but Petey went no more to church. Like many older people, in his hour of trial he turned from God and refused to be comforted.

"Just to think of the lamb sayin' 'I love oo' in heaven this holy Easter," said Mrs. McCarthy, with many a sob, as the boy came in with a bad report. "Don't take on like that, Petey, don't! shure God is good to both of you."

"I want her myself," shouted he in agonized rebellion. "Heaven is full of babies, but I have only one."

"God be betune us an' harm," ejaculated the good woman, startled by the boy's vehemence. "Is 't turnin' haythen you are, Petey Dempsey?" Then rising with decision, she took the boy firmly by the collar, placed him outside the door, and with a vigorous push impelled him toward the stairway. "Off to church with you this holy night, an' ask God to spare her to you. Ask on your knees, boy, at the foot of the cross, an' take your answer like a Christian. It ain't for the likes of us to question His will."

Thus forcibly counselled, Petey obeyed; and once under the silent influence of the sanctuary, his rebellious spirit passed away, and like many an older suppliant his prayer was for pardon and compassion. In his childish humility, he appealed to his friends the angels. "Tell Him I'm sorry I took on so," he sobbed. "I want her so much. Ask Him ter let me have her."

The adoring angels seemingly took no heed, and the boy supplemented his prayer with a promise. Upon the brow of one of the angels a devotee had twined a wreath of lilies of the valley, the other was unadorned. Petey leaned toward it, and pleaded breathlessly, "I ain't good enuff ter ask; but ef you will, I'll buy you a wreath, a nicer wreath than the other girl's." The sex of angels was a puzzle to Petey; the flowing robes alone guided him.

Through the silence of the church came no response, and again the boy varied his plea. With a gasp that told how hard disloyalty came to him, he whispered, "Mary Feelisher ain't much ter look at, she'd make a no-account angel. I licked Mick McCarthy fer evenin' it ter me, but her eyes is crooked."

"She can say 'I love you' thrilled a voice in Petey's soul. "No sweeter words are heard in heaven. Love will grant your prayer."

The waif received his message and went forth from the Presence, infinite gratitude stirring his young heart. Peace had again been given to him. When the Easter chimes told the wonderful tidings "He is risen, He is risen," a convalescent baby in the contagion ward stretched her tiny arms toward the distant bells, and cooed her welcome, "I love oo," "I love oo." MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

A Despised Treasure.

Paper is one of the articles most used at every hour of every day, and it is the one we value least. We throw it away, tread on it, put it in the ash barrel or the fire, little thinking that time was when scraps of paper would have been treasured as articles of luxury. Men have worked hard to supply its place. They have written their records on clay and baked the manuscript, they have carved thoughts in stone and scratched them on bricks, and one moderate page of our print has sometimes covered twenty square yards of wall. Wax tablets were used and sheepskins made into parchment, and papyrus made from the pith of tropical reeds.

Paper was born in China, and took centuries of travel to reach Europe. It lingered long in Arabia, Egypt, and in Turkey, only coming to France in the first half of the thirteenth century when good Saint Louis was king.

Try to spend a day of your vacation without amusing yourself with anything made of paper, and you will soon find yourself driven outdoors for occupation. Even there it will be a puzzling matter to do without paper, for no tickets for theatre or concert or steam cars can be had to vary monotony. Indoors you would have no books or music, cards or pictures. If the girls tried to sew, they would find silks wound on paper or laid in paper, and all but the needles in immediate use would be hidden in paper cases. Even cooking would be hard to accomplish, as all but materials bought wholesale would be in paper bags.

As for papa, he would have a dull time without his daily papers, his bank notes, his business papers and books of reference. Ah! a day without paper would involve hard work for every member of the family.

It is an odd fact that with all the changes brought about by machinery paper is made on the same principle now as in the early days of its discovery. The material, whatever it may be, linen, straw, bamboo, wood,

or other stuff, is boiled to a pulp. It is spread on sieves, and the moisture is drained off, leaving a thin layer which hardens into paper. The first commercial house noted for the production of paper in France, over six hundred years ago, is still a leader among the paper manufactories of to-day, the paper factory of Essonnes.

The Vesper-Bird

FRANK H. SWEET.

Across the stubble of the plain
The vesper-sparrow's hymn
Comes to us like a sweet refrain
From some cathedral dim.

As twilight shadows fall around,
We hear the plaintive lay,
On high and breezy pasture ground
Where sheep and cattle stray;

On every side, near and remote,
From daisy bed and grass,
With now and then a minor note
Held by the winds that pass,

But leaving us the richer strain,
The silver bars and trills,
That float to us across the plain,
And all the silence thrills.

A quiet, unambitious song,
Expressing in its lay
The stubble, stones and furrows long,
The fields at close of day,

The warm twilight among the hills,
The quiet herds and grain,
The running brooks and tiny rills,
And slumber on the plain.

At Table.

In the decalogue of good behavior unselfishness indisputably stands first. Of all forms of selfishness the most repulsive is that exhibited at table. At the home table self must be lost sight of for the general benefit. In cutting one's food the amount of "elbow room" allowable is governed by a courteous consideration for one's neighbor. The habit of resting the right arm on the table while drinking from cup or spoon is undeservedly popular. The hand should be freely raised to meet the mouth; it were a reversal of the traditions of rank for the head to lower itself for the accommodation of its slave, the hand.

It is in the privacy of home, untrammelled by the restraint imposed by the presence of strangers, that bad habits grow apace, and it is precisely at the home table that the reform should begin. "Company manners" cannot be put on and off; no matter how careful one may be, one betrays one's self inadvertently. Punctuality at meals should be felt to be an obligation. Its infraction is a form of selfishness that entails annoyance upon many.

Cardinal Wiseman paid eloquent tribute to Longfellow's worth and genius. "There is one writer," he said, "who has already gained such a hold on our hearts that it is almost unnecessary for me to mention his name. Our hemisphere cannot claim the honor of having brought him forth; but still he belongs to us, for his works have become to us household words wherever the English language is spoken. And whether we are charmed by his imagery, or soothed by the high moral teachings of his pure muse, or follow with sympathizing hearts the wanderings of Evangeline, I am sure that all who hear my voice will join me in the tribute I desire to pay to the genius of Longfellow."

Man is, properly speaking, based upon hope; he has no other possession but hope; this world of his is emphatically the place of hope.—*T. Carlyle.*

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

M. M. writes us:—

1. Why is it necessary to consecrate cemeteries, since the soul cannot be injured by anything after it has left the body?

2. Are we to receive the revelations made to the Blessed Margaret Mary with full assurance of faith, or are they of faith?

3. Is it of faith that attrition or imperfect sorrow, together with confession, appeases God's wrath towards the sinner?

4. If a dying person who has imperfect contrition, but is unable to confess his sins, should receive absolution, are his sins forgiven? or is perfect contrition necessary where one is unable to speak?

1. The cemeteries are not for the souls, only for bodies. They are blessed, because the body of a Christian is to be treated always with respect. Living, it is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and dead, it is destined, as are the bodies of all men, for resurrection and reunion with the soul.

2. Revelations made to the saints are more or less matters of pious belief, according to their degree of authenticity. They are not matters of faith. The Church defines to us what we must believe. She is the custodian of the faith handed down to us from Christ and the Apostles. She adds nothing to the faith intrusted to her, nor takes aught away from it. She has never placed any obligation on us to receive as divine revelation visions and communications made to the saints. True, in many cases she gives an indirect approval to the testimony of these holy people, yet does not make us take their statements as articles of faith. The devotion to the Sacred Heart is in itself a beautiful, a salutary, and a Catholic practice. Its motives and its character are thoroughly consonant with what Scripture and tradition tell us of the Sacred Humanity of Jesus, and the attestations of Blessed Margaret Mary are in complete harmony with the honor due to Jesus Christ. We have no reason to doubt her word regarding the wishes and promises of our Saviour, yet we have no obligation of believing that our Divine Lord personally told her these things. Practically speaking, Catholics do believe that God has appeared to His saints, manifesting to them His will, and encouraging them to the spreading of certain devotions, but they yield their assent here to their own reasoning or to historical testimony. In faith, they believe in the authority of God's word. We must not confound the faith we must yield to a doctrine with certain circumstances we associate with the doctrine or its statement. We must have faith in the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, but we can investigate as fully, and withhold our assent as long as we please to the statements of Bernadette that the Blessed Virgin appeared to her at Lourdes. The

Church does this, and we can wisely follow her example. Her approval is never given except the proofs be convincing. There are good pious traditions; there are silly ones. See which ones have merited the devotion of the Church in feasts and devotional exercises, and cling to these, not minding the others.

3. Yes, the Council of Trent declares that attrition arising from the fear of hell and punishments disposes the sinner to obtain justification in the Sacrament of Penance.

4. Certainly, the ability to speak is not required, as imperfect sorrow in the soul joined to the absolution will suffice, and this particularly if the dying person be conscious of what is taking place.

Mabel inquires: —

1. Why are the candles lighted on the altar during Mass?
2. Why are the bells rung during Mass?

1. During the Mass our Divine Lord becomes present on the altar, and the candles are lighted in honor and memory of Him who is the True Light of the world. And as the candles there are lighted in His honor, we should not forget that our duty is to let the light of our faith "so shine before men, that they may see our good works, and glorify our Father who is in heaven." And the burning of the candles indicates the fire of divine love that should consume our hearts.

2. The use of bells in the Church is expressed in these lines translated from old Latin verse: —

I praise God, call the people, convoke the clergy,
Mourn the dead, dispel the clouds, and announce the feasts.

The ringing of the bell at the more solemn parts of the Mass is to invite the people to adore and glorify God, at the elevation and communion.

From Illinois come these questions: —

1. Is it positively forbidden by the Catholic Church to take part in round dances?
2. Is it wrong to mask and take part in a masquerade ball? Is it wrong to look on, but not take part?
3. Can a widower be married at a nuptial Mass?

1. The Church simply states the general law of morality that all must avoid the occasions of sin; and in the moment that anything, dance or book or companion, becomes an occasion of sin, it must be abandoned. As to the particular name of a dance, the Church, or rather its councils and bishops and theologians have only directed their discipline against immodest dances. Plain dances and round dances are immodest in some companies and gatherings; in others not so. Where a bishop makes a positive prohibition, that settles the matter. In other cases, it becomes a question for the individual conscience. And let it be here remarked that the toleration in some places extended to dances does not authorize any one to do as he or she pleases. Sin must always be avoided, and no one can give permission to do what the conscience tells its possessor to be wrong.

2. Many grave theologians who seek to give the fullest liberty to souls, claim that masked balls must almost of necessity be the occasion of mortal sin, and they certainly could not approve of being present at such, even as spectators.

3. Yes; but if a woman is marrying a second time, she cannot receive the solemn nuptial blessing of the Mass if she has already received it in the former marriage. She is entitled to it once only. But in any case, a nuptial Mass may be said whenever the parties to be married desire it.

Austin writes us: —

If it is stated in the Bible that we should term none "Father" but our heavenly Father and the earthly father who begot us, why do we give this title to priests?

In Matthew xxiii 9, we read these words of Christ: "Call none your father upon earth: for one is your father, who is in heaven." So the writer has no authority for calling an earthly father by that name, if she follow the mere word of Scripture. But the meaning our Lord intended to convey is that our Father in heaven is incomparably more to be regarded than any father upon earth. But this does not hinder that we are by the law of God to have a due respect both for our parents and spiritual fathers. And as we call him who, under God, is the author of our temporal life, "father," so we use that same word to the priests, who, in God's name and authority, give us spiritual birth in baptism, and renew our spiritual life by the other sacraments.

O. S. B. asks the main arguments which prove the iniquity of the law obliging French seminarians to military service.

Such a law is against religion and the immediate rights of God over man. It invades the sanctuary, and drags out the young man who is preparing himself for the service of God. The right of sanctuary was sacred even for criminals in pagan nations of antiquity, and modern Christian(?) laws refuse to allow the young man to devote his life to God.

This law interferes with the liberty of the individual citizen. The life of the priest should be devoted to peace. He is a man of peace, not of war, and the law forbids him to enter on the preparation for his vocation of peace. The highest interests of humanity are served, not by bloodshed and wars, but by peace. This law is contrary to their best interests.

Finally, the state is only working out its own destruction by this law. Retributive justice will overtake the state which cries out only to render to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar, forgetting to give to God what belongs to Him. God is above state, and His service superior to all human laws; and any nation that would reverse this order is a sinful nation, and very near to punishment from Heaven.

Protestant wants to know: —

1. What authority has the Catholic Church for the baptism of infants?

2. Why do not Catholics baptize by immersion?

1. The word of Jesus, "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." A person who has come to the use of reason may supply the baptism of water by that of blood or of desire; that is, by dying for the faith of Christ, or by desiring to do all things that God requires for his salvation. The infant, too, may win heaven by martyrdom, but he cannot by desire, as his mind and will do not yet understand and act. So as not to deprive him of heaven, if he should die, he is baptized, and made from the beginning of his days a child of God, and heir to heaven.

Again, the universal practice of the Church has been for infant baptism, and we trace it back from age to age, until the conclusion we arrive at is that it comes to us even from the time of the Apostles.

2. Baptism by immersion is certainly good. If to-day it is not used, it is because pouring the water on the head has become the custom, and by custom, law. This is more ready and convenient than immersion, and more sure than sprinkling.

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JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY THE POET.

DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

IF the question were asked why John Boyle O'Reilly was so universally loved, why the news of his death came with such a shock to his friends, and caused a sense of personal loss to those who knew him only through his writings, I believe the true answer could be found in the moral of his poem, "What is Good?" The cause of this general affection was undoubtedly the kindness of his character. James Jeffrey Roche, in his Life of O'Reilly, says: "Kindness, always kindness was his watchword;" kindness in the broad sense in which O'Reilly used it, the sense of human sympathy. This would seem to be his poetic message to the world. It shone through his editorial work in the *Pilot*. His heart was a human heart, and color, creed, or country made no difference with him; man was man, whether black or white, Catholic or Protestant, Christian or infidel, civilized or savage. It is not often given to a nation to hold a poet with this sweet principle as the keynote of his character. When such a poet is found his poetry is worthy of more than a passing notice. The poem mentioned seems to have been the argument of his life. It is brief and well worth quoting: —

What is the real good?
I asked in musing mood.
Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer;—

Spake my heart full sadly:
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret:
Kindness is the word."

This indeed would seem to be the secret of the love the world felt for O'Reilly from his earliest youth.

His round and full character possessed all the other virtues cited in this little poem, as perhaps few men in a generation possess them. But this virtue, kindness, was the regulating quality.

He ruled no serfs, and he knew no pride;
He was one with the workers side by side;
He could never believe but a man was made
For a nobler end than the glory of trade.

And it made no difference to him, as I have said, what the color of the man might be. He could sing with as much enthusiasm, as soul-kindling a fire, of Crispus Attucks, — "The negro slave, with unfamiliar name," as he could of Daniel O'Connell or Wendell Phillips. Listen to this voice. How like one of the prophets of old it sounds, and how color and creed are drowned in the music!

When law is a satrap's menace and order the drill of a horde —
Shall the people kneel to be trampled, and bare their neck to the sword?
Not so; by the Stone of Resistance that Boston raises here!
By the old North Church's lantern and the watching of Paul Revere!
Not so! by Paris of 'Ninety-three, and Ulster of 'Ninety-eight!
By Toussaint in St. Domingo! by the horror of Delhis' gate!
By Adam's word to Hutchinson! by the tea that is brewing still!
By the farmers that met the soldiers at Concord and Bunker Hill!
Not so! not so! Till the world is done, the shadow of wrong is dread;
The crowd that bends to a lord to-day, to-morrow shall strike him dead.

It is this watchword of his life that inspired him when he produced that powerful poem "The City Streets." Rough in some lines, even harsh with its majestic strength, what pictures that magnificent poem presents: pictures of the wealth, the grandeur, the pride, the want, the misery, the debauchery of the "city where palaces are." How he weighs "the pleasure against the pain." When such thoughts as this poem clothes were in O'Reilly's soul, the art of the carver of cherry-stones gave him little worry. He spoke straight from the heart, he gave the words that came to robe his burning thoughts. Scorning the refinements of dilettanteism, he reached by the very fervor of his emotion a poetry with true melody of its own, wherewith to deal "with wrongs and passions and throbbing hearts, as no filer of cherry-stones could deal. After showing the homes of the ladies "whose husbands have millions or famous names," he takes us into the tenement district and startles us with the cry, —

Take care of that child: here, look at her face, a baby who carries a baby brother;
They are early helpers in this poor place, and the infant must often nurse the mother.
Come up those stairs where the little ones went: five flights they groped and climbed in the dark;
There are dozens of homes on the steep ascent, and homes that are filled with children — hark!
Did you hear that laugh with its manly tones, and the joyous ring of the baby voice?
'Tis the father who gathers his little ones, the nurse and her brother, and all rejoice.
Yes, human nature is much the same when you come to the heart and count its beats;
The workman is proud of his home's dear name, as the richest man on the city streets.

True, this is not poetry with the golden sound of the master-singer. It is not to be classed with Shakespeare, or Milton, or Keats, or Wordsworth. But it is genuine song, nevertheless. It has as pure a ring as "The Minstrel Boy" or "The Cotter's Saturday Night." It may be thought this is too high an estimate. I make it, however, deliberately, and I believe time will justify me. I think the estimate will fall below rather than above the rank. We are but too apt to slight the singer of our own time, and to praise unduly the bard whose praise we have inherited. O'Reilly's greatness will be more apparent to the next genera-

tion than it is to this. And we can judge him better when we cease to be affected by the magnetism of his person. He will then be measured by his poetic merits only, neither unwisely overlauded nor damned by underpraise. Never having had the privilege of his personal acquaintance, I am as little likely to be influenced by such magnetism as anybody; and yet I do not hesitate to place such poetry in the same class with Moore and Burns.

Let us take all three poets at their best, for this is the only way to judge a poet's work rightly. I have placed the "City Streets" in the same class as "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "The Minstrel Boy." Neither of these poems shows its author at his best. Moore is probably nowhere happier than in his beautiful song,—

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy
home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the
last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through
glory and shame!
I know not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of
bliss,—
Still thy angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of this,—
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to
pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there
too!

It is needless to praise this beautiful lyric. The words revel in their own melody. Moore, much overpraised in his own day, and altogether too much neglected now, will live, in such work as this, as one of the sweetest song writers in the language.

Burns, the song writer by excellence of North Britain, who, with a dialect harsh and guttural, had a voice as sweet as the "wild-whistling black-bird" of his native fields, was perhaps nowhere more felicitous, touching, and musical than in his beautiful song, "Highland Mary."

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging oft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But, oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipped my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay,
That wrap my Highland Mary.

Oh, pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary!

Of course this song is not absolutely perfect. Nobody expects absolute perfection in Burns. The faulty rhymes would give a cold shudder to many a modern editor or reviewer. But Bobby Burns wrote poetry for its own sake; for the sentiment, the feeling, the music, the whole song, in short, and not for the sake of such useless finishing and filling as appears so frequent to-day. As these poets appear at their best in the songs above given, so O'Reilly has, I think, written nothing sweeter than the strikingly beautiful little song,—

"JACQUEMINOTS."

I may not speak in words, dear, but let my words be flowers,
To tell their crimson secret in leaves of fragrant fire;
They plead for smiles and kisses as summer fields for showers,
And every purple veinlet thrills with exquisite desire.

O, let me see the glance, dear, the gleam of soft confession
You give my amorous roses for the tender hope they prove;
And press their heart-leaves back, love, to drink their deeper passion,
For their sweetest, wildest perfume is the whisper of my love.

My roses, tell her, pleading, all the fondness and the sighing,
All the longing of a heart that reaches thirsting for its bliss;
And tell her, tell her, roses, that my lips and eyes are dying
For the melting of her love-look and the rapture of her kiss.

It is hard to overpraise such delicious poetry as this. It is by no means absolutely perfect. But how much better and truer is it than most of the verse one finds in such great floods nowadays. Soft, sweet, and musical as it is, it yet shows the strong and manly heart of the poet, who was not ashamed to sing of that sweetest and wildest of all perfume, the pure love of a good man for a good woman.

When I place O'Reilly upon the same poetic plane with Moore and Burns, I do not feel that I am making a great claim for him in the world of poetry. While all three are great poets, in the sense that they are true singers, inspired makers of genuine song, yet their voices are not the voices of the bards "whose distant footsteps echo through the corridors of time." Neither should we be so overcome by the influence of hero-worship as to deny to a modern singer his just meed of praise, while we freely bestow at least that, and often more, upon a more ancient one. We should also guard against another frequent error of contemporaneous criticism, that of overestimating the worth of a feeble writer, and treating with unmerited contempt one vastly his superior. Mrs. Hemans met with much praise from Gifford and Jeffrey, while John Keats was treated so harshly and unjustly by them that his death was popularly believed to be due to their abuse. In our own country Nathaniel P. Willis was so immensely popular as to become rich from the sales of his writings, while Edgar Allan Poe struggled through a miserable existence. It is not difficult now to see how much the world was deceived.

O'Reilly, however, in his lifetime had no lack of appreciation. He was admired and honored by men of all creeds and color, statesmen, clergymen, and men of literary note.

Says Justin McCarthy in writing of O'Reilly with an enthusiasm unusual in a man of his scholarly and refined nature: "Once a very gifted man, a stranger to Boston, met one day a friend, a distinguished Bostonian. Said the stranger to the Bostonian, 'I have just met the most remarkable, the most delightful man in all the world!' 'I know whom you mean!' said the Bostonian; 'you mean John Boyle O'Reilly'; and the Bostonian was right, of course."

When O'Reilly in 1882 read before the veterans his splendid poem "America," General Grant exclaimed, "That is the grandest poem I have ever heard." The gentle Whittier took pains to send word to the poet, saying, "It has much poetic beauty as well as enthusiasm of patriotism." Oliver Wendell Holmes describes it

as a spirited and patriotic poem, worthy of the occasion, and closes a letter to the poet with the words, "I am thankful that you are with us as a representative Americanized Irishman."

The death of Wendell Phillips, whose manly nature made him most dear to O'Reilly's heart, became the inspiration of a poem which, highly praised as it was at the time, received much less than its just appreciation. His friend and biographer James Jeffrey Roche, describes it as "A poem so full of tender feeling and noble eulogy as to rank among the best of its kind in the language." George W. Cable, the great Southern novelist, wrote him from a sick chamber in Hartford, where he was confined at the time: "I cannot refrain from writing to congratulate you on your superb poem on Wendell Phillips. I had the pleasure to see it copied this morning in the Hartford *Courant,* and read it to Mark Twain, who was at my bedside, or rather whom I called from the next room to my bedside to hear it. Once, while I was reading it, he made an actual outcry of admiration, and again and again interjected his commendations. I am proud to know the man who wrote it; he can quit now; his lasting fame is assured." And he writes a footnote to the letter, saying, "Doubtless it was assured before, but this poem will always shoot above your usual work, like the great spire in the Cathedral tower."

But perhaps the sweetest and truest tribute of any contemporary came from a poet whose good fortune it has been to be thoroughly appreciated also by his own generation, James Whitcomb Riley. The following verses were written in his copy of O'Reilly's "In Bohemia," on the book reaching its second edition.

Singers there are of courtly themes —
Drapers in verse who would dress their rhymes
In robes of ermine; and singers of dreams
Of gods high-throned in the classic times;
Singers of nymphs in their dim retreats,
Satyrs with scepter and diadem;
But the singer who sings as a man's heart beats
Well may blush for the rest of them.

I like the thrill of such poems as these —
All spirit and fervor of splendid fact —
Pulse and muscle and arteries
Of living, heroic thought and act,
Where every line is a vein of red
And rapturous blood, all unconfined,
As it leaps from a heart that has joyed and bled
With the rights and the wrongs of all mankind.

So it will be clearly seen that this poet was not without much appreciation in his own lifetime. And yet it came below, rather than above, his just deserts. To any one reading the threnody on Phillips the exclamations of Mark Twain will be fully understood. Roche's praise is none too great. Cable's prediction, that the poem will always shoot above his usual work, is fulfilled. I wish the limits of a paper of this sort would allow the poem in full. I give only a portion.

What shall we mourn? For the prostrate tree
that sheltered the young green wood?
For the fallen cliff that fronted the sea, and
guarded the fields from the flood?
For the eagle that died in the tempest, afar from
its eyrie's brood?

Nay, not for these shall we weep; for the silver
cord must be worn,
And the golden fillet shrink back at last, and
the dust to its earth return;
And tears are never for those who die with their
face to the duty done;
But we mourn for the fledglings left on the
waste, and the fields where the wild waves run.

His life was a ceaseless protest, and his voice
was a prophet's cry
To be true to the truth and faithful, though the
world were arrayed for the lie.
From the hearing of those who hated, a threatening voice has past;
But the lives of those who believe and die are
not blown like a leaf on the blast.

A sower of infinite seed was he, a woodman
that hewed toward the light,
Who dared to be traitor to Union when Union
was traitor to Right.

I have said that O'Reilly ranks on the same plane as Burns and Moore. I have undertaken to show this by a comparison of their songs. But O'Reilly is a man of broader humanity than either of the others. Moore, deeply read as he was, and possessing a mind stored with a vast amount of curious learning, became, when he ceased to sing, a mere literary hack. When his verses assume to instruct, the perfume of poetry is entirely lost.

Come send round the bowl and leave points of
belief
To simpering sages and reasoning fools,

is about his loftiest elevation in ethics, and it is neither good song nor great sense. Nature designed Tom Moore as one of her sweetest singers; and she never intended that he should become a philosopher, any more than she intended the canary to be cultivated for its laying qualities.

Poor Burns was so bound up in the vulgarity of his environment, that he has little more than glimpses of the broad poetic vision that blessed O'Reilly. He was able, it is true, to feel that

An honest man, tho' e'er sae puir,
Is king o' men, for a' that.

But he was a Scot before he was a poet, and essentially a Tory. The Declaration of Independence had no glow in his eye; neither did the heroism and patriotism of the American Revolutionists have any charm for his muse. Tenderness, sweetness, and fine sentiment were the marked characteristics of his soul; the limping hare, the disturbed mouse, and even an up-turned daisy became to him inspirations for sweet and living song, and the utterance of moral truths never so well expressed. But both Burns and Moore have disfigured the pages of their books by words unworthy of them. Not so O'Reilly. "He never wrote a line," says Mr. Roche, "which the most innocent might not read with safety. He never used a vile word; there was none such in his vocabulary." This is, in itself, no small thing. But he was above these poets in a higher respect. His humanity was, as has been said, confined by no territorial, race, or creed lines. His message was more direct from God, more truly worthy of a great poet, than that of the others. He voices his own creed in the words of "Liberty Lighting the World."

Nature is higher than progress or knowledge,
whose need is ninety enslaved for ten;
My words shall stand against mart and college:
THE PLANET BELONGS TO ITS LIVING MEN.

His poem "The Pilgrim Fathers" opens with the keynote of his poetic nature: —

One righteous word for law — the common will;
One living truth of Faith — God regnant still;
One primal test of Freedom — all combined;
One sacred Revolution — change of mind.

It holds such fire as could come from the heart of none but a real Pilgrim, as O'Reilly was. The poem is by no means perfect, it is not even in the poet's happiest vein; but it is a magnificent effort, nevertheless; and it shows that the tribute paid to this foreign-born singer by the Pilgrim Society, when it invited him to prepare the poem for the occasion of the dedication of the National Monument at Plymouth, was not misplaced. Governor Long, president of the society, was particularly felicitous in his introduction of O'Reilly, and his description of the singing qualities of the poet deserves

to be quoted: "He was born, not on the mainland, but on a small island out at sea; but he is a genuine New England Pilgrim, and to a Pilgrim's love of truth he adds a certain ecstasy of the imagination and a musical note like that of a bird singing in the woods. Puritan New England recognizes him as one of its songsters. Most seriously, I believe nothing could be more in keeping with the comprehensiveness of this occasion than that he should write and speak the poem of the day; for while in none of the discriminations of race or of creed, yet in all the pulses of his heart and brain as an American citizen, he is at one with the genius of the Pilgrim landing and of the civil and religious liberty of which it was a token."

Great though this poem is, it shows marks of haste and want of finish. And this brings me to what I look upon as one of the saddest pages of American literature. There was no reason, except want of time, why O'Reilly should not take rank among the great poets. His "Cry of the Dreamer" is the wail of a spirit confined in an uncongenial environment. I suppose O'Reilly's manly nature seldom showed how irksome the burden of his growing duties became to him; but when we read such letters as that to Mr. Harson, of Providence, declining an invitation to read a paper at the Catholic Congress, held in Baltimore in 1889, we cannot but wonder at the excellence of his poetic productions. "Your letter finds me here," he says, "in the mountains trying to get over the effects of a year's incessant overwork. I am just recovering from a repeated attack of insomnia, which has so alarmed my wife that I have promised her to abstain from all engagements, outside my editorial work, for a whole year." And some years before he wrote Charles Warren Stoddard: "I am not any longer a poet; I am a city pack-horse, with an abstract, sun-bottled attachment. I long to go and lie down in the clover-fields of my boyhood. I long to be listless and dreamy and idle, and regardless of conventionalism. I long to sit down and let the busy world go past. But this longing must be meant as a chastening influence. It can never be, I am chained to the wheel. I shall never lie down in the sunny grass till I lie in the churchyard." Mournful, indeed, is this cry of the dreamer! Here is the same thought robed in poetic garb. How many a city dreamer there is who can shed a sympathetic tear with poor O'Reilly! How few there are to whom it was given, like him, to see the purple visions of the inspired poet, and hear the golden notes of eternal song! This is why the cry of this dreamer is so truly sad.

I am tired of planning and toiling
  In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
  And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
  Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
  And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
  Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
  In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,
  I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
  And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
  For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
  But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skilful,
  And the child-mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown wilful,
  And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! from the streets' rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

What this poet might have done had he been blessed with the leisure that Longfellow enjoyed from his early manhood, it is useless to speculate upon. When we feel, however, the spirituality of such a poem as "From the Heights," we can never escape a strong sense of the loss that the chaining of this dreamer to his wheel has caused to American letters. These lines are worthy of Poe, or Shelly: —

Come to me for riches, said the peak;
I am leafless, cold, and calm;
But the treasures of the lily or the palm—
They are mine to bestow on those who seek.
I am gift and I am giver
To the verdured fields below,
As the motherhood of snow
Daily gives the new-born river.
All the storied past is mine;
All its strange beliefs still clinging;
All its singers and their singing;
All the paths that led astray,
All the meteors once called day;
All the stars that rose to shine—
Come to me—for all are mine!

There is true sublimity here. The man who could do such work as this should never have been tied down to the drudgery of toil among "the faces lined with scheming in the throng that hurries by." What a pity he was not one of "The Useless Ones!" It is impossible to compute our loss; but it is also idle to regret it. We have great reason to be thankful for the good work he has given us. He knew the poet's true duty.

But the poet duly
Fills his part
When the song bursts truly
From his heart.
For no purpose springing;
For no pelf;
He must do the singing
For itself.

It may be a wise providence that orders it so that the greatest poets are unknown or unappreciated by their own generation. Had O'Reilly been less loved, admired, and courted, he would have certainly been able to leave a greater body of good work behind him. And much that he has left would have been upon a higher poetic plane; for though there have been greater singers, there never was a truer one. He knew well the high and noble character of his poetic calling. He had a sublime contempt for such triflers in verse as the shapers of rondeaus and triolets. Note the fine scorn of his lines entitled

AN ART MASTER.

He gathered cherry-stones and carved them quaintly
Into fine semblance of flies and flowers;
With subtle skill he even imaged faintly
The forms of tiny maids and ivied towers.

His little blocks he loved to file and polish;
And ampler means he asked not, but despised.
All art but cherry-stones he would abolish,
For then his genius would be rightly prized.

For such rude hands as dealt with wrongs and passions
And throbbing hearts, he had a pitying smile;
Serene his way through surging years and fashions,
While Heaven gave him his cherry-stones and file.

His reverence for the true singer is expressed in the striking lines to his friend Fanny Parnell, on the occasion of her death in 1882. "There was something," says he, "almost mystical in her nature and her life. Like the sacred Pythoness, unlike her own slight physical self, she drew her songs quivering with force and passion. In "The Dead Singer" he says: —

True singers can never die;
Their life is a voice of higher things, unseen to the common eye;
The truths and the beauties are clear to them, God's right and the human wrong,
The heroes who die unknown, and the weak who are chained and scourged by the strong.

And he closes the stanza with the memorable words, "The singer who lived is always alive; we hearken and always hear." How well these words of tribute to his dead friend match his own case. He certainly was a singer who *lived*, in the sense in which he used the word. His influence will not die. Such words as these from the "Exile of the Gael" are worthy of being written in letters of gold: —

No treason we bring from Erin — nor bring we shame nor guilt!
The sword we hold may be broken, but we have not dropped the hilt!
The wreath we bear to Columbia is twisted of thorns, not bays;
And the songs we sing are saddened by thoughts of desolate days.
But the hearts we bring for Freedom are washed in the surge of tears;
And we claim our right by a people's fight, outliving a thousand years.

It is a pity that the whole poem was not written in regular metre, like these lines. Much of it, and indeed some of the most striking poetic passages are written in a blank verse, something of the style used by Walt Whitman. I cannot help thinking that it detracts from the value of the poem, and that such lines would not have been employed had the poet sufficient leisure to devote to his art.

Hither and Whither, the exiles' cairn on the hill speaks, —
Yea, as loudly as the sea and the earth and the stars.
The heart is earth's exile; the soul is heaven's;
And God has made no higher mystery for stars.

Such work as this can never be considered as his best. I have given one little song, to show how happy he was as a singer. Let me give one more to prove that he was a true master of melody.

A White Rose.

The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

I do not know how to close this paper better, or to show more clearly O'Reilly's true message as a poet, than by using the words of his own friend and fellow-patriot, Reverend Thomas J. Conaty, who, speaking at Worcester soon after the poet's death, said: "Two thoughts seemed to dominate his life — religion and patriotism, thoughts which form the basis of every true life; religion which bound him to God and consecrated him to truth; and patriotism which made him idolize country and think and act for the bettering of humanity. He was passionately fond of liberty, because he believed it to be a gift of God to men; and his voice and pen made earth ring with his denunciation of wrong wherever found, whether among the cotters of Ireland, amid the serfs of Russia, or in the negro cabins of the South. Liberty was his life idea, God its source, and humanity its application. As a silver trumpet sounding the note of human rights, he championed humanity; but his love was not the humanity of a revolution which ignored and blasphemed God, but the humanity which a Crucified Saviour had redeemed and ennobled."

IN PRIMROSE-TIME.

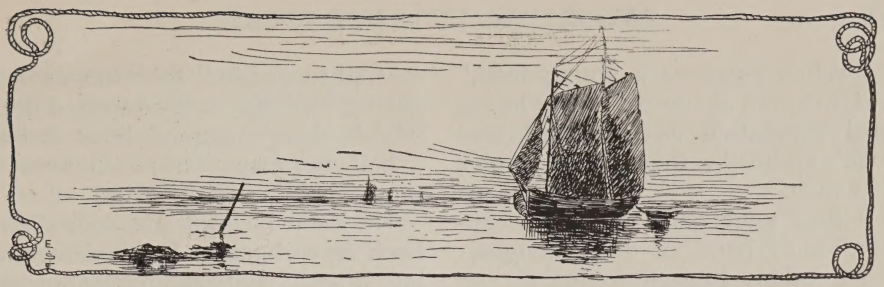
MARGARET M. HALVEY.

THAT parting eve of eves we grouped
With tearful friends around,
And as a man we exiles stooped
To pluck from Irish ground
Memorial of this latest hour,
To bear to foreign clime.
I chose a golden primrose flower,
For it was primrose-time.
Of more it spake
Than sod and brake,
That lent it fostering care;
For just its gold
Had matched of old
A playmate's floating hair.

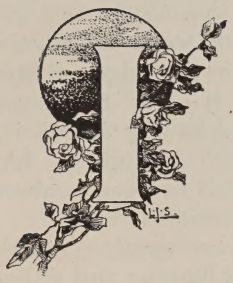
No vision of her tranquil eyes
The glancing violets woke.
For their's the gray of Irish skies
When April's morning broke;
Such bloom as hers wild-roses wear
In summer's fragrant prime;
But memories of her golden hair
Were rife in primrose-time.

In childish days when fairies rang
For us the blue-bells' chime,
Then, with the birds my playmate sang
To welcome primrose-time.
I hold the shamrock's green as dear
As men their birthright hold,
And yet I chose for souvenir
That spray of primrose gold.

Again I came in primrose-time,
Again she stood beside,
While rang for us the village chime
That hails a village bride.
Fresh blossoms smiled above her brow,
And in her hands' soft hold;
But next my heart lay then, as now,
The buds of faded gold.
Of more they spake
Than sod and brake
That lent them fostering care.
Their paly gold
Had matched of old
My sweetheart's golden hair.



THE CAPTAIN'S ADVENTURE.



T was a wet, dreary night. The rain which had been falling heavily for hours still fell steadily upon the sloppy pavements and roads, and, joining forces in the gutter, rushed impetuously to the nearest sewer. The two or three streets which had wedged themselves in between the docks and the river were deserted, except for a belated team crashing over the cobble-stones or the chance form of a dock laborer plodding doggedly along, with head bent, in distaste for the rain, and hands sunk in trowser pockets.

"Beastly night," said Captain Bing, as he rolled out of the private bar of the Sailor's Friend, and, ignoring the presence of the step, took a little hurried run across the pavement. "Not fit for a dog to be out in."

He kicked, as he spoke, at a shivering cur which was looking in at the crack of the bar door, and then, pulling up the collar of his rough pea-jacket, stepped boldly out into the rain. Three or four minutes' walk, or rather roll, brought him to a dark, narrow passage, which ran between two houses to the water-side. By a slight tack to starboard at a critical moment, he struck the channel safely, and followed it until it ended in a flight of old stone steps, half of which were under water.

"Where for?" inquired a man, starting up from a small penthouse formed of rough pieces of board.

"Schooner in the channel, Smiling Jane," said the captain gruffly, as he stumbled clumsily into a boat, and sat down in the stern. "Why don't you have better seats in this 'ere boat?"

"They're there, if you'll look for them," said the boatman; "and you'll find 'em easier sitting than that bucket."

"Why don't you put 'em where a man can see 'em?" inquired the captain, raising his voice a little.

The other opened his mouth to reply, but, realizing that it would only lead to a long and utterly futile argument, contented himself with asking his fare to trim the boat better, and, pushing off from the steps, pulled strongly through the dark, lumpy water. The tide was strong, so that they made but slow progress.

"When I was a young man," said the fare with severity, "I'd ha' pulled this boat across and back afore now."

"When you was a young man," said the man at the oars, who had a local reputation as a wit, "there wasn't no boats; they was all Noah's arks then."

"Stow your gab," said the captain, after a pause of deep thought.

The other, whose besetting sin was certainly not loquacity, ejected a thin stream of tobacco juice over the side, spat on his hands, and continued his laborious work, until a crowd of dark shapes surmounted by a network of rigging loomed up before them.

"Now, which is your little barge?" he inquired, lugging strongly to maintain his position against the fast-flowing tide.

"Smiling Jane," said his fare.

"Ah," said the boatman. "Smiling Jane, is it? You sit there, cap'n, an' I'll row round all their sterns while you strike matches and look at the names. We'll have quite a nice little evening."

"There she is," cried the captain, who was too muddled to notice the sarcasm; "there's the little beauty. Steady, my lad."

He reached out his hand as he spoke, and as the boat jarred violently against a small schooner, seized a rope which hung over the side, and, swaying to and fro, fumbled in his pocket for the fare.

"Steady, old boy," said the boatman affectionately. "Easy up the side. You ain't such a pretty figger as you was when your old woman made such a bad bargain."

The captain paused in his climb, and, poising himself on one foot, gingerly felt for his tormentor's head with the other. Not finding it, he flung his leg over the bulwark and gained the deck of the vessel as the boat swung round with the tide and disappeared in the darkness.

"All turned in," said the captain, gazing owlishly at the deserted deck. "Well, there's a good hour and an' a half afore we start; I'll turn in too."

He walked slowly aft, and, sliding back the companion hatch, descended into a small, evil-smelling cabin, and stood feeling in the darkness for the matches. They were not to be found; and growling profanely, he felt his way to the stateroom, and turned in all standing.

It was still dark when he awoke and, hanging over the edge of the bunk, cautiously felt for the floor with his feet; and having found it, stood thoughtfully scratching his head, which seemed to have swollen to abnormal proportions.

"Time they were getting under weigh," he said at length; and groping his way to the foot of the steps, he opened the door of what looked like a small pantry, but which was really the mate's boudoir.

"Jem," said the captain gruffly.

There was no reply; and jumping to the conclusion that he was above, the captain tumbled up the steps and gained the deck, which, as far as he could see, was in the same deserted condition as when he left it. Anxious to get some idea of the time, he staggered to the side and looked over. The tide was almost at the turn, and the steady clank, clank of neighboring windlasses showed that other craft were just getting under weigh. A barge, its red light turning the water to blood, with a huge wall of dark sail, passed noiselessly by, the indistinct figure of a man leaning skilfully upon the tiller.

As these various signs of life and activity obtruded themselves upon the skipper of the Smiling Jane, his wrath rose higher and higher as he

looked around the wet, deserted deck of his own little craft. Then he walked forward and thrust his head down the forecastle hatchway.

As he expected, there was a complete sleeping chorus below; the deep, satisfied snoring of half a dozen seamen, who, regardless of the tide and their captain's feelings, were slumbering sweetly, in blissful ignorance of all that the *Sun* might say upon the twin subjects of overcrowding and ventilation.

"Below there, you lazy thieves," roared the captain; "tumble up, tumble up."

The snores stopped. "Ay, ay," said a sleepy voice. "What's the matter?"

"Matter!" repeated the other, choking violently. "Ain't you going to sail to-night?"

"To-night!" said another in surprise. "Why, I thought we wasn't going to sail till We'n'sday."

Not trusting himself to reply, so careful was he of the morals of his men, the skipper went and leaned over the side and communed with the silent water. In an incredibly short space of time five or six dusky figures pattered up to the deck, and a minute or two later the harsh clank of the windlass echoed far and wide.

The captain took the wheel. A fat and very sleepy seaman put up the side-lights, and the little schooner, detaching itself by the aid of boat-hooks and fenders from the neighboring craft, moved slowly down with the tide. The men, in response to the captain's fervent orders, climbed aloft, and sail after sail was spread to the gentle breeze.

"Hi! you there," cried the captain to one of the men who stood near him coiling up some loose line.

"Sir?" said the man.

"Where is the mate?" inquired the captain.

"Man with red whiskers and pimply nose?" said the man interrogatively.

"That's him to a hair," answered the other.

"Ain't seen him since he took me on at eleven," said the man.

"How many new hands are there?"

"I b'leeve we're all fresh," was the reply. "I don't b'leeve some of 'em have ever smelt salt water."

"The mate's been at it again," said the captain warmly; "that's what he has. He's done it afore and got left behind. Them what can't stand drink, my man, shouldn't take it, remember that."

"He said we wasn't going to sail till We'n'sday," remarked the man, who found the captain's attitude rather trying.

"He'll get fired, that's what he'll get," said the captain warmly. "I shall report as soon as I get ashore."

The subject exhausted, the seaman returned to his work, and the captain continued steering in moody silence.

Slowly, slowly the darkness gave way to light. The different portions of the craft, instead of all being blurred into one, took upon themselves shape, and stood out wet and distinct in the cold gray of the breaking day. But the lighter it became, the harder the skipper stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked from the deck to the flat, marshy shore, and from the shore back to the deck again.

"Here, come here," he cried, beckoning to one of the crew.

"Yessir," said the man, advancing.

"There's something in one of my eyes," faltered the skipper. "I can't see straight; everything seems mixed up. Now, speaking deliberate and

without any hurry, which side o' the ship do you say the cook's galley's on?"

"Starboard," promptly said the man, eyeing him with astonishment.

"Starboard," repeated the other softly. "He says starboard, and that's what it seems to me. My lad, yesterday morning it was on the port side."

The seaman received this astounding communication with calmness, but as a slight concession to appearances, said "Golly!"

"And the water-cask," said the skipper; "what color is it?"

"Green," said the man.

"Not white?" inquired the skipper, leaning heavily upon the wheel.

"Whitish-green," said the man, who always believed in keeping in with his superior officers.

The captain swore at him.

By this time two or three of the crew who had overheard part of the conversation had collected aft, and now stood in a small wondering knot before their strange captain.

"My lads," said the latter, moistening his dry lips with his tongue, "I name no names — I don't know 'em yet — and I cast no suspicions, but somebody has been painting up and altering this 'ere craft, and twisting things about until a man 'ud hardly know her. Now, what's the little game?"

There was no answer; and the captain, who was seeing things clearer and clearer in the growing light, got paler and paler.

"I must be going crazy," he muttered. "Is this the Smiling Jane, or am I dreaming?"

"It ain't the Smiling Jane," said one of the seamen; "leastways," he added cautiously, "it wasn't when I came aboard."

"Not the Smiling Jane!" roared the skipper; "what is it then?"

"Why, the Mary Ann," chorused the astonished crew.

"My lads," faltered the agonized captain after a long pause. "My lads." — He stopped and swallowed something in his throat. "I've been and brought away the wrong ship," he continued with an effort; "that's what I've done. I must have been bewitched."

"Well, who's having the little game now?" inquired a voice.

"Somebody else'll be fired as well as the mate," said another.

"We must take her back," said the captain, raising his voice to drown these mutterings. "All hands stand by to shorten sail."

The bewildered crew went to their posts, the captain gave his orders in a voice which had never been so subdued and mellow since it broke at the age of fourteen, and the Mary Ann took in sail, and, dropping her anchor, waited patiently for the turning of the tide.

. . . . . .

The bells were just striking the hour of mid-day, though they were heard by few above the noisy din of workers on wharves and ships, as a short, stout captain and a mate with red whiskers and a pimply nose stood up in a waterman's boat in the centre of the harbor and gazed at each other in blank astonishment.

"She's gone, clean gone," murmured the bewildered captain.

"Clean as a whistle," said the mate. "The new hands must ha' run away with her."

Then the bereaved captain raised his voice and pronounced a pathetic and beautiful eulogy upon the departed vessel, somewhat marred by an appendix in which he consigned

the new hands, their heirs, and descendants to every conceivable misery.

"Ahoy," said the boatman, who was getting tired of the business, addressing a grimy-looking seaman hanging meditatively over the side of a schooner. "Where's the Mary Ann?"

"Went away at half-past one this morning," was the reply.

"'Cos here's the cap'en an' the mate," said the boatman, indicating the forlorn couple with a bob of his head.

"Gee!" said the man. "I s'pose the cook's in charge then. We were to have gone too, but our old man hasn't turned up."

Quickly the news spread among the craft in the vicinity, and many and various were the suggestions shouted to the bewildered couple from the different decks. At last, just as the captain had ordered the boatman to return to the shore, he was startled by a loud cry from the mate.

"Look there!" he shouted.

The captain looked. Fifty or sixty yards away, a small shamefaced-looking schooner, so it appeared to his excited imagination, was slowly approaching them. A minute later a shout went up from the other craft as she took in sail and bore slowly down upon them Then a small boat put off to the buoy, and the Mary Ann was slowly warped into the place she had left ten hours before.

But while all this was going on, she was boarded by her captain and mate. They were met by Captain Bing, supported by *his* mate, who had hastily pushed off from the Smiling Jane to the assistance of his chief. In the two leading features before mentioned he was not unlike the mate of the Mary Ann, and much stress was laid upon this fact by the unfortunate Bing in his explanation; so much so, in fact, that both the mates got restless; the skipper, who was a plain man, and given to calling a spade a spade, using the word "pimply" with what seemed to them unnecessary iteration.

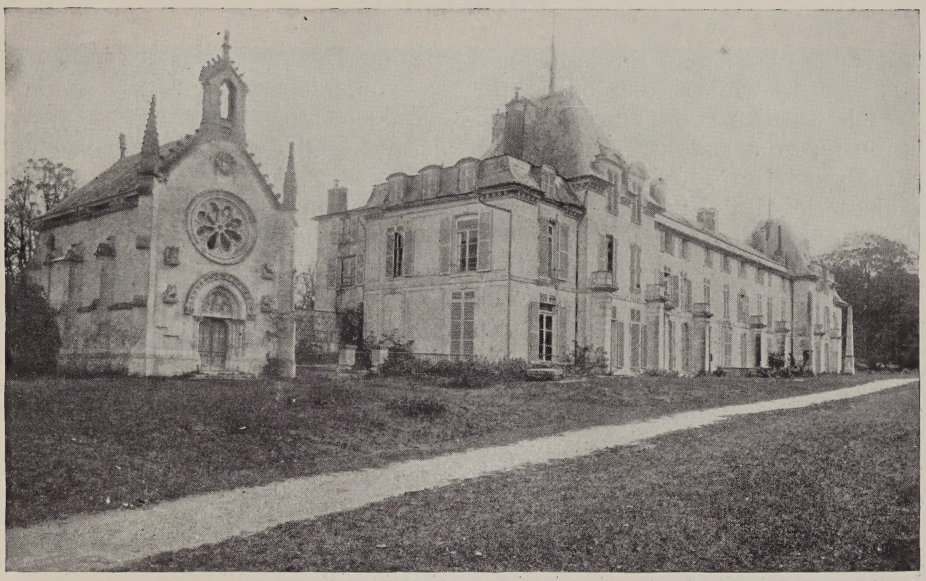
It is possible that the interview might have lasted for hours had not Bing suddenly changed his tactics and begun to throw out dark hints about standing a dinner ashore, and settling it over a friendly glass. The face of the Mary Ann's captain began to clear; and as Bing proceeded from generalities to details, a soft smile played over his expressive features. It was reflected in the faces of the mates, who by these means showed clearly that they understood the table was to be laid for four.

C. J.

AT ROME.

DAVID GRAHAM ADEE.

AS Pius passed I held my breath,
My heart stood still as if in death.
Why should an unbeliever feel
Such awe and superstition steal?
A kind old man with silvery hair
And face sweet with religion rare,
A smile so gentle, pure, and calm,
It seemed to sprinkle heavenly balm.
Methought, it is not all alone
Because he sits the papal throne;
It is not that he reigns a king
And wears the sacred signet-ring,
Or that he is the father here
To chide the sin and dry the tear;
Or that he wields the holy keys
For penitents upon their knees:
Not these the reasons, right or wrong,
I trembled as he rode along,
In chariot rich with gems and gold,
To bless the children of his fold,
But that the heart of human kind
Weary of groping; faint and blind,
Despairing of the unseen power
Coming to earth in evil hour
To speak to prayer, to smile on praise,
To cheer the faithful's wistful gaze,
Had clothed this presence with all good
To give to sinners saintly food,
To set before the senses' soul
Comfort and consolation's dole.
Two thousand years have given place
Since men have looked upon God's face,
And the soul yearns for something real
To represent the rapt ideal.
If that mankind have sought to give
A form to goodness while they live,
Will not the One supreme above
Reward their longing with His love?
Thus, as I viewed the emblem there,
An aureole seemed to glint the air,
My spirit thrilled in blent accord
With earth's great type of Heaven's Lord.



MALMAISON CHATEAU AND CHAPEL.

MALMAISON.

ETHELYN FRIEND.

BÆDEKER, the tourists' conscience, makes no mention of Malmaison, and few of the guide-books intended for the instruction and counsel of summer visitors give any detailed account of it. Yet there is no environ of Paris more easy of access or with more to interest a visitor who cares for historical retrospection.

This deserted château and half-neglected park are impressive in their loneliness; far more so than the showroom chambers and artificial gardens of Fontainebleau and Versailles; for time and neglect have been the only occupants of Malmaison since the days when Napoleon and Josephine made history there. There is always something eloquent, something that breathes the personality of departed occupants, about any deserted home, and wandering through Malmaison to-day these two become very tangible realities.

Malmaison is not a palace of France; indeed, it never has been one properly speaking, although after it was sold by Prince Eugene, Josephine's son, it passed into the hands of the state. It is controlled now by a syndicate who are making a pretentious suburb of the place. The greater part of the old park is cut up into dainty summer villas, with gay gardens and fish-ponds that a

visitor may see only through high iron gates, while ridiculous little French poodles come out and bark furiously, or a stately white angora peers sedately through the bars, or a chattering little monkey tries to climb over, disdaining the silver chain and fresh-faced housemaid that has him in charge. The French preserve the privacy of their grounds with high stone and plaster walls, but you forgive them, for the walls are made picturesque with gay flower beds along the top, and the streets are bordered with beautiful trees that contrast so well with the cream-colored house tops; and everything is so very clean and orderly.

But to go back to the beginning. It is a charming drive through the Bois to Malmaison, and of late years you may take a steam tramway which will land you inside of an hour at its gate.

Our going to Malmaison the first time was quite by accident. It was a lovely summer day, and we had taken a tram at St. Lazare station for Rueil, a little suburb famous for its beauty, and because past artists like Corot used to go out there and paint the summer landscapes, and present great men like Gérôme make a country home near by. Indeed, the whole Gérôme atelier at the Beaux-Arts dine their past graduates every summer at a little restaurant there overlooking the Seine, with the master at the head of the table.

A tram taken almost at hazard landed us at Malmaison, but we were not then quite sure of our ground and asked information of a nice, garrulous little old French gentleman who was taking three dogs for an airing. He was voluminous in his explanations and optimistic regarding the mental pleasure we should have visiting the old château; but, and his countenance fell very much, we should find nothing to eat there, neither wine nor food, and déjeûner time was near at hand. At our want of seriousness, he emphasized the fact, "*Rien absolument rien!*"

But how much food there is for the imagination as we turn up the grass-grown carriage drive into the former gardens that lie back of the château and where a herd of cows are peacefully grazing. The party is feminine and the cows should cause trepidation, but it is swallowed up in the double enjoyment: the physical delight in the perfect day and the wave of Napoleonic interest that ingulfs us all.

We have left the garrulous little old gentleman with the dogs far behind, and no guard emblazoned with the authority of France comes forward to ask our vague intentions. We are free to explore the house later on, but meanwhile it is pleasanter to enter the park, where the high beeches and stately elms are so far apart that there is no hint of crowding, and yet their leafy branches far overhead lace themselves into an arched roof of green.

It is easy to make mind pictures here, pictures of the dainty days of the Directoire and the First Consulship, with Napoleon and Josephine always in the foreground.

A great artist has left us one vivid picture of the early Malmaison days. A favorite lounging-place of Josephine's was a rock seat under a cluster of high beeches near the house. A marble fountain cooled the air and an artificial stream, with rustic bridges crossing it at intervals, ran behind the rocks which faced the green lawn adjoining the château. The rock seat, the beau-

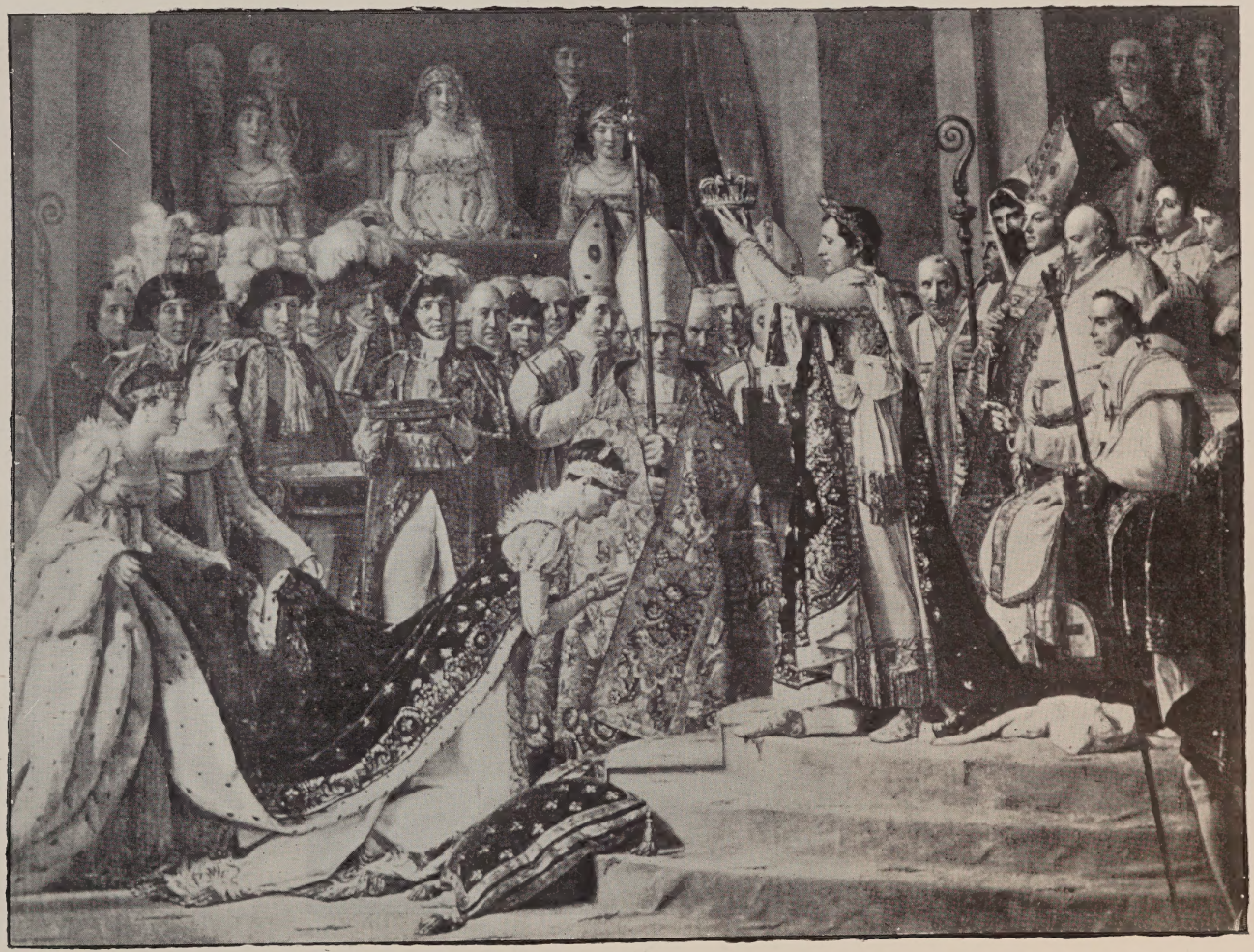
JOSEPHINE IN THE GARDEN OF MALMAISON,
From the painting by Prud'hon.

tiful trees, a broken fountain, and stagnant stream remain to-day to remind us of the spot where Prud'hon saw her and painted her in the picture that hangs to-day in the Louvre.

Empress Josephine in her Coronation Jewels.

She wears the clinging white, gold-embroidered gown of the period, with a dark red scarf loosely thrown about her. The artist has shown us a happy, beautiful woman, in an attitude of perfect grace, and with a gentle, sensitive face.

We think of Josephine as beautiful and happy, thoughtlessly and almost childishly gay when she first came to Malmaison. She bought the place shortly after her marriage, when Napoleon was simply a commanding general, and she passed a butterfly existence there, surrounded by a gay circle of friends during his campaigns in Italy and Egypt. We have a very different picture of Josephine a few years later under the consulship, when the first consul and his wife lived a simple, unpretentious life at Malmaison with a few intimate friends



THE CORONATION OF EMPRESS JOSEPHINE,

From the painting by David, Versailles Museum.

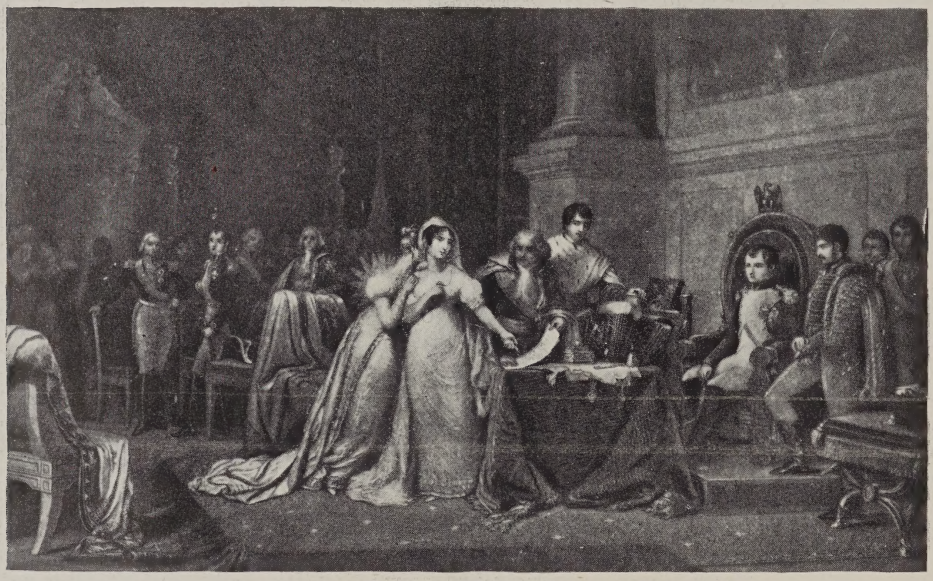
that formed the household. Josephine passed long, quiet days beautifying the place until it was worthy to rank as a second Trianon. She took great pride in the gardens, and spent thousands of dollars in rare and costly plants. Indeed, her extravagance in this respect was a constant source of complaint with her husband.

She was a true creole. Her sweet, easy-going disposition enabled her to bear trouble and to glide easily through the stormy days of her first marriage, days that included hunger, and privation, and imprisonment with her children, and the probable guillotine under the reign of terror; but she accepted luxury and grandeur with the same charming unconsciousness. She could never keep any account of her expenditures or understand, in the least, the value of money, and the natural result was that she was always in debt.

There was a tiny art gallery at Malmaison then and some exquisite pictures hung on its walls, for with Napoleon's conquests priceless art treasures were pouring into France. The two famous Paul Potters which are now in the Louvre once adorned these walls.

The first consul was equally devoted to Malmaison, although it was already regarded as Josephine's own private residence. He could escape there many of the annoyances and interruptions that beset him in Paris, and pass long days in his private study. Sometimes he took a part in the diversions of the household; but, as a rule, he rarely joined them until the early dinner hour. From six o'clock to half after they spent at dinner, for Napoleon's nervous, restless disposition never allowed him to pass over thirty minutes at the table.

They received no company except



DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE.

on Wednesday evenings, when they dined in state, within the same brief half hour, however, with ministers and guests who had driven out from Paris. These were the happy days of their married life, for Josephine had begun then to love her husband intensely, and at Malmaison she saw much more of him than she could in Paris, and escaped as well much of the calumny and intrigues of the court, for which she had little liking or patience. Josephine detested gossip and had no fondness for mean or petty personalities.

Then came the empire, and for six years we see little of Josephine at Malmaison, for she was reigning at Fontainebleau then as Imperatrice, the culminating but by no means the happiest period of her wonderful career. Poor Josephine was always a little too old for those about her. When a girl of sixteen, living

QUEEN HORTENSE.

in the little island of Martinique, the Vicomte de Beauharnais preferred her younger sister for his son, urging in excuse that Josephine was too old for the young man of eighteen. How strangely that formal letter reads to-day; and yet he was evidently sincere, for she was then a most charming and beautiful girl, accomplished according to the standards of her time and race, and generally beloved.

children, and the éclat that Barras' devotion gave her.

She married Napoleon then, a marriage of love and ambition on his part, and gentle acceptance on hers. She was six years older than the young general, and, although beautiful and admired, she had lived every day of her thirty-three years. She was forty when she became empress, and the nation that had established the old principle of

Tomb of the Empress Josephine in the Church of Rueil.

However, her sister's sudden death betrothed her to the young Alexander de Beauharnais, whom she had never seen, and their married life was evidently a happy and congenial one. Her husband was executed during the reign of terror; and her grief, if sincere, was so soon forgotten that she enjoyed with little regret the more prosperous days the Directoire brought to her and her two

hereditary succession in favor of Napoleon were clamorous for a prince royal. She had little hope of giving an heir to her husband and to France, and this was the sword of Damocles that hung over her in the palace at Fontainebleau. Even then there were occasional respites at the country home when she forgot for a moment the black cloud she felt hanging over her.

Josephine had the rare gift of gaining and holding affection, not from any effort on her part, but because she possessed naturally a sweet and affable disposition. Although she developed the gift of fidelity when trouble came, she rarely took any pains for those for whom she professed to care. But her friends loved her and the nation took pride in her gracious and queenly deportment, but — and the misfortune if not the fault was hers — she had never gained the affection of her husband's family. They were always her bitter enemies.

When the formal decree of divorce was pronounced, for reasons of state only, Josephine retired to Malmaison, carrying with her the admiration of the nation and the affection of the emperor. She retained her title of Imperatrice, and a princely income was settled on her, which included another estate besides the one that had always been hers. And there we see her for three sad years, living in the old château at Malmaison, where the happy younger days were spent, beloved by the neighboring villagers for her kindly, gentle deeds in their behalf. Napoleon sometimes came to visit her there, and once brought with him his little son, the young King of Rome. Soon disaster came to him and to France, and it was at Malmaison in 1814 that Josephine received the Allied Forces. This visit, which was meant in all respect and kindliness, was a bitter grief and humiliation to her, for her heart and sympathy and loyalty were all with the emperor.

The fortitude and gentle dignity that had surrounded her under the shadow of the guillotine; that became so well the crowned empress in the sombre walls of Notre Dame, and commanded even the admiration of her enemies during the trying days at Fontainebleau preceding the divorce, bade her perform her duties as chatelaine with graciousness. But the iron was deep in her soul; and it was while doing the honors of these gardens and streams to the Emperor Alexander, that she contracted the chill which resulted in her death.

She is buried in the little chapel at Rueil, a half mile from the château. The marble tomb that was erected over her grave by her children is on the right side of the altar, and bears a figure of the empress in coronation robes kneeling before a prie-dieu. The simple inscription is

À JOSÉPHINE
EUGÈNE ET HORTENSE

Hortense was, by her own wish, buried on the other side of the altar; and when her son came to the throne of France, the little church was restored, a splendid organ added, and over her grave was placed a marble angel with outstretched wings, hovering over the kneeling figure of the Queen of Holland. The inscription on the tomb is

À LA REINE HORTENSE
SON FILS
NAPOLÉON III

We have two distinct pictures of Napoleon at Malmaison as vivid and as sad as any in his whole career. He was suffering his first exile when Josephine died. The next year, on his return to France, when fortune seemed to smile again on her son, he visited Malmaison with Hortense and Prince Eugene, to whom he always seemed to be sincerely attached. It was summer then, and he spent some sad hours in the gardens that Josephine had planned and in wandering, as they had done together, through the wind-

ing, tree-arched walks. "Poor Josephine!" he said to Hortense. "At each turn of the path, I expect to see her again. The tidings of her death which came to me in the Isle of Elba was one of the most vivid griefs of this fatal year of 1814. She doubtless had her weaknesses, but at least *she* would never have abandoned me."

Then came the battle of Waterloo; and Napoleon, defeated, crushed in heart and soul, and even then almost a fugitive, joined Hortense and Eugene once more at the old château. He passed there one of his last days in France and probably one of the bitterest in his whole career, for he must then have faced the inexorable fact of his fallen star.

He was several hours alone in the garden, and late in the afternoon took an affectionate leave of his stepchildren and set out for Fontainebleau, where he signed his final abdication.

. . . . . .

Aside from its associations the château to-day contains little of interest; pictures, furniture and decorations having all departed. The rooms are sunny, airy, and well arranged; and it is easy to understand the affection that occupants of sombre palaces might have for this unpretentious country home.

There is a caretender who lives in the porter's lodge and raises poultry in the grass-grown courtyard; for there is little attempt at preserving or restoring the place. Half of the château is surrounded by a moat, grass-grown now, and surmounted by a wire fence, not to keep visitors from intrusion, but cows from harm. On Sunday afternoons the park is dotted with visitors, not excursionists, but people from the neighboring villages who bring their children to play there.

Adjoining the castle and connected with it by a glass-enclosed walk overrun with tangled vines, is a tiny chapel half gothic in style, with hideous overgrown gargoyles stretching their ugly necks from the roof. The last view we had of Malmaison was of this chapel. A little boy in blue was blowing a shrill horn on the steps and two other little chaps were throwing their rubber balls at the ugly stone monsters.

Such is the contempt that follows in the train of familiarity!

RETRIBUTION.

Such punishment as human skill
May compass for our sin,
Is infinitesimal to that
Of our remembering.— F. H. S.

MAINE'S NAVAL LEXINGTON.

James Guilmartin.

ITH the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, this month, comes that of another memorable event of the Revolution, in which some of the chief actors were the family of an Irishman settled in Maine. Of less magnitude than the glorious defence of Breed's Hill, it was not so laden with promise for the future; yet had not Britain been struck with the blindness of those who will not see, she might have read in the issue the fate awaiting her influence in the Colonies. It was one of the few minor actions, like those of Lexington and Concord, that stirred the avalanche of war which finally overwhelmed her domination in America.

The event referred to is the captture of the British cutter, the Margaretta, in the harbor of Machias, June 12, 1775. Bancroft's History, treating of it, alleges that then "the British flag was struck for the first time on the ocean to Americans." It may also be said that it was the first American victory, obtained by actual fighting, in the War of Independence. The people of Maine may well feel proud of the deed, and would be amply warranted in commemorating it, both by monument and celebration.

The natural desire for the details of the fight is gratified by a few accounts that are in practical agreement with each other. They differ only in a few unimportant details. They are also given on authority that, seemingly, leaves nothing to be desired. Still there exists another account, which has not reached the general public yet, that, while entitled to be considered the most authentic of all, very materially differs from the rest.

The story of Machias, as heretofore told, may be briefly repeated as follows: —

Two sloops, owned and commanded by Captain Ichabod Jones of Boston, under convoy of the Margaretta, an armed British schooner, arrived in the Machias River. Their errand was to procure a supply of lumber for use in the defences of Boston. Rumors of the Battle of Lexington had reached the town some days before, and the people had made manifest their sympathy with the colonial cause by erecting a liberty pole. The crews of the sloops brought confirmatory news of the Lexington affair, and the sympathies of the townspeople were intensified. When Captain Moore, the commanding officer of the Margaretta, went ashore, he saw the liberty pole, and indignantly ordered it taken down, threatening, unless this were down, to fire upon the town. A Mr. Jones of Boston, having a store in the town, prevailed on him to await the action of a town meeting, in relation to his request. The meeting refused compliance. Representing that the meeting had not been a full one, Mr. Jones further prevailed on Captain Moore to stay his hand until a

full meeting had had an opportunity to consider the demand. This was called for the following Monday. In the interval, help to resist the threatened hostilities was summoned from Pleasant River and other outlying places. On Sunday, while attending religious service in the town, Captain Moore, noticing through a window armed men crossing the river on logs, conceived himself in danger, and fled precipitately from the meeting-house.

The fact was, several of the worshippers had guns in concealment; and John O'Brian, with his gun hidden under a board, had taken his seat just behind Moore, for the purpose of taking him prisoner. On reaching his ship, a few shots were fired by Moore's orders at the town. Some attempt at reply was made with small arms. Then the Margaretta made sail down the river, and soon got out of reach. Next morning one of the sloops was seized and in it, sixty men, under the command of Captain Jeremiah O'Brian, went in pursuit of the Margaretta. They found her becalmed in the entrance of the harbor. The first attempt to board her was successfully resisted; but John O'Brian reached her quarter deck alone as the vessels separated. While standing here he was fired at by several of the crew, but was not wounded. Then a bayonet charge was made on him. He escaped by jumping overboard and swimming to the sloop.

Twenty men, armed mainly with pitchforks, were set apart to board the ship, and the sloop was brought alongside the Margaretta again. This time the townspeople were successful. Ten of the enemy were killed and ten wounded, among the latter Captain Moore, who died of his injuries next day. Captain O'Brian's loss was four killed, and eight or nine wounded. His gain was the cutter, with its ammunition and stores besides, four four-pounders, and sixteen swivels. The number of prisoners is not stated.

Under date of June 14, by order of the town Committee of Safety, a letter detailing the facts of this battle was sent by the person of John O'Brian to the provincial congress of Massachusetts, then sitting at Watertown. It was safely delivered by him and read with great interest. In recognition of the services rendered to the colonial cause, as there described, the congress on June 26 passed a vote of thanks to all who had participated in the action. The original record of that vote is still preserved in the archives of Massachusetts.

A still more interesting fact is the survival of the letter, also to be found in the custody of Massachusetts. Lincoln's printed copy of the journal of the provincial congress gives it at length, as well as the resolution conveying the vote of thanks. That it has escaped attention heretofore may be owing to the fact that it is indexed under the name "Obrian." This error is manifestly copied from the resolution, whose draughtsman evidently supposed he was correcting the letter (where O'Brian appears without the apostrophe) by reducing the second capital to the ranks. The letter is as follows: —

To the Honourable Congress of the Massachusetts Bay.

Gentlemen:

We, the faithful and distressed inhabitants of Machias, beg leave, once more, in the most respectful manner, to approach your presence, and spread before you a just and full representation of our very critical situation.

On the 2d instant, Capt. Ichabod Jones arrived in the river with two sloops, accom-

panied with one of the King's tenders. On the 3d instant, a paper was handed about for the people to sign, as a prerequisite to their obtaining any provisions, of which we were in great want. The contents of this paper required the signers to indulge Capt. Jones in carrying lumber to Boston, and to protect him and his property at all events. But, unhappily for him, if not for us, it soon expired after producing effects directly contrary in their nature to those intended. The next effort, in order to carry those favourite points, was to call a meeting, which was accordingly done. On the 6th, the people generally assembled at the place appointed, and seemed so averse to the measures proposed that Capt. Jones privately went to the tender, and caused her to move up so near the town that her guns would reach the houses, and put springs upon her cables. The people, however, not knowing what was done, and considering themselves nearly as prisoners of war in the hands of the common enemy — which is our only plea for suffering Captain Jones to carry any lumber to Boston, since your honours conceived it improper — passed a vote that Captain Jones might proceed in his business, as usual, without molestation, that they would purchase the provision he brought into the place, and pay him according to contract.

After obtaining this vote, Capt. Jones immediately ordered his vessels to the wharf and distributed his provisions among those only, who voted in favor of his carrying lumber to Boston. This gave such offence to the aggrieved party, that they determined to take Capt. Jones, if possible, and put a final stop to his supplying the King's troops with anything. Accordingly, they secretly invited the people of Mispecka and Pleasant River to join them; accordingly a number of them came, and having joined our people, in the woods near the settlement on the 11th, they all agreed to take Capt. Jones and Stephen Jones, Esqr., in the place of worship, which they attempted, but Capt. Jones made his escape into the woods and does not yet appear. Stephen Jones, Esqr. only, was taken, and remains as yet under guard. The captain and lieutenant of the tender were also in the meeting house, and fled to their vessel, hoisted their flag and sent a message on shore to this effect: "that he had express orders to protect Capt. Jones; that he was determined to do his duty whilst he had life; and that, if the people presumed to stop Capt. Jones's vessels, he would burn the town."

Upon this, a party of our men went directly to stripping the sloop that lay at the wharf, and another party went off to take possession of the other sloop, which lay below, and brought her up nigh a wharf, and anchored her in the stream. The tender did not fire, but weighed her anchors as privately as possible, and in the dusk of the evening, fell down and came to within musket shot of the sloop, which obliged our people to slip their cable and run the sloop aground. In the meantime a considerable number of our people went down in boats and canoes, lined the shore directly opposite to the tender, and having demanded her to surrender to America, received for answer, "Fire and be damned;" they immediately fired in upon her, which she returned, and a smart engagement ensued. The tender, at last, slipped her cable and fell down to a small sloop commanded by Capt. Toby, and lashed herself to her for the remainder of the night. In the morning of the 12th, they took Capt. Toby out of his vessel, for a pilot, and made all the sail they could to get off, as the wind and tide favored; but having carried away her main boom, and meeting with a sloop from the Bay of Fundy, they came to, robbed the sloop of her boom and gaff, took almost all her provisions, together with Mr. Robert Avery, of Norwich, in Connecticut, and proceeded on her voyage.

Our people seeing her go off in the morning, determined to follow her. About forty men, armed with guns, swords, axes and pitchforks, went in Capt. Jones's sloop, under the command of Capt. Jeremiah O'Brian; about twenty, armed in the same manner, and under the command of Capt. Benjamin Foster, went in a small schooner. During the chase our people built them breastworks of pine boards, and anything they could find in the vessels, that would screen them from the enemy's fire. The tender, upon the first appearance of our people, cut her boats from the stern, and made all the sail she could; but, being a very dull sailer, they soon came up with her and a most obstinate engagement ensued, both sides being determined to conquer or die; but the tender was obliged to yield, her captain was wounded in the breast with two balls, of which wounds he died next morning; poor Mr. Avery was killed and one of the marines, and five were wounded. Only one of our men was killed, and six were wounded, one of whom is since dead of his wounds. The battle was fought at the entrance of our harbour, and lasted for near the space of one hour.

We have in our possession four double fortified three-pounders, and fourteen swivels, and a number of small arms, which we took with the tender, besides a very small quantity of ammunition, &c. Thus, we have given your honours as particular an account of this affair as possible. We now apply to you for advice, and for a supply of ammunition and provisions, the latter of which we have petitioned your honours for already, which, if we could be fully supplied with, we doubt not but, with the blessing of Heaven, we should be prepared to defend ourselves. We propose to convey the prisoners to Pownalborough Gaol, as soon as possible, there to await your orders.

We are, with deference Your Honours'
most obedient Humble Servants
By order of the Committee,

JAS. LYON, *Chairman*,
GEORGE STILLMAN, *Clerk*.

Machias, June 14th, 1775.

This is a very different story. It will hardly fail to surprise all who have heretofore credited the other. Very few changes would make it pass for the description of another event. The time, cause, and particulars are nearly all at variance with those mentioned in the first. Yet the circumstances surrounding its inditement — the time when it was written, the persons who directed it to be written, and the purpose for which it was written — give it the very highest claims to credence.

Perhaps the most singular feature of the matter is the fact that John O'Brian is given as the authority for the facts stated in the first account. As a member of the committee, he must have known the contents of the letter. Then, having been a prominent participator in the battle, he must have personally confirmed the statements made in the letter when he delivered it to the provincial congress. He was eighty-one years old, and fifty-six years had passed since the capture of the Margaretta, when a member of the Maine Historical Society obtained the narrative attributed to him. That his memory should not be accurate as to the minor details at that age and distance of time, would be most natural; but it is beyond the bounds of probability that he concocted the tale about the liberty pole, if it was concocted.

The letter of the Committee of Safety ascribes the outbreak of the townspeople to a more natural, if a less theatrical cause. The journal of the provincial congress shows that on May 25 of the same year, the town had petitioned that body for a supply of provisions, to be paid for with lumber. A drought the preceding fall had deprived them of their usual supplies. Yet, they would have managed if, contrary to the advice of the congress, they had continued to sell their lumber to the British. In consequence of ceasing to do this, together with other conditions, their mills were idle, their lumber remained unbought, and they were threatened with famine. So that if the letter's statement of the cause be the correct one, as it is the most likely, only the purest motives of patriotism can be attributed to the deed.

Captain Jeremiah O'Brian was the son of Morris O'Brian, who had come from Cork, Ireland, to Scarborough, Maine, and then removed to Machias, where he built a double saw mill in 1765. The captain's five brothers took part in the fight, and their father would have also been there had they not dissuaded him from the purpose. No doubt can be entertained that Machias, like Falmouth, would have been quickly reduced to ashes, if there were not such men to defend it.

Captain Jeremiah O'Brian subsequently rendered good service in the Revolution as commander, successively, of the armed ships the Liberty and the Hannibal. The latter was built at Newburyport by John O'Brian and others, and was for a time commanded by John, as a letter of marque. After it was put in charge of the elder brother, he took command of the Hibernia, with which he went successfully through several engagements and made a number of captures.

PRINCE TEDDY.

Abba Goold Woolson.

Ah, Teddy, you are brave and true,
And if I were a queen,
No prouder little prince than you
Should in my realms be seen.
I'd give you half my gems and gold,
And lands and titles manifold.

Six famous orders you should wear
Across your velvet coat;
A crown to match your shining hair,
And laces 'round your throat,
With diamond buckles at your knee,
To sparkle when you bent to me.

The world should see a goodly sight
When forth we rode in state,
For crowds would gather left and right,
Huzzahing at the gate,
And mounted lords should prance before
And gallop by the carriage door.

In robes of ermine, white as milk,
We two should sit in pride;
While lovely ladies, all in silk,
Were ranged on either side,
And courtiers, bowing from the room,
Swept wide the floor with hat and plume.

But, oh, how glad we both should be
To find ourselves alone,
That we might spring, so blithe and free,
From out the stately throne,
And skip and dance for very joy,
As here we go — your hand, my boy!

THE CAUSE OF OLIVER PLUNKETT.

Rev. James Grace.

THE recent cable to the effect that Cardinal Logue had succeeded in obtaining a special place for the consideration of the canonization of the martyred primate of Armagh was received with peculiar gratification by the scattered children of Armagh's first bishop.

If the cause of Patrick's noblest heir is successful, Armagh can boast of three saints as the patrons of her church.

Though we can look with pride to the closing scenes of Patrick's and of Malachy's lives, — the former surveying in spirit from the hill of Saul the future untarnished glory of the Irish Church, the second dying in the arms of Saint Bernard at Clairvaux, after seeing his life's labor crowned, — yet the sight of the meek and saintly Plunkett on Tyburn hill, surrounded by ruthless fanatics thirsting for his blood, will always appeal with a sadder interest to our hearts, and from it will ever radiate a strange and pathetic beauty.

If Patrick saw the birth and Malachy the maturity of Ireland's Catholicity, Oliver Plunkett may be said to have lived through the worst throes of its agony.

A brief sketch of his life and death will illustrate this.

He was born at Loughgrew, County Meath, in 1631, of an ancient and honorable family, still represented by the Earl of Fingal. From his early childhood he was remarkable for the brightness of his intellect and the purity of his morals. Too young to take a part in the scenes of blood enacted in his country, he knew enough to appreciate their horrors and the miserable dissensions which paralyzed his unhappy nation's efforts, and left her chained at the mercy of the hand raised to smite her.

It was not, however, from pusillanimity or want of affection for his native land that Oliver was induced to go abroad. Having resolved to enter the ecclesiastical state, he was compelled to seek that education in foreign lands which the cruelty of the penal laws and the turbulence of the times denied him at home. He left Ireland in 1649, the year of

Cromwell's arrival; and the tales of woe which resounded throughout Europe and followed him to Rome far exceeded the worst horrors which had occurred before his departure.

Sad indeed was the condition of the Irish Church and people at this period. The young and the old, the venerable bishop and the youthful priest, were torn from underneath the very altar, dragged from their holes in the earth where they had burrowed like hunted animals, or caught as they crept forth to administer the sacraments to some dying sinner. Ignominious death was the portion of every captured priest. O'Brien, bishop of Emly, after being tortured and vainly tempted to apostatize, was hanged at Limerick and his head placed over the citadel. Egan, bishop of Ross, being taken after visiting a sick woman, first had his arms lopped off, and was then hanged from the nearest tree with the reins of his own horse. Matthew, bishop of Clogher, loaded with chains, was cast into Enniskillen jail, and, after being tortured for a year, was at length relieved from his sufferings by death on the gibbet. The remaining prelates of Ireland found safety in the sad refuge of voluntary exile. All were banished with two exceptions, who were disqualified by age or infirmity from discharging any of the duties of their office.

Such was the distressed condition to which the Irish Church was reduced at this period. At no other time was it so utterly destitute of pastors; and if a special providence had not been exerted in its favor, the succession of the hierarchy would have been broken, and the faith of Ireland's people exposed to the most imminent dangers.

It was at such a period that Plunkett applied himself to the ministry. A career of labor and privation awaited him, and the heads and limbs of his predecessors set up in public places told him what he had to expect.

He made his ecclesiastical studies at the Ludovisian College at Rome, then under the administration of the Jesuits. He entered in 1649, distinguished himself in every department of learning, and, having taken his degree of doctor, was appointed professor of theology at the Propaganda. He held this position for twelve years. In 1669 O'Reilly, archbishop of Armagh, died in exile at Rome, and Clement IX appointed Plunkett to fill the vacant see.

The temper and pursuits of Oliver Plunkett would have impelled him to prefer the seclusion of his college to the government of an Irish diocese; but to have hesitated in prevailing circumstances would have been an act of cowardice, and he therefore accepted the office with courageous alacrity.

He arrived in Ireland in 1669, and the bloodhounds were soon on his track. He succeeded in baffling them for some years, and devoted himself meanwhile to the reformation and reorganization of the secular clergy. Through his persevering efforts many parishes long deprived of spiritual care were furnished with pastors. Of the eighteen hundred priests registered according to the Act of 1704, twenty-three years after his death, as many as one hundred and sixteen had received orders from him.

In the midst of his labors the storms of the alleged Popish Plot broke over the land, and the saintly prelate was to be one of its most illus-

trious victims. The object of this plot was to deprive the Duke of York, afterward James II, of the English throne. Pretended popish plots are the favorite resorts of the enemies of Catholicity when they want to deprive the members of that church of their civil or religious rights. It was so in the days of Charles II, it is the same in our own day. The perjurers who swore away the life of the saintly prelate of Armagh were of the same type as Titus Oates and Dangerfield.

He was dragged to London and convicted on the evidence of apostates, caitiffs, and robbers. On the first of July, 1681, he was hanged at Tyburn, meeting death with the calmness and joy of the martyr who lays down his life for faith and fatherland.

The mockery of justice in the case is one of the darkest pages in English jurisprudence, and the verdict was unanimously reversed by public opinion. That such instruments should be used shows the government to have been wholly corrupt and degraded.

The relics of the venerable bishop, after reposing for some time in Lambspring, Germany, were finally conveyed to Ireland, where they now rest in the Dominican Convent at Drogheda, an object of the deepest national and religious interest to pilgrims.

Whatever may be the result of the efforts for Oliver Plunkett's canonization, Ireland will always enroll him among her noblest and holiest sons. In these days the incidents of his life and death will furnish safe and high incentives to every missionary of Irish birth or lineage. His memory and deeds can never grow cold, and his name will always be enshrined among Ireland's deathless dead.

A SHORE PICTURE.

ALBERT DOYLE.

THERE is a sweet'ning shimmer over all —
The moon is monarch of the distant dome,
The night birds o'er the whisp'ring waters call;
The waves, sad sisters, with white hoods of foam,
Kiss their beloved shores, then backward fall.

The tim'rous winds the trembling waters greet;
The sad-eyed stars smile softly from the skies,
And far from where the earth and heav'n meet
A golden path across the water lies,
A moon-made path trod but by angel feet.

A peaceful calm reigns o'er the silv'ry sand,
Untroubled by the murm'rings of the deep,
The wreck gleams weird and white upon the strand,
And yon twin tow'rs their silent vigil keep
Like Faith and Hope as beacons true they stand.

THE MAN WHO MAKES THE NEWSPAPER.

William Hopkins.

HE king of his craft, the presiding genius of every great newspaper, and the man who really determines its destiny, is the news editor. It is he who sits in final judgment upon every line that enters the news columns of his paper. All other departments are subordinate to his, because, as a paper is published first for news, the news editor's place has been made the newspaper primacy. Local and telegraphic matter, home news and foreign cablegrams find a centre at his desk; and to this chaos of crime and casualty, this strange mixture of the methods and mishaps of men, the news editor brings order and interest. He "gets the copy into the paper." This means that he properly prepares it. The process of preparation is interesting indeed.

Before the broad vista of his well-balanced brain passes the panorama of the world. Kings and presidents parade his editorial desk. He analyzes a political problem with the skill of a statesman, settles an international dilemma with the ease of a diplomat. And he must act quickly, for eager readers are awaiting the result.

The managing editor gives his orders, the city editor makes out assignments, the reporter executes their commands, but upon the judgment of the news editor depends the real value of all these efforts. The sporting editor lines up his football eleven in eloquent style, and pictures the contending pugilists in knock-out rhetoric, yet the news editor determines whether the story shall go on the first or fifth page. He may at that moment have the fall of an empire that takes precedence over everything else. Only a news editor has to decide these momentous questions. His paper may be one of sporting proclivities, and he may be undecided between the fall of an empire and a prize fight for a leader.

The dramatic editor has a first-night write-up for a brilliant star, the political man has another lie to nail, the management wants more careful attention given to Washington or other special items; the exchange editor occupies his interesting department, and the news editor must take cognizance of all this. He finds room for everything by judicious editing. It is a pat phrase on a certain well-known paper that "there is always room for good stuff." It is presumed that this journal's excellent news editors create the space somehow, no matter how many columns of copy pour in. After a news editor has decided to use an article, perhaps the most picturesque part of his genius is called into play. He then writes his headline. This is a peculiar art. Only a news editor can write a headline. Other members of the profession try it sometimes, but their production always stands out prominently from the page a mute appeal for a more experienced pen.

After his judgment upon the value of news, the art of writing a good headline is the news editor's next best characteristic. Long ago he learned the desires of the constituency of his paper, and he knows what policy to pursue. He knows what his readers want. Romance and reality, tragedy and comedy, pathos and humor, play in turn upon his mental chords.

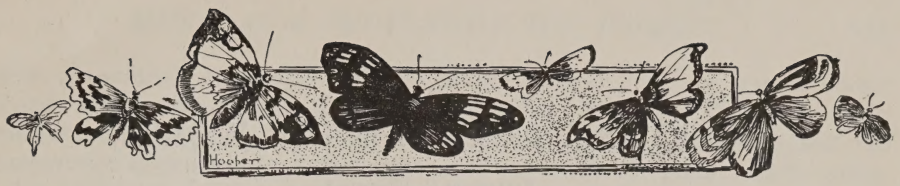
The result is a dramatic array of the day's doings. The news editor harmonizes, as best it can be done, the discords of life, by attractively displaying one thing and ignoring another. He turns the tide of human affairs into his own channel. That is, he shapes the news to bring new readers to his own paper, and please those he already has. All the world loves a lover, so this particular romance is given a generous display of type. A hurricane in Japan that swept away thousands of lives occupies the same space as a local fire in which one man was but slightly injured. The news editor tries to make home news particularly attractive. He weighs carefully all the work, and decides where and how much of it shall appear in print. But he never destroys "the story"; the news is always there after his editing, and in better shape than it was before.

"I myself once tried this game as editor," relates Bismarck of the famous Ems episode. "The king," he writes, "sent me a despatch, with instructions to publish it wholly or in part. After I had prepared it for publication, by omissions and contractions, Moltke, who was with me, exclaimed: 'First it was a call to a parley, and now it sounds the charge.'"

But to distort news is not the editor's province, and to say that he is "a moulder of public opinion" is to state something of a misnomer. Public opinion rather moulds the editor. No one is so closely in touch with popular needs as he. He knows what the people want, and they generally get it from the graceful point of his blue pencil.

What is news? is a problem, the precise definition of which has bothered the sages of every journalistic age. Colonel Cockerill said there can be no exact definition for that intangible thing which is described as "news." "Yet," he added, with sarcasm at the trend of modern journalism, "it might be truthfully declared, having due regard for the most successful of our journals, that news is any heretofore unprinted occurrence which involves the violation of any one of the Ten Commandments; and if it involves the fracture of the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, or ninth, and these by people whose names the newspaper readers have heard of, and in whose doings they are specially interested by knowledge of their official or social position, then it is 'great news.' But to a person without the genuine editorial 'nose for news,' even this explicit rule might at times prove difficult of adjustment.

However, the news editor is born, not made, and he needs no measure for the metre he finds in the poetry of his profession.



THE CHURCH IN THE BAHAMAS.

IT is not generally known to Catholics that the Bahama Islands, situated six hundred miles off the Florida coast, are a part of the archdiocese of New York. Such is the case, however. The Bahamas are attached to the New York diocese because New York is the nearest port from which steamers travel to the islands regularly all the year round.

According to the rules of the Church a bishop must visit every part of his charge at least once in three years, and this year occurred the episcopal visitation of the Bahamas. On his way to this remote section of his diocese Archbishop Corrigan stopped at St. Augustine, Florida, where he rested a day or two with Bishop Moore of that diocese. Thence he journeyed to Palm Beach, where he boarded a steamer for Nassau, New Providence, the principal seaport of the islands, where the morning after his arrival he preached at Saint Francis Xavier's church.

The church of Saint Francis Xavier at Nassau and the chapel at St. Saviour are the only places of Catholic worship on the islands, but they provide ample room for the five hundred Catholics who make the islands their home. During his stay the archbishop confirmed thirty-six adult converts, ample evidence, surely, that the affairs of the Church on the islands are in excellent hands. His Grace remained on the islands a week and was entertained by the governor. Nearly all the prominent colonial officials vied with one another in doing him honor.

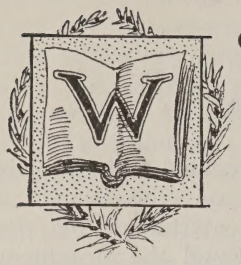
The Catholic church at Nassau, unlike most of the other churches on the islands, was not built by government money, but by the Catholics of the New York diocese under the direction of their archbishop. They still contribute to its support. Rev. Chrysostom Schreiner, O. S. B., is the pastor, and he has two assistants, the Revs. Edward Quinn and Richard B. Cushion.

The Bahamas were the scenes of the early triumphs of Columbus, and he wrote home to Ferdinand and Isabella glowing accounts of the beautiful country and its inhabitants. For two hundred and fifty years now the Bahamas have been a dependency of the British Empire, and are under a governor sent from England. The Church of England is the established religion, and of course is supported by the government.

The climate is salubrious, the thermometer rarely rising above seventy-five degrees, and remaining at about seventy on an average throughout the year. Large quantities of tropical fruits are yearly shipped to the United States. Fruit raising is the principal occupation of the island dwellers. M. E. H.

MUSIC AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

ELIZABETH C. NORTHUP.*



OMAN'S peculiar fitness for musical endeavor has been so completely demonstrated during the last few centuries as to be almost axiomatic at present. Her temperament, her artistic sensibility, and her quickness of perception have made her success in certain departments of music unquestioned; but after all it is only within the present century that women have entered music in a strictly professional way, and in one department, that of composition, they are but few in number.

The reason for woman's comparative slowness in taking up music professionally is not far to seek. Although she has been devoted to the art for so many years, yet it has been for the most part only as an accomplishment. Men who have become musicians have taken up the study seriously, not flinching at the arduous road that must be travelled before success can be won. They have made it preëminently a life-work, while with women it has been for the most part only a side issue.

Now, however, there is a change of front, especially in this country, where so many opportunities are opening to the American girl. Women are beginning to realize that if they would enter music as a profession they must compete with men; and if they would compete with men successfully, they must have every advantage that pronounced talent, a broad and thorough training, and a determination to conquer difficulties can give them. That this breadth of training can be secured under the most favorable conditions is a fact that will hardly be questioned by those who have any knowledge of the matter, and the purpose of this article is to give a general insight into Conservatory life and work.

Woman's professional activities in music take three directions: she may become an artist; she may teach; or she may enter the almost untried field of composition, — untried, save in the case of a few individual exceptions. At present, most women fit themselves to be teachers, and to such the Conservatory life is of the greatest possible value. Here the would-be teacher comes in contact with many minds, all interested in closely allied pursuits. If she does not desire private instruction, which can always be secured, she forms one of a class, thus having opportunity to watch the teacher's methods in dealing with different individuals. In place of the nebulous ideas of music sometimes resulting from solitary work, the student has a clear, well-defined grasp of the subject. She is also given normal training, having an opportunity to do actual teaching under the immediate supervision of a member of the faculty. With such training as this it is only a

* Of the New England Conservatory of Music.

matter of course that she should succeed when she leaves to enter upon her work.

Instruction is provided for students of all grades from the "new beginners" to the most advanced. Many studies can be pursued at one time, and taken up in proper sequence and in their logical relations. The average expense, including room and board for one year in the regular course, is five hundred dollars, or even less; an amount not so large as it may at first seem when the returns and the actual cost of similar work done while living at home are considered. Of course this estimate is capable of infinite variation in individual expenditures, but the personal equation does not invalidate the average estimate.

But to many even this sum looks large; and while it is unfortunately true that at present musical schools make almost no showing in endowments as compared with other educational institutions, yet some provision is made for needy students. There is a limited number of scholarships, and these are given to advanced students in the regular courses, who have been in attendance long enough to give unquestioned evidence of ability and pluck. In one well-known Conservatory a "Beneficent Society" has proved a boon to more than one needy and aspiring student, who would otherwise have been obliged to give up her work. Loans are given by this society without interest, to be repaid after remunerative work has been undertaken.

The courses in the institution are varied, as has been already suggested, and the would-be professional rarely confines herself to a single study. It is much more profitable, both at the time and later, to take a combination of studies, such as piano with voice, violin or organ. Harmony and theory are absolutely necessary, and not infrequently the up-to-date musical student turns her attention to piano tuning or public-school music; while if she is wise and far-sighted she dips into languages and literature, in order that she may avoid being one-sided. If she is the woman musician of the future she bravely attacks counterpoint, composition, and perhaps orchestration, and patiently and perseveringly strives to do her part toward hastening the day when woman shall stand beside man in composition, as she now does in teaching and interpretation.

The Conservatory graduate is always in demand and always easy to place in a good position, much more so than the advanced student who has not been graduated. Her average salary in a school position is $500 and home, for the year. Some receive more than this. If she gathers a class about her, it is not so easy to estimate her probable income, so much depends upon her individual ability, her location and consequent expenses, and the competition into which she must enter. Choir and organ positions also come in; and if she goes into concertizing the estimate is still more varied.

But the resources of the Conservatory are by no means exhausted when it has conferred its diploma. The most satisfactory work for the ambitious professional is to be found in post-graduate study, ample evidence of which is given by the many who return after teaching a year or more, to take up work again, or by those who continue work immedi-

ately after graduation, or in intervals of concert trips.

Then shall woman take up music as a profession? By all means if she has talent, pluck, and a determination to succeed. But if she wishes to be merely a dabbler, let her keep out of the professional ranks. The superficial student can only detract from the real dignity of music, and cheapen and weaken it. But for the woman with alert mind, artistic temperament, and the infinite patience that is next of kin to genius, there can be no calling more remunerative or delightful.

WHEN ROSES BLOW.

E. MATHESON.

WHEN roses blow, you will return to me,
True heart! across the glad blue summer sea;
And we through quiet paths again shall stray,
Or loiter in the old, fond, foolish way,
To read the names you cut upon a tree,

What time you said: "Love, I am bound to thee
In such sweet thrall that naught can set me free,
And our two lives shall be made one for aye
When roses blow."

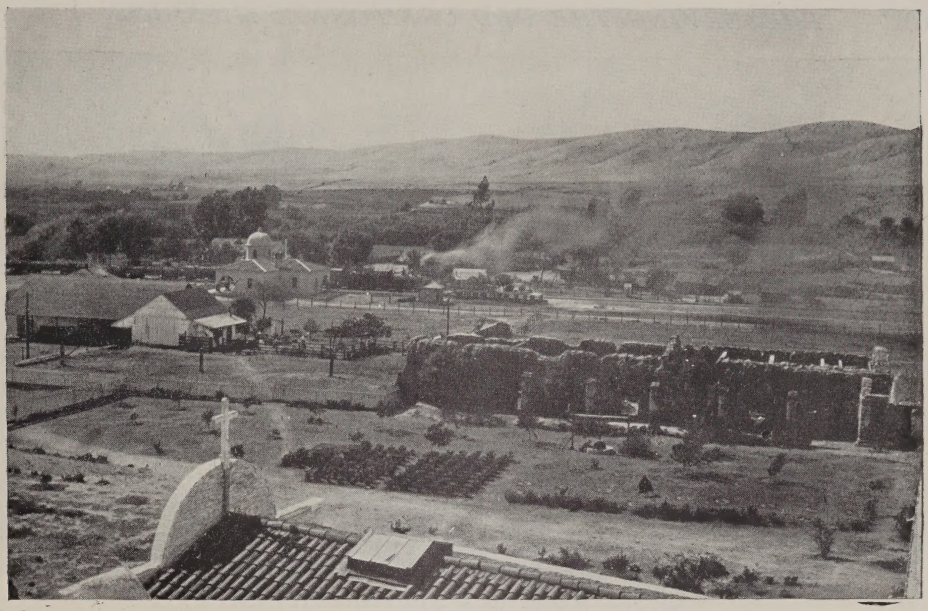
Now, while pink blossoms flush the grassy lea,
And wood-birds sing, and winds for very glee
Shake over all the land the sweet white May,
I watch the stately ships come in, and say:
"Please God, how bright and fair my world will be
When roses blow."

ADAGIO.

J. G. Herterich.

Baptism of Saint Francis of Assisi.

From Rohden's historic picture.



Mission of San Juan Capistrano.

PRESERVING THE OLD CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

James Connolly.

CALIFORNIANS have at last come to appreciate the commercial as well as the historic, intellectual, and artistic value of their old missions. This auspicious awakening has taken shape in the organization of the "Landmarks Club," which was incorporated at Los Angeles in January last. The club's expressed purpose is "to conserve the Old Missions and other California landmarks." Charles F. Lummis, the well-known littérateur, was the prime mover in the formation of the club, and is its first president. His thorough knowledge of Spanish-American history, and his many years of travel among the descendants of the early settlers and the Indians themselves, render him familiar with every detail of early Spanish-American life.

Most of the other officers of the club are literary men and women who have the cause of the preservation of those sacred relics at heart, for art's sake if nothing more. Among the names on the board of directors is that of Rev. J. Adam, vicar-general of the diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, the only Catholic name amongst the club's officers. But this is a patriotic work in which all citizens are united for the preservation of the noblest ruins in their country; ruins that symbolize the faith, energy, humanity, and art of the men who first kindled the light of civilization and of Christianity on the Pacific coast.

SAN DIEGO MISSION. (Oldest in the state, founded 1769.)

The widespread recognition which has already rewarded the club's efforts has been a surprise even to itself. Subscriptions have been sent in from far and near. A handsome sum is now on hand, and work has been already begun on the mission San Juan Capistrano. This and the mission San Luis Rey will, as they are considered the most important links in the chain, have the club's first attention. All work will be designed by and executed under the direction of the club's official architect. A long lease of the grounds and buildings at Capistrano has been secured, with the right to purchase in case the property should be ever offered for sale. Thus it can be seen that the good work of preservation is well under way, and will not be relaxed until the missions in Southern California are safe. When this shall have been accomplished there will be still higher things to do.

A brief glance at the picturesque history of the seven missions which form the group in Southern California, and on which the funds of the club will be expended, will probably more clearly manifest the national importance of its work.

When, in 1767, the enforcement of the royal decree of the Spanish monarch expelled all the Jesuit missionaries from Mexico, the heroic Franciscans came to fill their wonted places. Delegates from all the missions accompanied their beloved Jesuit fathers all the way to La Paz, where the fathers journeyed to embark for some strange land. The final parting on the shore was a sad sight, and the exiled fathers and their bereaved children wept bitterly. But the Franciscans at once wisely adopted the rules and methods of their predecessors, and almost immediately won the confidence and love of the natives.

It was the fear of England's colonizing in the Californias, on the part of the Spanish viceroy in Mexico, the Marquis de la Croix, which probably urged him to send Jose de

Galvez to the mother country to negotiate for something like Spanish colonization. His mission resulted in his securing the services of a most powerful and gifted ally, Father Junipera Sarra. This zealously pious priest was born on the island of Majorca, 1713. His full name was Michael Joseph Sarra; but when he completed his studies at the Lullian University and was finally admitted to the Franciscan order, he took the name of Junipera, and by this he is since known in history.

In 1749, in company with three other Franciscan fathers, he embarked at Cadiz for Mexico. After many years of most successful missionary work in Sierra Gorda, Father Sarra was chosen Superior, and at once took charge of the missions of California, reaching the port of Loretto, with fifteen associates, April 2, 1768. Two expeditions were arranged for exploration: one by land and the other by sea. The journeys of both were long and toilsome, and they were subjected to many privations and hardships. They were finally reunited at San Diego July 1, 1769. Shortly after their arrival, Father Sarra with his own hands raised the cross of Christ, for the first time on the Pacific coast of the United States, on the shores of the beautiful bay. Under this cross was then celebrated the first Mass on the same coast, with the blue dome of heaven for a canopy.

Shortly after this the first mission of California was founded at San Diego, and in the course of a fortnight an expedition under Don Gaspar de Portola was started up the coast to Monterey, to found another mission there.

Scarcely a month after the founding of the San Diego Mission there was an uprising among the Indians. The only casualty, however, was the

San Carlos Mission. (Founded 1770.)

SAN GABRIEL MISSION.

killing of a boy and wounding of four Spaniards. The first mission buildings were but temporary structures, and in August, 1774, were removed to the present site, six miles up the mission valley on a high plateau commanding a fine view of ocean, mountains, river, and valley.

Father Sarra had read the Spanish geographer Vizcayno's glowing account of Monterey and its magnificent harbor, described as fit to shelter the navies of the world, and was anxious to get the first foothold there. Fathers Juan Crespi and Francisco Gomez were the spiritual directors of the expedition. The journey by land was long and perilous, and they overran their distance so far as to reach the bay of San Francisco, and first revealed to civilized man the existence of the Golden Gate.

Retracing their steps toward San Diego, they came to Point Pinos, supposed to be near the entrance of the looked-for harbor. After a fortnight's fruitless search for the latter, they erected a wooden cross, on an arm of which was cut with a razor, "Dig at the foot of this and you will find a writing." This writing was the diary of Father Crespi, giving a full account of their journeying, and is mostly a pathetic recital of privations: "The greatest of all being the absolute want of food. . . . We have used every effort to find the bay of Monterey, searching the coast thoroughly, notwithstanding its ruggedness, but in vain. . . . We leave this place to-day for San Diego. I beg of Almighty God to guide us, and for you, traveller, who may read this, that he may guide you to the harbor of eternal salvation." The concluding paragraph reads: "If the commanders of the schooners San Jose or Principe should reach this place in a few days after this date,

on learning the contents of this writing and the distressed condition of this expedition, we beseech them to follow the coast closely towards San Diego, so that if we should be happy enough to catch sight of them, we may be able by signals of flags or firearms to apprise them where succor and provisions may reach us. Glory be to God, the cross we erected on a little hillock close to the beach of the small harbor on the south side of Point Pinos and at its foot we bury this letter."

But the prayer for succor was not answered, nor did the paper ever reach those for whom it was intended. The schooner did not reach nor find Monterey, and after months of fruitless searching returned to San Diego, just in time to relieve those that remained at the mission from starvation. The few surviving members of the land expedition did not reach there until January, 1770, after six months and twelve days' journeying amid untold suffering, privations, and death.

But this failure did not in any way impair the true missionary zeal of the Franciscans. They had repeatedly learned how sublime a thing it is to suffer for Christ's sake.

Later in that year another expedition started for Monterey, and this time found it. The fathers shortly after founded the mission of San Carlos, near the shore of the "beautiful bay." But the original site was some time later deemed not the best, and the mission was removed to the banks of the Carmel River, a few miles south, where it still stands in a fair state of preservation, and divine service is frequently held in it.

The Presidio was left in its original location and afterwards became the capital city of the Californias, under Spanish-Mexican sovereignty. Monterey subsequently became the

Mission of San Luis Obispo. (Founded 1772.)

home and scene of the higher social and political life of Spanish California. No more picturesque social life has ever existed on our continent. It was as beautiful and distinct as the landscape that environed it.

Between these northern and southern extremes of the Southern California missions, sprang up the other five in regular and not slow succession.

San Gabriel was established in the great valley of the same name in 1771. The church is still in tolerable repair, and is used as the parish church, of which Rev. Joachim Bot is now rector. Being but twelve miles distant from the populous city of Los Angeles, which is the central point of tourists, San Gabriel is probably the most widely known of all the missions.

San Luis Obispo was founded in 1772. It stands on a pretty location on the banks of the river of the same name, and is now in the growing city of San Luis Obispo, fifteen miles from Port Harford, the seaport of that fertile region. The mountain and valley scenery adjacent to this mission is magnificent.

The church building was years ago modernized and is now in excellent repair, being the parish church of San Luis Obispo.

No better manifestation of the wonderful success of the missionaries' efforts in civilizing and instructing the Indians could possibly be had than was the mission of San Juan Capistrano, which was founded in 1776. The splendid church edifice was completed and dedicated in 1777. So massive and substantial was every part of this noble structure that it would most likely have been flawless to this day had not the earthquake of 1812 levelled most of it to the ground, killing, or rather

GARDEN OF THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

RESTORED PORTION OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO MISSION.

burying alive in the ruins thirty-five worshippers, who were attending Mass. The rear end wall of the quadrangle and the stone pillars supporting the grand dome over the main altar are still standing. There is also enough of the smaller domes, which arched over the side altars, to show the artistic beauty of the interior. All of the gray sandstone of which the many great stone columns and pillars, as well as the rest of the massive masonry, were carved was taken from neighboring mountain quarries by the Indians. The adjoining buildings, which were probably residences, schools, and offices, withstood the shock, and the best of them has been put to use for a chapel and parochial residence. It is now included in the parish of Santa Anna.

On what is left of the church edifice will be expended the first money collected by the "Landmarks Club." The good work of preservation is in fact already under way, and enough of this unique ruin will be conserved to enable the future architect to draw his plans on the original design of the mission.

The mission of Santa Barbara was not founded until 1786. This sacred structure stands on a bold plateau overlooking the valley and ocean, five miles from the shore of the Pacific, and surrounded on the land sides by a panorama of hills and mountains. It can be seen from afar seaward, and to the passing voyager presents the grandest prospect along the Pacific coast. The vandals and destroyers have here been prevented from doing their ruinous work by the continued occupancy of the Franciscan fathers. Most of their other estates were pillaged by the greedy politicians and even by members of the first families and leaders in public life, after the secularization of the

missions. But the venerable fathers came here for refuge, abandoning the other missions, and by their united efforts preserved only this one sacred structure in its original completeness. All the regular services of the ecclesiastical year are held in the mission, and attract large crowds of tourists. The assassination of the venerable and gifted Father Superior Ferdinand Bergmeyer, on February 28 last, by the lunatic Kruseymer, whom his victim had so long and well befriended, has cast a deep gloom over the whole household.

MISSION OF SAN LUIS REY. COURT AND ARCHES.

San Luis Rey, the last but by no means least of the seven southern links of the mission chain, has for two years or more been occupied as the Franciscan novitiate of the monastery of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Yacatecas, Mexico, the laws of that republic prohibiting the existence of such institutions within its borders. This mission stands upon a bold, broad plateau jutting out well into the great fertile valley of San Luis Rey, close to the river of the same name, and about six miles from the Pacific Ocean.

The Southern California Railway takes you to Ocean Side, forty miles from San Diego, whence the Poway stage takes you to the mission, a distance of six miles. This is the most extensive mission of the seven. Most of the less enduring outbuildings have fallen to decay or beneath the hands of vandals, but the main building and most of the front colonnades are still nearly intact.

Before the mission was thus occupied extensive repairs were made upon the church under the supervision of Rev. Father J. J. O'Keefe, O. S. F., formerly of the Santa Barbara Mission. He has been in San Luis Rey since it was opened, and is now its Father Superior. Future repairs by the Landmarks Club will

be made under his supervision on this mission, and the club's indebtedness for his intelligent and able coöperation has been publicly expressed by its president. The work on San Luis Rey will begin as soon as that on San Juan Capistrano is completed.

The success attending these missionary fathers in civilizing the Indians was simply astonishing. The young were instructed from childhood in the various trades and domestic industries, as well as in the observance of their religious duties. Cattle, sheep, horses, goats, and other domestic animals were introduced. The various cereals, grapes, figs, and olives were extensively planted, and rich harvests were reaped. Grain, wine, oil, hides, and tallow were sold to ships trading on the coast. With the funds thus realized the fathers purchased clothing and simple articles of adornment for the girls and women belonging to their missions. Church and altar decorations were ordered from Spain and Mexico.

CEREMONIES AT THE REDEDICATION OF SAN LUIS REY MISSION, MAY 12, 1893.

The rapid and steady increase of conversions called for a constant increase of books, musical instruments, agricultural articles, and household wares, such as could not be made by the neophytes, as Father Sarra named all of the mission Indians.

DESCENDANTS OF THE MISSION INDIANS. (All over one hundred years old.)

The wealth of these missions increased in nearly an exact ratio to the fathers' progress in winning over to Christianity and civilization the people they came to save. A brief sketch of the system of the training and industrial life followed at San Luis Rey will convey a fair idea of that practised at all the missions. The schoolrooms were situated in the most quiet part of the mission. Apartments secluded from the rest, called the nunnery, were occupied by the young Indian girls, who were commonly known as nuns. Placed under the guardianship of trustworthy matrons of their own race, they were perfectly protected from intrusion, and taught to spin and weave wool, flax, and cotton, and did not leave tutelage until they were marriageable. Indian children and those of the few white colonists attended the same schools. Those who displayed most talent were instructed in music. Others who possessed mechanical ingenuity were trained to be carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, etc.; and men who were most proficient in husbandry were made foremen over the agricultural industries and the sheep and cattle herding.

At sunrise the bell sounded for the angelus, and the Indians assembled in the chapel for morning prayers, Mass, and a short religious instruction. Then came breakfast, after which, distributed in squads as occasion required, they repaired to their work. At 11 A. M. they ate dinner and after that rested until 2 P. M. Work was then resumed and continued until an hour before sunset, when the bell again tolled for the angelus. After prayers and the rosary, the Indians supped, and then were free to take part in a dance or

some such innocent amusement. Their daily food consisted of an abundance of beef, mutton, and vegetables, with tortillas made of flour and corn meal. The men wore a linen shirt and pantaloons. Alcaldes and foremen had cloth raiment like the Spaniards, and the women had each year two changes of underwear and a new gown. Happiness and contentment went hand in hand in this ideal semi-pastoral life.

The bountiful hospitality extended to all travellers and wayfarers at these missions was proverbial. The mission doors were always open. Every traveller was received by the fathers with an open heart, and the most bountiful fare the mission could afford was extended to all. The travel-worn stranger came to them with as little fear of intrusion as we now go to an hotel. Each wayfarer was welcome to stay as long as he pleased, and on leaving was provided with a fresh horse . . . and, if needed, a guide for his further journey.

Probably the first defection of this Indian mission life was caused by the increase of white settlers, the contact with whom demoralized the Indians. But the main cause of the final and almost simultaneous fall of all the missions was the avarice and cupidity of men eager to possess the fathers' belongings. These men inaugurated and fomented a movement for the secularization of the missions; and the Mexican Congress, under their influence, passed a law to that effect in 1833.

Under this baleful law the missions were converted into parishes, and the venerable Franciscan fathers in charge of them were replaced by secular priests and the mission Indians were "emancipated (?) from the pupilage of the Church." An Indian instructor was appointed under this law to control the temporal affairs of the missions, all proceeds of which, save a small allowance for the maintenance of the priest and costs of divine service, were to be used for public purposes. With what marvellous industry these administrators administered away the property of the missions in favor of themselves and friends has been often told.

The evil effects of the rapid desolation thus wrought was nowhere so sadly manifested as in the alarming degeneracy of the mission Indians. It was this that induced the government to suspend the operation of the law. But it was too late. The business of destruction was already done.

In 1834 San Luis Rey had an Indian population of thirty-five hundred, possessed twenty-four thousand head of cattle, ten thousand horses, one hundred thousand sheep, fourteen thousand fañegus of grain, and two hundred barrels of wine. This one would be probably a fair average for the others.

The American conquest completed the ruin of whatever was spared by the administrators and their friends. San Luis Rey was, during the Mexican war and for some time after, occupied as a military post by United States troops. After it was abandoned as such the government had an estimate made of the cost of repairing and restoring the mission to its original condition. Two millions of dollars was the sum estimated, and it need not be added that the work was never undertaken.

The mission of San Diego was also occupied by our troops for years during the same period. This first and in many respects most interesting of all the missions is fallen be-

yond preservation, and is now little more than a shapeless pile of tile and adobe. But there are some excellent photographs and pictures of it, which will enable the architect to draw his plans on the original design. Since Rev. Father Ubach had the Saint Anthony Indian schools located close to the ruins, three years ago, there has been something of the old-time atmosphere around the place. It has, in fact, become a most attractive spot for tourists. The vandals were unable to mar the magnificent mountain and ocean scenery, which to-day is as beautiful as when it first struck the delighted eyes of Father Sarra and his associates.

This deep and abiding interest in the preservation of these missions is the culmination of the widespread recognition of the beauty of the mission forms of architecture, as exhibited in the California State building at the World's Fair in Chicago. The Franciscan rennaissance in architecture has been growing ever since. Many of the finest residences of the state have been recently modelled on mission lines. Cemented exterior walls, imitation tile roofing, stained and painted mission colors, graceful colonnades and frescoed domes now take the place of stiff squares and unsightly flats. Even the railroad companies are building their depots on the mission models. One of these recently completed close to the ruin of San Juan Capistrano is in exquisite harmony with the splendid landscape. Another at La Mirada is built in the same fashion and has a like picturesque effect.

San Carlos, or Carmelo, was always the favorite shrine of the renowned and sainted Padre Junipera Sarra. It stands on a gentle elevation in the valley of Carmelo, which opens on the bay, four miles south of the city. The Carmelo River flows down near the mission to the ocean, and the bright diversity of the scenery is farther enhanced by great live-oak and pine trees dotting the flower-variegated landscape.

The remains of Father Sarra rest under the chancel, on the Gospel side of the altar of his beloved shrine. Here, too, rest the remains of Fathers Juan Crespi and Rafael Verger, his venerable associates in his divine work.

The splendid statue of Father Sarra erected by Mrs. Leland Stanford at Monterey four years ago is another enduring and conspicuous mark of the Franciscan revival.

To still more pitiable decay has fallen the race which the Franciscans risked all to save. The fathers found them naked, living on nuts, acorns, and whatever game they could kill with bow and arrow, utterly ignorant of husbandry, and the other ways and industries of civilization. After half a century's indomitable endeavor on the part of the fathers, the Indians everywhere within reach of their influence had become an industrious, happy, Christian people. There is nothing of them left now save a few hopeless, shiftless hangers-on who are regarded as a vexatious charge upon the government. But the Indians are really as much a part of the picturesque Southern California landscape as are the old missions. The very same causes produced their rise and fall. Will not like causes preserve both from further decay?

If the Franciscan revival be as deep-rooted as it now seems to be, there is every reason to hope that the race for whom the missions were built will not be suffered to vanish wholly from California.

UNCLE BALTAZZA: A SICILIAN VESPER.

JUSTINE INGERSOLL.

"LITTLE Alfio, where hast thou been, that thou art so late?" "On the mountains, madre mia, and see, I have brought thee charcoal from the hut of the burners. Kiss thy Alfio, madrelina; and now we will cook our supper, and thou shalt sit and rest thee like a great lady, whilst I and Serafina make the fire burn, and the water boil."

Alfio was ten years old; Serafina, the sister, was six. Two years ago they had set sail, they and the little mother, from Palermo, for America. Alfio was "a strange child," the people in Valebrook said; and he was, with his flashing eyes, that were tender when he looked at the little mother, and the dark, thin face, and nervous little hands that were never idle. The signorina Peckham, the schoolmistress, said that she "could not make out the boy's quiet ways." She little knew that beneath those quiet ways was throbbing a turbulent tempest of hate and revenge.

Young as he was, he knew what it was to have tasted the bitterness of treachery and injustice. The madre and he were forever telling Serafina of their home in Sicily, with its fig trees, and vineyards, and mulberry trees, and silk worms, and old Gobbo, the horse, and Tudu, the donkey; and at twilight, twenty, yes and thirty goats, white, black, brown, with long, silken hair, and clattering little hoofs, with bells on their necks, coming with full udders to be milked, when the goatherd drove them in from the Campagna; and best of all, the festa days, when the madre would dress herself in a beautiful shining gown of silk, and put a comb of real silver in her black hair, and place a pomegranate flower at the side. Her lips in those days were redder than the flower — and then she and the good father and Alfio would take Serafina, the bambino, in an open wagon, behind old Gobbo, with real silver trappings on his harness, and scarlet tassels at his ears; and in all Palermo no one was so beautiful as the madrelina; at least so old Gobbo and the father and Alfio and Serafina thought.

One day in spring, when the figs were the color of hyacinths, and the fields were blazing with scarlet poppies, Alfio remembered how his father came home with a white face, and Alfio heard him tell the

madrelina that they must leave their home. It must be sold to meet a debt of honor. Yes! all, everything that they owned, even Gobbo and Tudu, must be parted with, and they themselves must go out into the world as beggars, to seek their fortunes. Then the father lowered his voice; but Alfio's ears were quick, and he heard his father tell the mother that the blow that had fallen upon them had been dealt in the dark, by the hand of his own brother. Yes! It was Balthazar who had betrayed them, even to beggary; the brother whom he had loved and trusted. Alfio remembered how the look on his father's face that day never left it! Not even when he lay cold and still in his coffin — for he did not live a month after — with the coins on his eyes, and the candles at his head and feet. The look was still there, and it burned itself into Alfio's heart. "To be revenged upon the man who had killed his father!" this thought never left him.

Two years in a prosaic New England village had not turned him from his purpose. It waxed stronger as he saw how hard the little mother had to work, and how her sweet face grew pale and thin. The house they lived in was little better than a shanty; it stood at the foot of a mountain, a mile from Valebrook. But two dollars every month must be paid for its rent. And there were clothes — and shoes, too, in winter — to be worn, and food to be eaten. Alfio raised in summer a little lettuce, beans and onions, and fennel for their salad, and with a bite of black bread and oil, they made out very well. But in winter, when no garden grew, it was different. Just to keep themselves in spaghetti, with now and then a treat of boiled meat, meant to be very keen at one's arithmetic and to count every penny.

In one corner of the living-room stood a shrine: a paltry bunch of faded artificial flowers; two brass candlesticks, with tall tapers which were lighted on feast days; the rosary which Alfio's father had pressed to his lips when he died; the wreath worn by the mother on her bridal day, and a carved crucifix. These were the votive offerings which lay at the feet of an image of the Madonna, carved in wood and colored many years before by some long dead artist. This same image of Our Lady had turned her compassionate face upon the dear father when he, too, was a little child, and had clasped hands before it with his brother Balthazar, when they stood there with their mother at the Angelus and lisped out baby Aves. In memory of those innocent days, at every Angelus, the little mother and Serafina knelt there and said an Ave for Uncle Balthazar — Alfio never. This was a great grief to the little mother. Surely no one had greater need of prayers than Uncle Baldo, "Messer Baldo," they heard he was now in Rome, with his lottery and his riches, and the wrong he had done his brother. Yes! it would be bad for poor Uncle Baldo when he "came to pass the great eternal gate." But to every appeal of the little mother, Alfio was dumb. He would gladly have died for her, but to pray for Uncle Balthazar, never — and a flash of the resolute eye would silence the pleadings of the voice he loved more than anything on earth.

The night that I am telling you of was the last of December; to-morrow would be New Year's Day. The wind had risen and was slapping wet leaves against the window panes;

the twilight was short, it lacked yet a half hour to the Angelus. The little mother had drawn the curtains of Turkey-red; Serafina had thrust the long sticks of spaghetti into the boiling water, without breaking one (a clever child was Serafina); Alfio had lighted the lamps and laid the table; a mug of milk at each plate, and a loaf of brown bread, a bowl of onions, and soon the bubbling mess of spaghetti. Surely that was a meal to be thankful for, and quite enough, with management, for three; but all the same, hungry Alfio was glad it was not for four.

Suddenly as they stood there, through the soughing of the wind, a sound came to them. Then the sound took shape in a well-remembered song of Sicily, "Bella Teresina." It was as if the twigs on the bare trees had formed themselves into skeleton fingers and were picking out the melody from a ghostly keyboard. The little mother and Serafina crossed themselves and fell on their knees. But Alfio threw the door wide open, and the light from the lamp fell full upon the face and figure of an old man; the hand that turned the crank of the wheezy old piano-organ stayed its uncertain gyration, and was outstretched in a mute entreaty to Alfio. The rain beat upon the rags which scarcely covered his poor flesh. And out from the darkness another figure, in grotesque imitation of his master, took shape — a small gray monkey; his coat, once gay and scarlet, was faded and patched; a moulting plume flapped in the wind from a pathetic little cap, the strings of which were tied in a limp bow under his chin. These two wretched beings stood with uncovered heads in the storm; on each face was an agony of supplication. The old man spoke; but so intelligent was the face of his companion that it would not have surprised the group on the door sill — for the madre and Serafina had taken courage and joined Alfio — had *he* opened the conversation.

"We travel alla day, ze monk an me. We haf a nodings to eat, no a place to sleep. Ze leetle monk he vair ongree; ze peep' zey no give us mun." And when he added, "We come a from Palerm," the madre, Alfio, and Serafina all burst forth in a string of Sicilian welcome. The sounds of his own native tongue were as silver to the ear of the wanderer. The man and the monkey were bidden inside, and the madre took from an old sea chest a suit of clothes which had belonged to the father. Alfio gave the old man (Tonio Ventura, he said he was called) his own little bedchamber; and while he was making himself dry and warm, Serafina laid a fourth plate. Barrabas, the monkey, cuddled down at the feet of the little mother, and showed white teeth in grins of gratitude. By this time the smoking spaghetti was on the table; the milk by a miracle was made to fill five mugs, for Barrabas must have his share as well as the others.

The little mother and her children forgot their own need of supper when they saw how much greater was the need of their guests. It was wonderful what delicate appetites the madre, Serafina, and Alfio had, to be sure. The plate of Tonio Ventura was heaped up twice, and it was empty and shining with rubbings of bread when a clock in the village told, in six strokes, the Angelus.

"Alfio, wilt thou not this night say an Ave for thy Uncle Balthazar? To-morrow is the New Year. Per-

haps thy poor uncle's soul is no longer on earth. I have thought much of thy father and of him to-day."

But the boy's face grew stern as he answered: "Madre mia, thou knowest the wrong he has done. Never, never, never shall he have prayers of mine."

With a sigh the little mother sank on her knees, with Serafina, before the shrine. Old Ventura and Barrabas seemed too sleepy to heed either the boy's excitement or the mother's devotions. Then they all gathered about the fire, and with the confidence of childish souls Ventura soon had the story of their exile from them. Yes, strange as it seemed, he had actually seen Uncle Balthazar in Rome, at the lottery, where he was one of the officials, and took part in the drawings. It was true, Ventura's numbers all lost; but even so, he was happier than the bad Messer Baldo.

"And did he seem unhappy then, the poor Messer Baldo?" asked the mother, with a look at Alfio.

"Yes! he no a happy man. Much a mun', but much a trub', much a trub." And at each assertion of the Messer Baldo's trouble, Barrabas shook his head from side to side in concert with his master. Then the little mother drew Ventura on to speak of himself. He was very poor and alas! very ill. He was on his way to New York, where he hoped to be received into a charity hospital; to walk all the way and to die, he thought, when he reached the end of his journey. But that was not the worst; there was little Barrabas, his one faithful friend on earth. It broke his heart to think of him thrown out on the world, for they would not permit him at the hospital.

"Would the Signor Ventura feel happier if Barrabas stayed with them?" asked the little mother. "And how much would it cost to go by rail to New York," added Alfio. The old man's voice trembled when he told the madre how thankful he would be if he might leave Barrabas behind with her, when he parted from them in the morning. But there was no hope, he told Alfio, that he could go on the cars. It would take a great deal of money — more than five dollars. No! he must walk, crippled as he was, all the way. But little Barrabas would be cared for, and that was enough. And in sudden, fervent gratitude, he kissed the hands of the little mother. Alfio sat silent. Yes! five dollars was a great deal of money. It had taken him a whole year to make five dollars, but he had done it. No one knew that he, too, like bad Uncle Baldo, owned a bank.

Over a year ago the signorina Peckham had a new coat, an event in Valebrook. The little mother had seen it, and Alfio knew that she longed for one like it. She never said so, but he heard the half sigh that escaped her when the signorina displayed it to her, and the little mother stood shivering in her little thin shawl. From Higgins, the stage driver, he found out not only the name of the shop in Boston where it was bought, but that it cost six dollars and ninety-nine cents C. O. D. The cloth was warm, thick, and dark blue; and there was a collar of fur. He determined that the little mother should have one by next winter just like it. And as if in answer to his thought, a silver half dollar fell at his feet, thrown to him by a beautiful young lady, from the top of a tally-ho coach. The laughing

girl did not hear the prayer that the boy sent after her.

Then the signorina Peckham gave a party, and Alfio trimmed the table with flowers, and passed little fancy cakes and ice cream to the guests, and helped the signorina wash the dishes. That meant another half dollar.

The snow when it came was remunerative, for there were paths to be shovelled, and they brought another dollar into the bank. And in summer there were boarders from the city, and bullrushes were in demand, at five cents a bunch; and sweet-flag, the roots of which he could sell to old ladies with dyspepsia. Sometimes, the old signora Cowsley, who was too fat and lazy to waddle down the street, would engage him to roll her out in her chair. It was very hot work, that, at ten cents an hour. The signora was very rich, and consequently never had her money on hand; so Alfio haunted the tavern where she lay dormant till he collected seventy cents, the sum of the grandissima signora Cowsley's outing. Alfio's tally stood at eighty cents; but the signora said seventy, and she knew more about money than he.

And best of all, there was an artist, in a brown velvet coat, who wanted Alfio's wild hair and earnest face for a picture; and the artist, being poor himself, gave a whole bright silver dollar to little Alfio for only two sittings — "per bacco!" The one bunch of scarlet poppies from Alfio's garden went to the hand that gave him the dollar. Errands to be run, meant five and sometimes ten cents. The bank was made of a dried gourd with a slit in its side. It held now over six dollars; and a year's hopes, dreams, self-renunciations, were rolled together in the round globe of Alfio's gourd. His dear madonna would soon have her warm coat. He had kept his secret well.

Many times he had been tempted to take a few cents from the bank, but it was only for a moment. But to-night, here was old Ventura, penniless, friendless, ill. He and Barrabas had hobbled off to bed. Alfio and the little mother were alone. A strange light shone in the boy's eyes. He stood before her with the bank clasped in his hands. It was she who must decide. He placed the gourd in her lap; and kneeling at her feet, he told her of all his dreams of the coat, of how dear the wish of his heart was for her to have it, and how to-night came the thought that poor old Ventura's need was greater than hers. If the madre felt that he was right, then he would bear the disappointment of not being able to do for her as he had planned. The madre caught the sweet, upturned face in her hands; tears fell upon it from her eyes. "My Alfio, my little saint, thou hast done as thy dear father would have done. Thy goodness is as one of God's angels. The thought of poor old Ventura on his lame leg, walking to New York, would have taken all the warmth away from my coat. Oh! thou dearest one." They took the money from its hiding-place, and Alfio tapped at the old man's door; he was sound asleep, but Alfio roused him to put the money in his hand. He seemed too weary to comprehend; but as Alfio closed the door, a sound came to him as if some one had sobbed aloud — it might only have been the storm outside.

The sun came dazzling out of a blue sky the morning of New Year's Day. Ventura's room was empty;

he had gone. What did it mean? A great burst of sunlight fell upon the image of the Blessed Lady. Her face seemed radiant. Barrabas sat at her feet, but no longer Barrabas the beggar. A coat was on his back that a prince might have worn, and there were jewels flashing from the gold collar at his neck. Alfio's gourd was by his side, and when Alfio lifted it, it was heavy; a bright twenty-dollar gold piece fell from its over-full mouth. "Madre! Serafina! The Madonna has wrought a miracle. Come! See!"

And what was this roll of papers with red seals? First, on vellum paper, a deed, drawn up by an attorney, giving back to Angiolina Baldo and her children, the farm. Yes! certifying that it was theirs once more, even to old Gobbo and Tudu in their stalls. And more papers still! Tickets on the steamship back to Palermo. First-cabin tickets, such as only the gentillissime use, all made out in their names, with the number of their staterooms. And then a letter which had been placed in the hand of the Madonna; it was Alfio who took it from its sacred hiding-place. "The bad Uncle Balthazar asks thy forgiveness for that which he did to thee and to thine. This is his expiation. He came to thee as a beggar. Thou hadst compassion for him, as well as his little ape. Both are alike in the sight of the Heavenly Great One. I heard thee and Alfio last night, when thou thoughtest I slept. Your hearts are of gold; the gold I have left is as dross beside the gold of your hearts. If to-night little Alfio will say an Ave for bad Uncle Balthazar, let him come to the tavern and tell me; but if still he cannot forgive, then I will go away and thou shalt never see me more. My sin towards thee is greater than any atonement I can make. The Blessed Madonna will tell thee of my repentance."

Well, that was a blessed New Year's Day. Never had Valebrook so great an excitement. To this day the signorina Peckham tells her pupils — she is an old lady now — of that day when she saw little Alfio with his hand clasped in the hand of a fine, handsome gentleman; and Serafina and the little mother all so happy in the village street, and with them a strange, chattering creature, in a spangled velvet coat and cap, and about his neck a jewelled collar. All the town turned out to see the rich uncle who had come to take them back to Palermo. And then the atlas was brought out, and Palermo was found by the pupils.

When Alfio said an Ave that night for Uncle Balthazar, the little brown hand was tight clasped in his. Indeed, the two hands never ceased to clasp one another; and Barrabas tells his friends Gobbo and Tudu, when he pulls their ears, that in all Sicily there are no souls as happy as they. Barrabas has seen America — he ought to know.

LIFE.

FRANK H. SWEET.

WE come to Life and feel its breath,
Then bow and turn and follow Death.

MARY OF THE NATION.

J. McINERNY.

EADERS of "Young Ireland" will remember the author's graphic description of an incident connected with the establishment of a journal which, for close on fifty years, did noble service to the cause of faith and fatherland. Three young men met in the Hall of the Four Courts in the city of Dublin, and, having strolled into Phœnix Park, sat down under an elm tree within view of the park gate that leads to the city. One of them proposed something which had been uppermost in his thoughts, and the result of the proposal was that on the 15th of October, 1842, the first number of a new journal appeared. Its motto was, "To create and foster public opinion in Ireland and make it racy of the soil." Thomas Davis has long since passed away. J. B. Dillon, too, is no more, but his love of country still lives in his family. One only of the gifted three remains, and he has lovingly told the story of his friends in what some of the reviewers fittingly described as the "Apologia pro sociis suis."

I need not tell — it is matter of history — how the conductors of *The Nation* gathered round them a staff of writers destined to hold a high place in literature. Among them were three high-souled women who enriched the pages of *The Nation* with poetry, which is sure to live. Every one has heard of "Speranza," Lady Wilde, recently deceased. There is, too, an air of romance about the history of Eva, as Mrs. Kevin Izod O'Doherty. The third name is not, I think, so familiar to many as it deserves to be. It is that of Miss Downing, who closed her days as Sister Mary Alphonsus, but who is still more widely known by her pen-name "Mary of the Nation."

Ellen Mary Downing was born in Cork on the 19th of May, 1828. Her father at the time was resident medical officer of the Fever Hospital in that city, a position which he occupied till 1845, when he fell a victim to fever caught in the discharge of his duties. Her mother was a lady of much literary taste, and communicated to her daughter that love of reading which, notwithstanding her great delicateness, at an early age had almost become a passion. The accomplished editor of *The Irish Monthly*, Father Russell, S. J., writes about her at this stage of her career in these words: —

> When Ellen Mary Downing was about half way through her teens, she came under the spell of *The Nation* newspaper, whose springtime of song seemed all the richer and fresher from contrast to the bleakness and dulness of the winter which it succeeded. The ballads and songs of Davis, MacCarthy, and the rest she pored over with rapture; and after a while the temptation came: "Perhaps, if I did my very best, they would publish something of mine."

We may suppose she did her best and she was rewarded; for *The Nation* of May 10, 1845, contained, be-

sides words of encouragement to the young recruit, a dashing poem over the signature Kate. She gives the keynote in the opening lines: —

Forget old wrongs! why, yes,
When they shall cease to wound us.

On July 5 of the same year she wrote some sweet verses over the initials "E. M. P. D." Let me cite one of them to show that within the breast of this girl of seventeen there had already sprung up that longing for heavenly things which so strikingly marked the closing years of her life: —

Vain and false the earthly story,
Fairies crowd not round our way;
But shall we miss their gifts and glory,
While the angels with us stay?
Life has wonders great and wide,
Much on earth to man is given;
All that we can seek beside
We shall find in Heaven.

A little later appeared the first poem over that most beautiful of Christian names by which she has been known ever since in the world of letters. The fair city of Cork has produced many men and women of genius. More than one sweet singer owes much of his inspiration to the river which glides so peacefully by. This is how "Mary" sings of it:—

My own dear native river, how fondly dost thou flow;
By many a fair and sunny scene where I can never go,
Thy waves are free to wander, and quickly on they wind,
Till thou hast left the crowded streets and city far behind;
Beyond I may not follow; thy haunts are not for me;
Yet I love to think of the pleasant track of my own sweet River Lee.

Another lyric written about this time, and set down among the "Ballads of Affection," attracted considerable attention. *The Nation* of February 21, 1846, had a long note about it ending with the following words:—

If there be anything in Irish song more passionate, more spontaneous or more essentially native, we do not know of it. It has the gushing, bounding character which makes its own music and could not possibly be read tamely. We shall give one stanza of "My Owen": —

Proud of you, fond of you, clinging so near to you,
Light is my heart now I know I am dear to you!
Glad is my voice now so free it may sing to you
All the wild love which is burning within for you.
Tell me once more, tell it over and over,
The tale of that eve which first saw you my lover.
Now I need never blush
At my heart's hottest gush,
The wife of my Owen her heart may discover.

As I have spoken of "Ballads of Affection" it may be well to correct a mistake which some writers — among them the lamented A. M. Sullivan — have made in reference to the subject of this sketch.

In the seventh chapter of that charming book "New Ireland" we read the following:—

Less happy was the romance of Mary's fate. She like Eva formed an attachment for one of the "Young Ireland" writers. In '48 he became a fugitive. Alas, in foreign climes he learned to forget home vows. Mary sank under the blow. She put by the lyre, and in utter seclusion from the world lingered for a while; but ere long the spring flowers bloomed on her grave.

This is very beautiful writing indeed but unfortunately it is not accurate, and at least part of the statement is as far from the truth as it well could be. Father Russell, to whom the present writer is indebted for very much besides the substance of this paper, has already noticed the matter; but lest some readers of "New Ireland" may not have seen the particular volume of *The Irish Monthly* in which his words appear, I may be permitted to say, 1st, that those who have the best right to know do not believe there was ever any very serious engagement between Miss Downing and Mr. Joseph Brennan, and such as it was it had

been broken off for more than twelve months before he left for the United States, where, it is true, he married a Miss Savage, and where he died in 1859; 2d, that she did not "put by the lyre," but used it more than ever and to better purpose. Thenceforth its chords were touched to "tell of purer joys and higher bliss;" 3rd, that she lingered for a long while and the spring flowers could not bloom on her grave for twenty years to come.

In the summer of '47 she went for change of air to friends by the Blackwater who loved her tenderly. Hers was a child-like nature, thoroughly unselfish, grateful for kindness, and even when suffering intensely, as ready to serve others.

For a time she gave herself heart and soul to the Young Ireland movement, in which she had implicit faith. She felt like Davis who, I believe, wrote:—

> That foolish word impossible
> At once for aye disdain;
> No power can bar the people's will
> A people's right to gain.

It has been already stated that her first contribution appeared in *The Nation* of the 10th of May, 1845. Her last saw the light on New Year's Day, 1848. On the secession of John Mitchel and Devin Reilly from the Irish Confederation she withdrew from *The Nation* and transferred her allegiance to *The United Irishman*, which was edited by Mitchel. The first number of this journal appeared on the 12th of February, 1848, and during its too brief existence — it lasted only a few months — besides one of the most literary priests this century has produced, Reilly and John Martin, "Mary" might be set down among the contributors.

The news of John Mitchel's arrest and the suppression of *The United Irishman* dashed aside all her hopes, and gave a shock to her nervous system, never very good, so that we are told she was taken home from Passage more dead than alive. She rallied somewhat the next spring, and, having determined to withdraw from the turmoil of political life, entered as a postulant the North Presentation Convent, Cork, on the Feast of Saint Teresa in 1849.

She took her place in the schools, and her genial manners delighted, while her true piety edified the whole community. She received the white veil on the 29th of May, 1850, taking in religion the name Mary Alphonsus, which she made her own during the remaining years of her life. The friends who witnessed her espousals on that May morning remarked that she was radiant with delight; her joy, however, was destined to be of short duration. Soon her health broke down. The physicians decided that she should leave the convent, and on the 16th of September she was conveyed to her mother's home. For some time she indulged the hope that she might once again enjoy the society of her sisters in religion, and resume her appointed work within the cloister, but Providence willed it otherwise.

During the eighteen years that followed, sickness came after sickness in quick succession, so that her sufferings were almost continual. These sufferings are well described in the following lines from a poem entitled "Darkness before Dawn":—

> My strange disease has scared away
> Familiar sound and cheerful ray
> 'Tis night with me the live-long day.
> The words which comfort would impart
> Shoot such a terror through my heart,
> In pure compassion friends depart.

She was often at the point of death,

and then she would recover in some mysterious way, and set about her ordinary duties. She took special delight in instructing the poor and little children. She devoted herself to the study of languages, so that we are told she read works in Latin, French, German, Italian, and Spanish. She wrote letters to her friends breathing a tender piety and reminding us of Lacordaire's "Letters to Young Men." She committed to writing thoughts about her favorite saints, Alphonsus, Teresa, and Catharine of Sienna, which prove she had far advanced on the road to perfection, and wrote poetry, too, of a high order. As the mustard seed does not give out its heat unless bruised, and the fragrance of incense is not felt till it is burned, so did long sufferings only bring out the more distinctly those finer qualities which distinguish the true poet, and which especially shine out in the songs of her who spoke of the angels as "her dear music masters."

An illustrious son of Saint Dominic, Doctor Leahy, the late learned and saintly bishop of Dromore, who had been her director for many years, has, with loving care, collected and revised her poems; while if I mistake not, another Dominican, the great Father Burke, has written a graceful preface to the second edition of them. They are on various subjects, the Blessed Sacrament, Our Blessed Lady, Saints, Angels, and they are as beautiful as they are varied. They are entitled "Voices from the Heart." One of the reviewers says of them: "They might aptly be called 'Voices from Heaven,'" and another, who we think may be the accomplished coadjutor bishop of Clonfert, writes: "Here and there we recognize the old familiar strain, but now it is altered to loftier harmonies, pure enough to mingle with the voices of the angels." Perhaps she caught her inspiration from the ever-present spirits of whom she sings so sweetly: —

There are angels so near the throne of God
They seem but the gems beneath it;
There are angels to smile on the humblest sod,
Where the prayer of a child has breathed;
There are angels to watch by the graves we love,
And when we are kneeling near them,
They speak to our hearts of a God above,
Who knows His own time to cheer them.

It is a mistake to think, as some are inclined, that true poetry cannot be associated with sacred subjects. Many even of those who are not Catholics have selected Catholic truths and traditions as the subjects of their song. Tennyson's "Holy Grail," for instance, is not the least remarkable and, in the opinion of many, is among the most readable of his works. Father Faber, one of the sweetest poets of this century, has written almost exclusively sacred songs. There are those who think that Cardinal Newman has given most striking proof of his marvellous powers in "The Dream of Gerontius"; while Gerald Griffin, Denis Florence MacCarthy, and Aubrey de Vere will long be remembered as true poets and devoted Catholics.

It is to be regretted that many of the poems which might constitute her most enduring title to fame were either destroyed by Mary Alphonsus or are not accessible to the general public. There is, however, much to admire in the volume entitled "Voices from the Heart." I have already spoken of and given a specimen from this volume. Here are the words in which she prays for the gift of song that henceforth it might be devoted to the service

of Him from whom all true inspiration proceeds : —

Give me my early gift, and then
No more for earth that gift shall be;
Make me a minstrel once again,
That I may sing sweet songs to Thee.
My early fire is quenched, I know,
My early faith hath fallen away,
I have no thought for earth, but oh!
Fill my soul with Heaven to-day.

Now, when the wings aspire to rise,
Why must their flight so straitened be?
Now, when the voice would reach the skies,
Hath it no help at all from Thee?
Ah! 'Tis the doom they earn too well
Who sing of world so false as this,
That when they will, they cannot tell
Of purer joys and higher bliss.

Well did I know the gold was thine,
And only given in trust to me!
Yet, laid on many an earthly shrine
So much, there's little left for Thee;
But still, the gold that's cherished most,
The heart which taught the songs to roam,
Was not so altogether lost,
But Thou hast brought the wanderer home.

And though the gift be wholly fled,
Though I can never tell in song
How much I mourn for all I said
In praise of danger or of wrong;
A dearer joy my tears have bought
To lean this heart upon Thine own,
And feel that each repentant thought
Is dearly prized and fully known.

I thank Thee, Lord! for all the pains
That wrenched this trembling heart within.
I bless the hand that broke the chains
Which bound me to this world of sin.
If I had songs in countless store,
For Thee they'd charm the souls of men;
But if my silence pleased Thee more,
I'll never wish to sing again.

I have given it in full, for I think there is in it a beauty of expression, as far as I can see, a faultless metre, and, over and above both, a depth of humility which entitle it to a place in the memory of every one who can appreciate true poetry or solid virtue.

The story of the remaining portion of "Mary's" life is soon told. In 1860 she lost her mother, who had been for years matron of the Cork Fever Hospital. During Mrs. Downing's illness Mary Alphonsus discharged her duties, and, on her death, was appointed to the position. She, however, owing to ill health, was obliged to resign it in 1861, much to the regret of the patients, among whom she moved as an angel of mercy.

From this time till her death she lived in lodgings. Her life was of the simplest. One small room sufficed for her accommodation, while coarse bread, milk and water were her ordinary diet. She suffered intensely and almost continually during those eight years. She, however, gratified her devotion in the Dominican Church of Saint Mary, Pope's Quay. Loving friends would minister to her wants; but with true Christian politeness she declined their presents. And, let it be said, to the glory of a profession which in every age has shown a spirit of self-sacrifice worthy of all praise, that even physicians of a different persuasion freely offered their services. As it was, one of the most eminent in her native city watched her with loving care during the closing years of her life. In 1868 began what proved to be her last illness. By the direction of Dr. O'Connor she was removed to a hospital where the Sisters of Mercy nursed her.

The following extract from a letter written by Dr. O'Connor to Father Russell, S. J., and which I take from *The Irish Monthly* (December, 1878), will perhaps give better than anything else a true idea of the character and endowments of the subject of this sketch : —

Her conversation was the most eloquent I ever heard, poured out with the utmost rapidity in a voice not above a distinct, audible whisper. In the latter days of her life, when her attenuated form was scarcely visible in the dim light, which she always preferred, to hear her clear

voice expressing such beautiful ideas, one would be tempted to think that all but the spirit had departed. . . . . In my long professional life I have never met any one whose heroic endurance of suffering, exalted piety and fine intellect made a more lasting impression on me than this sainted young woman.

In the January of 1869, Dr. Kirby, Rector of the Irish College, Rome, who, as Archbishop of Ephesus, has just lately gone to his reward, presented a copy of her poems to the late Pius IX. He in return sent her his blessing — a blessing which she said "was worth living for through years of pain."

She had often prayed for her purgatory in this life, "being unable," in her own beautiful words, "to bear the thought of going to prison at the bridal hour."

Relief at last came in the shape of death; and even in her dying moments she gave a striking proof of her thorough unselfishness, saying to one of the nuns who was specially dear to her, "I would be glad to have you with me when I am dying; but go to Alice" (a young girl who was also dying). After these words the agony began, and early in the morning of January 27, 1869, she calmly expired.

Even in our own time, the city by the Lee has given birth to greater poets and more ardent patriots of whom she is justly proud. The Young Ireland movement produced men and women of greater literary ability; but among them all, I cannot call to mind one who showed forth more strikingly those qualities which must win our affection, than the gentle lady whose remains rest in the vaults of Saint Patrick's church, close by the river she loved so well.

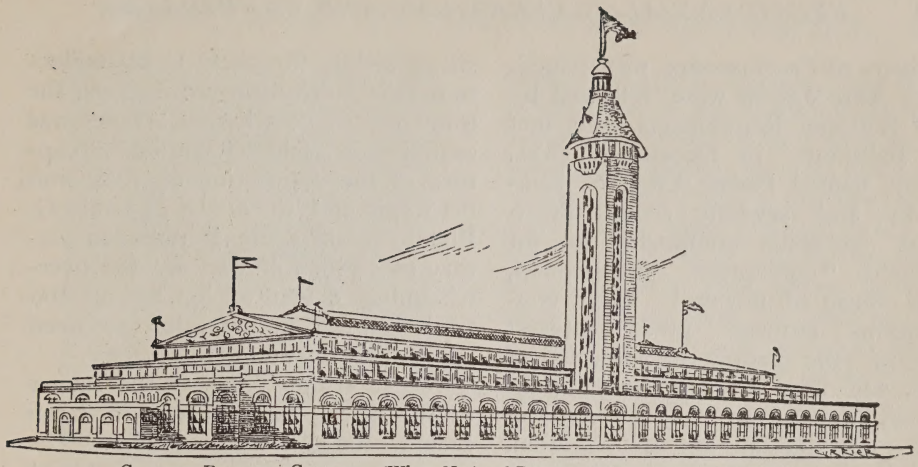
It has been already stated that Ellen Mary Downing, as if to efface her former self, desired to be known as Sister Mary Alphonsus; but I am quite sure that when fifty other golden years shall have passed by, many will affectionately remember the name of her who received a hearty welcome in the "Poet's Corner" of a remarkable journal, and call her Mary of the Nation.

THE AWAKENING.

William Francis Barnard.

OH, joy of the spring!
The blue sky, the white cloud,
The bird on the wing,
And the brook singing loud,
The sweet smell of earth,
The wind calling rain,
Buds bursting in birth,
And life living again.

Forth, forth, where thou art,
To the hills and the streams;
Thy winter, too, Heart,
Be gone with dark dreams.
If thou stand in the sun,
Or but hear the wind's voice,
Thy doubting is done;
Thou wilt weep and rejoice.



COLISEUM BUILDING, CHICAGO. (Where National Democratic Convention will be held.)

PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTIONS AND CANDIDATES.

MICHAEL E. HENNESSY.

THE Republicans will hold their national convention to nominate candidates for president and vice-president on June 16, at St. Louis. The Democrats will hold theirs at Chicago on July 7. By adopting this course the Democrats have departed from the established precedent of the administration party holding its convention first.

The growth of the convention system of nominating presidential candidates dates back to 1832. Prior to this, nominations were made by congressional caucuses and state legislatures. Usually if a state desired to put forward a favorite son, its legislature nominated him; as, for example, in General Jackson's case, when the legislature of Tennessee formally proclaimed him for the presidency to succeed John Quincy Adams.

Washington's choice as President was perhaps as nearly unanimous as is possible in human events. His nomination needed no caucus of political leaders. The people had already chosen him. After Washington, and down to Van Buren's time, the congressional caucus was the nominating medium.

The inquisitiveness of the American people in matters political, their demand for a voice in party affairs, the right to think and act for themselves, made necessary the establishment of some method by which the people might personally take a hand in selecting their nominees for public office.

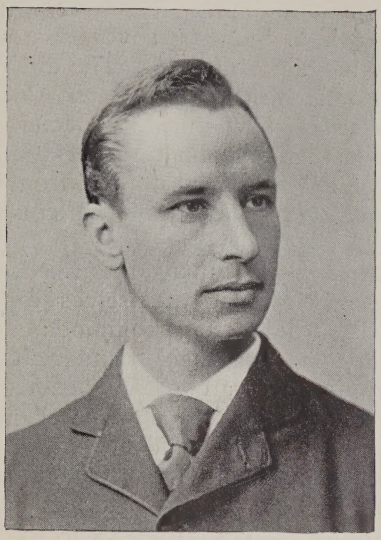
The anti-Masons were the first to hold a national convention to nominate a candidate for the presidency. This was in September, 1830, in Philadelphia. They held another convention at Baltimore in September, 1831, and nominated William Wirt, of Maryland. No platform was adopted, but a lengthy address to the people, pointing out the

dangers of Freemasonry, was issued. The Anti-Masons were followed by the National Republicans, who met at Baltimore in December, 1831. They named Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and severely scored President Jackson's administration for alleged "corruption, partisanship, and abuse of power." These conventions aroused great interest among the people in all walks of life, and they became better politicians, if the term may be used, by the introduction of the system. While there was no opposition to General Jackson in the Democratic ranks, there was some murmuring against naming Van Buren for his associate. General Jackson desired Mr. Van Buren's nomination for the second place. Judge Woodbury, of New Hampshire, a prominent personage in Democratic national affairs and President Jackson's intimate political friend, was consulted with. The result was that a call for a national Democratic convention was issued from New Hampshire to meet at Baltimore in May, 1832, to nominate a vice-presidential candidate. Mr. Van Buren was nominated by a large plurality. The famous two-thirds rule, requiring that two thirds of the whole number of votes in the convention be necessary for a choice, was adopted by this first Democratic convention, and the party has steadfastly adhered to it down to the present day.

As a national party, the Republicans first gathered at Philadelphia in 1856, and put in nomination John C. Fremont. The history and effects of its subsequent conventions, its two nominations and elections of Lincoln, the taking of Grant from the field and making him the chief magistrate of the nation, the opposition within the party to his reëlection, his third-term aspirations, the fraud of 1877, whereby Hayes was seated over Tilden, Garfield's capture of the convention of 1880 and his tragic end, the defeat of James G. Blaine in 1884, the Republican victory of 1888, followed by the overwhelming defeat of '92, are all too fresh in the public mind to need more than a passing reference.

No less interesting is the review of the fifteen conventions which the Democratic Party has held. The convention of 1844, when, much to everybody's surprise, a "dark horse" was nominated at the last moment, in the person of James K. Polk, of Tennessee; Franklin Pierce's nomination in 1852; Buchanan's in 1856, where there cropped out the opposition which split the party in twain at its next convention at Baltimore in 1860; General McClellan's nomination in 1864, Seymour's, in 1868, Greely's, in 1872, Tilden's, in 1876, Hancock's in 1880, Cleveland's in 1884, and his renominations in 1888 and 1892, are all events of much import in the political history of the country.

Of late years there has been a big contest by rival cities for these convention gatherings. New York made a great struggle for the coming Democratic convention, but was unable to induce a majority of the National Democratic Committee to vote for the metropolis. One of the requirements demanded by the managers of both parties is that the city in which it is voted to convene shall furnish a proper building for the holding of the convention, furnish adequate accommodation for the members of the national committee during the session of the convention, and guarantee ample



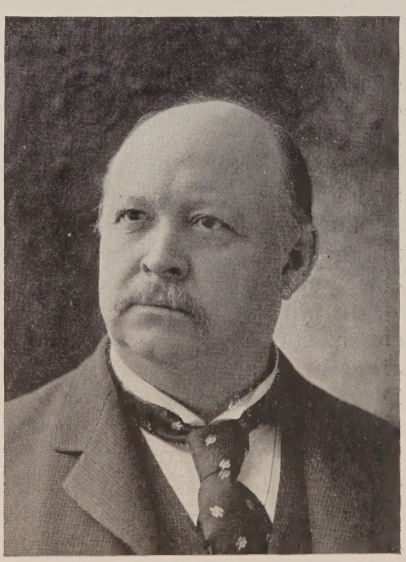
HON. WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

hotel and other accommodations for the delegates and their friends.

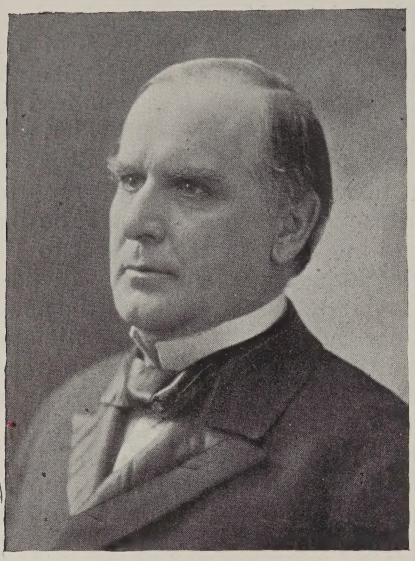
This is no small undertaking when one stops to consider that a national convention attracts thousands of visitors, and unless a city has extraordinary hotel facilities there is apt to be a great deal of vigorous complaining. Everything has to be of the first order to prevent the delegates and their friends from traducing the fair name of the city or damning it with faint praise.

The Republicans will hold their convention in a temporary one-story wooden building, erected at a cost of $70,000 and having a seating capacity of 13,061. The structure will cover more than an acre of land, and is well located within five minutes ride of the Grand Central Station in St. Louis. There are over a hundred entrances and exits in the building, and in case of a panic or fire, it is estimated that the building could be emptied in ten minutes. The ventilation is of the most thorough character. Light and air will be furnished through a massive glass roof, in addition to the windows of the building. Provisions have been made for accommodating four hundred reporters. Each table is provided with a pneumatic tube running direct to the telegraph office. As the reporter writes out the proceedings he can send his copy sheet by sheet to the telegrapher, who, in turn, will flash it instantly over the wire to the newspaper addressed. It is estimated that the operators will have to transmit at least two million words a day while the convention is in session, a task of no mean proportions.

As there is great rivalry among Republicans over the nomination, the prospective numbers of visitors to St. Louis are increasing daily. The hotels, boarding-houses, and private dwellings are preparing to accommodate in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand strangers during the week of the convention. A band of fifteen hundred pieces of music will keep the immense throng, entitled



HON. THOMAS B. REED, OF MAINE.



HON. WILLIAM MCKINLEY, OF OHIO.

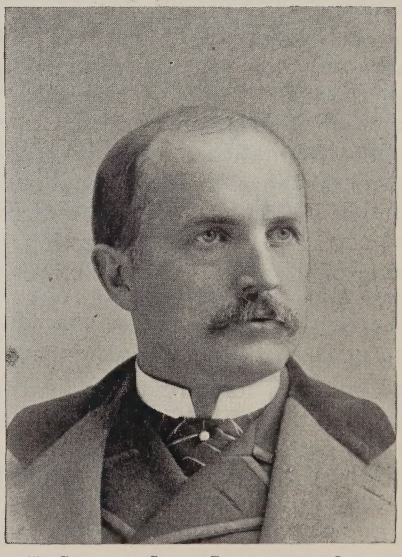
or lucky enough to obtain admission to the convention, in good humor while waiting for the commencement of the daily proceedings.

The Democrats selected Chicago for two reasons; first because her enterprising business men came forward and pledged themselves to furnish all the necessary accommodations, and, secondly, because Chicago is the best city in the Union in which to hold a convention, being centrally located and capable of caring for two hundred thousand strangers without straining any effort. The Democratic convention will be held in the Coliseum, the largest building in the world, whose seating capacity is sixteen thousand. The structure is of the Italian renaissance style of architecture, is built of steel, brick, and terra cotta trimmings, and will cost about $300,000. It is twice as big as Madison Square Garden, New York City, being seven hundred feet by three hundred feet in ground space. It has a reception room two hundred and fifty feet square, and the whole building covers five and one-half acres of land. The different railroads whose lines run to the Coliseum have made special arrangements for the transportation of those desiring to go to and from the convention hall during the convention.

And why, it may be asked, do these cities put themselves to so much trouble to accommodate the politicians and their friends? Convention goers are great spenders of money. The railroads, hotel men, shopkeepers, in fact, the entire city profits by their visit. It is a case where a community casts its bread upon the waters for its expected return in pecuniary profit.

Rates go up as accommodations go down, and the ordinary man has generally to conduct his own private exploration of the convention city, and leaves town after the convention requiring no illustrated guide book to refresh his memory.

The last convention that was held



EX-GOVERNOR JAMES CAMPBELL, OF OHIO.

HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE, OF KENTUCKY.

in St. Louis was the Democratic convention in 1888, when the party renominated Mr. Cleveland, then serving his first term as president. In 1892 the Democrats named their winning ticket at Chicago, while the Republicans held their convention at Minneapolis. Chicago first came to the front as a convention city in 1860, when the rising Republican party named, as its victorious standard bearer, the martyred Lincoln. Since then Chicago has frequently been honored by both parties in being made the choice for the holding of their conventions.

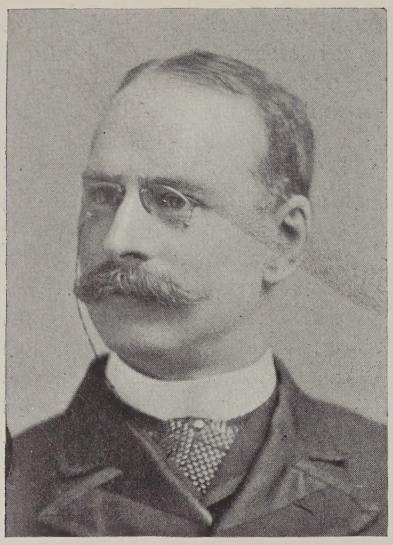
What interests everybody most is the ticket. Shrewd observers say that both parties are going to have a warm time over the money question, but in neither case is it believed that the free-silver men will control the conventions. The ante-election threats now heard almost every day, to the effect that unless the free-silver men in both conventions are satisfied, they will bolt the nominations, will not, it is thought, develop into a serious break in the ranks of either party. Should the break occur, however, it would in all probability become a grave matter for both; and the silver men, aided by the Populists, or the Populists aided by the silver men, might control votes enough to name the next chief magistrate of the nation.

It seems certain now that the campaign will be fought on the money question, with a little incidental tariff discussion and the other fixings usually served up by the stump speaker, thus reversing the order of things in the last two national campaigns.

With a silver Republican like McKinley and a gold Democrat like William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, for example, many astute politicians believe that there would be a great chance for the Democrats retaining control of national affairs.

There is such a thing as having a convention in May, and losing it in June; but so far as the election of delegates is concerned McKinley

GOVERNOR LEVI P. MORTON, OF NEW YORK.



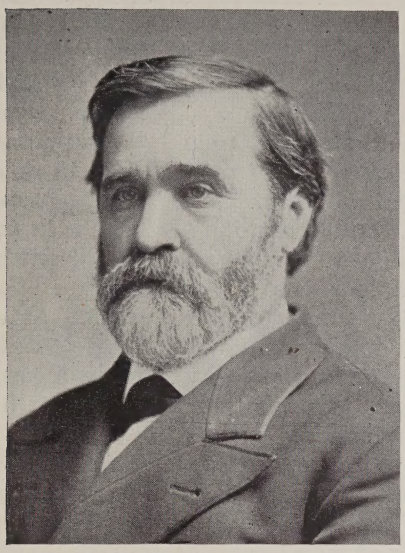
HON. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, OF NEW YORK.

leads the list, followed by Reed as a good second, with a lot of lesser lights like Morton, Quay, Allison, and, some say, Harrison, bringing up the rear.

The forces which bring these men to the front as party candidates are interesting enough to be examined briefly. There are Reed and McKinley. The former rests his claims on his rule of Congress, the latter on his high protection views; but when Reedism and McKinleyism were before the people in 1890 they were rejected by a decisive vote. Since then both have modified their views in their special lines, and hope to win the people back by their change of front. Mr. Reed is not running Congress in quite so Czarish a fashion as he did four years ago, although at times during the present session he has had occasion to put on the screws to bring a few refractory statesmen into line. McKinleyites are not shouting so vociferously for a high protective tariff as they were in the days of the Fifty-first Congress, but now content themselves with saying that they are in favor of a tariff which will yield sufficient revenue to pay the running expenses of the government. Meanwhile Mr. McKinley is saying as little as possible about his free-silver votes of former years. Both men are well qualified for the high office of president, by natural ability and training. Either would average well with our latter-day presidents. By many, it is said that Reed's location injures his chances of ever becoming a presidential nominee, but it should be remembered that the fact that he came from Maine never hurt James G. Blaine. Men make localities as localities make men.

Mr. Reed's friends, it is asserted, are beginning to realize that his "do nothing" congress and his inability to secure a solid New England delegation have injured his chances, and many of his delegates are displaying a wavering disposition. A fact quite apparent in the Reed column is that, while its

SENATOR MATTHEW S. QUAY, OF PENNSYLVANIA.



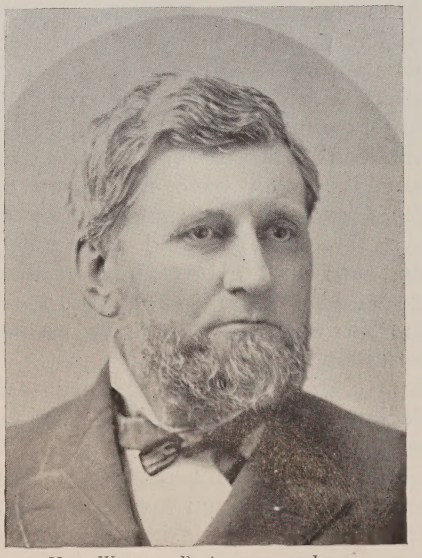
HON. WILLIAM R. MORRISON, OF ILLINOIS.

members are for Reed as a first choice, they are enthusiastic for McKinley on the second ballot.

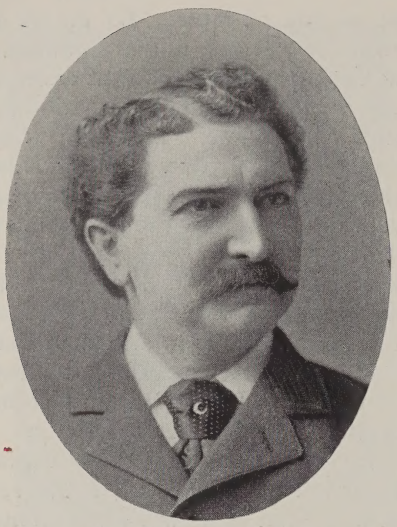
Mr. Platt's booming of Morton has never been taken seriously by those who have an intimate acquaintance with the New York leader. He finds it hard to make people enthuse over a candidate seventy-two years old, and of no exceptionally brilliant public career. Most of his public acts have been of the dress parade kind, and were it not for his riches it is doubtful if Mr. Morton would have ever attained the high office of vice-president of the United States Senate. Mr. Platt, in placing Mr. Morton before the Republicans of the country as New York's candidate, pointed out that the party had never come to New York for its candidate, although for many years that state has been the battle-ground for supremacy between the two parties. For an attorney with a poor case Mr. Platt probably made as good an argument as was possible. So far as is known, however, nobody outside New York State has thought enough of Mr. Platt's candidate to seriously consider his name. Mr. Platt, it is generally conceded, will use New York's thirty-six votes for his own private interests with the Republican leader at St. Louis.

Mr. Quay will use the Pennsylvania delegates to good advantage, and General Clarkson will see that Mr. Allison's delegates do not stray away from the Iowa fold until some understanding has been arrived at.

Since Mr. Quay, of Pennsylvania, was carried off his feet by the reform wave and is now sailing along with it as a full-fledged reformer, his aspirations have been climbing upward to the dizzy presidential altitude. The Pennsylvania delegates are for Mr. Quay, but why few of them know except that somebody started them that way, and men, like sheep, generally follow the marked path. The Allison boom is chiefly confined to his own



HON. WILLIAM B. ALLISON, OF IOWA.



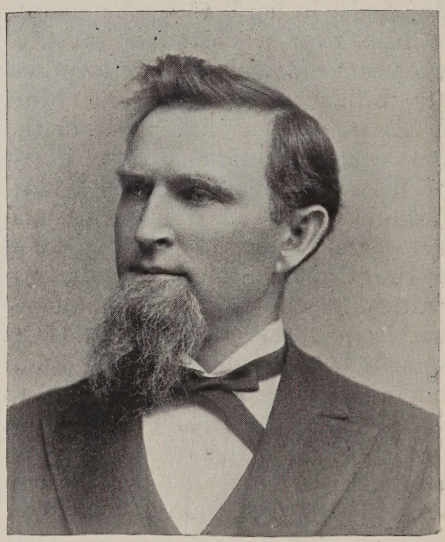
HON. WILLIAM F. HARRITY,
Chairman National Democratic Committee.

state of Iowa and a few followers in adjoining western states; while General John C. New, who is ex-President Harrison's intimate friend, stated recently that the latter was not to be considered a candidate now that everything pointed to the nomination of Mr. McKinley.

As for the Democrats, several weeks remain in which matters have an opportunity to shape themselves. Their selection depends largely on the result of the Republican convention. Many conservative men have not given up the Cleveland idea; and if one or two of these Cleveland *coups d'état*, that are on the boards, materialize, it would not be surprising to see the movement in his favor assume formidable proportions; unless, of course, the much mooted third term declination letter of Mr. Cleveland makes its appearance.

If Mr. Cleveland persuades himself that a reëlection would not, in a strict sense, be considered a third term, inasmuch as there has been an interval of four years between his first and second elections, and would consent to stand for another election, his friends feel that they would be able to nominate him. Of course there would be a hot time. A great oratorical display would be made against the third term. But perhaps it can be truthfully said, no Democrat in the nation has such a strong hold on the people as has Mr. Cleveland. They know where to find him on grave public questions, and it is safe to say that a large majority of his own party would joyously hail the event of his nomination.

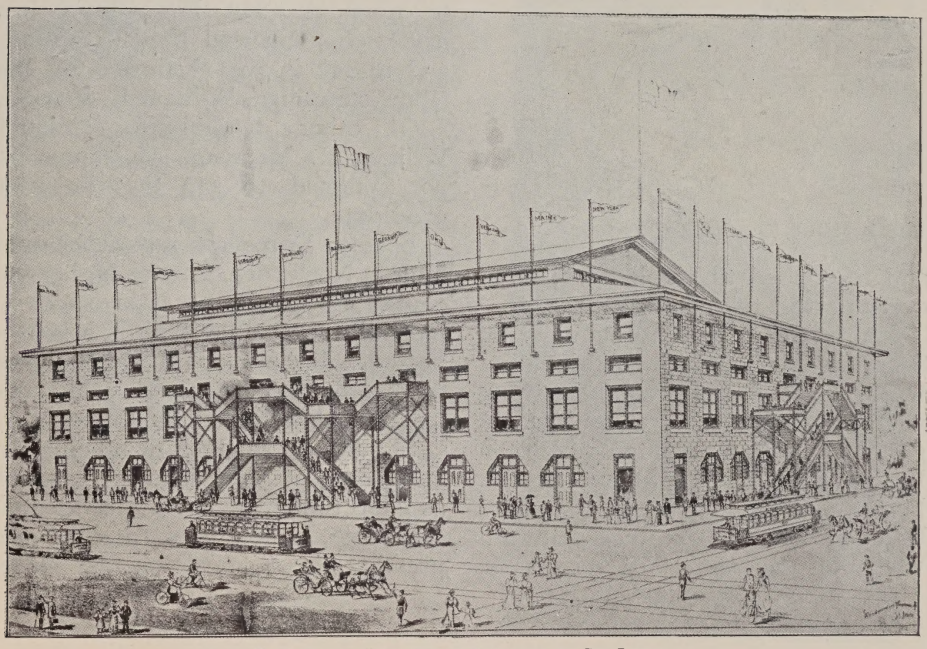
In Secretary Carlisle the Democrats have a strong man. His change of sentiment on the money question has offended some of his old Southern and Western friends, but makes him much stronger in the East, where he was considered weak before. Mr. Carlisle is of that stern stuff that makes presidents after the style of Jefferson and Jackson. He has been severely criticised for his management of the Treasury Department, but that is only



HON. THOMASS H. CARTER, OF MONTANA,
Chairman Republican National Committee.

natural. He is the first secretary of the Treasury for a number of years who has really had something to do, and at every step he has taken a critic has been standing by to make note of it. It is not thought that in these days the fact that Mr. Carlisle is a Southerner would injure his chances of election. Democrats and independents, as a general rule, know no excellent presidential candidates, are thoroughly equipped for campaigning, and are possessed of excellent executive ability.

William C. Whitney is, without a doubt, New York's choice for a presidential candidate, and its vote will probably be cast for him at the convention. Not only Mr. Whitney, but his closest political friends assert,



Republican Convention Building at St. Louis.

Mason and Dixon line in politics. Besides, if this question did arise it could be pointed out that Mr. Carlisle was one of the loyal Kentuckians who stood nobly by the Union during the rebellion.

Both Governor Pattison and ex-Governor Russell come from states which, as a rule, give large Republican pluralities; and this fact is quite apt to be thrown out against them in the convention should their names be presented. Both men would make however, that he does not wish for a nomination.

Mr. Whitney, it is thought, would rather jump in and help any of the men named, or ex-Governor Campbell of Ohio, than take the nomination himself. A great political magnet, the spirit and dash that he puts into all his undertakings attract men to him, and would prove a great factor in the campaign. In the prime of life, a great worker, a simon pure Democrat, his appeal would be heard

HON. R. E. PATTISON, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

and responded to by Democrats, in every part of the country.

Many Democrats are talking of Secretary Morton, of the Agricultural Department. He is certainly a strong man, a rugged Democrat, and would get many Western votes which an Eastern candidate could not expect. Perhaps, after all, there are more Democratic eyes turned toward William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, than to any other Democrat outside the cabinet.

The one department under the present administration which has been commended by both parties and by all sections of the country is the State Department, presided over by Richard Olney, of Massachusetts, and more than one prominent figure in national politics has pointed him out as a most available man for the Democrats to nominate; but Mr. Olney has never countenanced the suggestion, and to-day is over-shadowed by his fellow-statesman, William E. Russell.

Of other possibilities, Colonel William R. Morrison, of Illinois, is not ashamed to say that he is a candidate.

Leading Democrats regard the outlook in New York State as highly encouraging for Democratic success. Republican local legislation, it is expected, will cause many Republicans to vote against their party, while defeat has only solidified the Democracy.

Should the Democratic nomination come east, Mr. Morrison is regarded as good timber for a vice-presidential candidate, although his friends are pressing him forward for first place.

THE RETURN.

FRANK H. SWEET.

THE sky and sea are blue and fair, with one small sail in sight.
But that obscure, uncertain spot makes hearts grow warm and bright,
For long the fleet is overdue, and long the time of fear,
And long and long the dreary watch for what did not appear.

But now the women throng the beach with eager, straining eyes,
And watch the tiny, distant sails on the horizon rise;
Another and another, and as each new one appears
They laugh and cry and wring their hands, and sob their hopes and fears.

Another and another, and they count with bated breath,
Till all the sails come into view, as though returned from death;
And now their joy is uncontrolled, they laugh and sob and sing,
Until the fleet and flowing tide their sons and husbands bring.

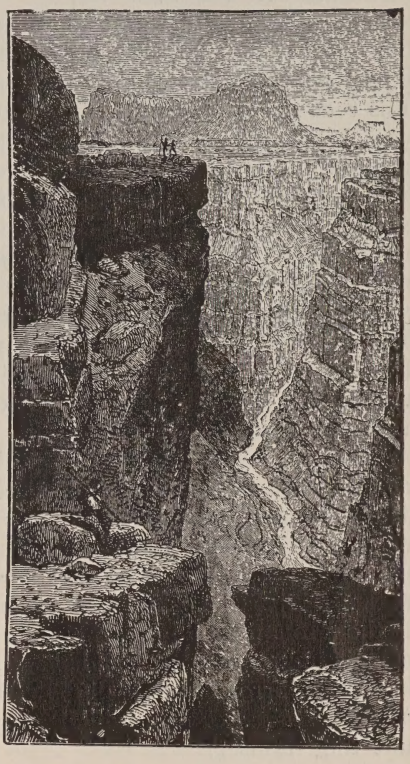
THE CLIFF DWELLERS.

THE MARQUIS DE NADAILLAC.

THE nineteenth century, now so near its close, will leave a deep mark in the history of humanity. Never have greater things been accomplished or with such marvellous rapidity, and we may rightly count among those who have brought a glorious contingent to the common work, the daring pioneers who have opened entire regions to science and progress.

California, Arizona, Utah, New Mexico, * immense countries stretching over an area of three quarters of a million square miles, were but a few years ago entirely unknown. To-day a large part of their extent is furrowed with railroads; populous towns, with all the resources of modern industry and civilization, rise in their midst, and new states are contributing to the prosperity of the United States, and to the greatness of a people which, though the latest comer among the nations, is assuredly destined to play a great role in the future history of the globe.

But while waiting for the brilliant future in store for the states so recently inscribed on the starry banner, the traveller has still to traverse sullen and desolate territories. If the explorer is deeply struck with rocks of giant mass and varied form, with abysmal gorges and cañons of dazzling, glowing tints, he cannot help a feeling of sadness when he looks around him and sees nothing but a few stunted trees, an impotent vegetation, and a nature condemned to an eternal solitude. The very ani-



A CANON IN COLORADO.

* The first explorers of Arizona were Padre Pedro Nadal and Padre Juan de la Ascunsion. They arrived at the beginning of the year 1538. In September of the same year Marcos de Niza, a Franciscan, undertook the same exploration, accompanied by a negro named Estevan or Estevanico. He got as far as the town of Cibola, celebrated in the Indian legends. Bandelier, Hist. of the S. W. portion of the U. S.

mals have abandoned these cursed lands — at the most they are animated for a moment by a few Indians, the most savage in all North America, who take to flight at the sight of the traveller unless they feel strong enough to plunder and murder him in cold blood.

Such was not the past of these countries. They were once covered with magnificent cedar forests. The ruins that rise at every step bear witness that at epochs, of whose date or duration we have no knowledge, these regions were inhabited by teeming populations both active and intelligent. Everywhere around had man built dwellings, fortifications, reservoirs, and actual cities; the very rocks had been covered with hieroglyphics and with figures in painting or sculpture — the sole souvenir of those unknown races.

Side by side with the Mound Builders, therefore, lived other men, their contemporaries, perhaps, but more probably their successors in the march of ages. We know no more of their migrations than of those of the Mound Builders, their very name is unknown to us, and we are obliged to borrow that of Cliff Dwellers, from the rocks on which they built their houses.

On one point alone can we speak positively: we know one of the principal causes which have brought about the depopulation of the country. The rivers have ceased to flow, the very brooks have run dry, and in the valleys to-day only the traces of streams long since disappeared are to be found.

The spring rains are short and violent. The water dashes along in impetuous torrents, fretting an impermeable surface and a stony undersoil, ploughing ravines everywhere, and producing frequent and violent floods. During the remaining seasons rain is unknown and the intense heat heightens the aridity. Is this profound change to be attributed to climatic or geological modifications? It is possible. Colonel Hoffmann mentions the fact that fifteen miles from Prescott, the capital of Arizona, there is an arroyo forty feet above the present level of the water. This is certainly curious, but more facts of the same kind must be forthcoming before any conclusion can be based upon it. We may presume that here, as in so many other places, the most potent cause of the persistent drought is the destruction of the forests, caused in former times by the Cliff Dwellers with a degree of recklessness only equalled by modern Americans.

Our knowledge of the ancient inhabitants of the country is gleaned from their still extant constructions. Mr. Holmes was one of the first to make a really scientific study of the ruins of the Rio de la Plata, Rio Mancos, and San Juan. Numerous explorers have continued his work; and more recently, new expeditions were organized, in view of the Chicago exhibition, to explore the regions south of Utah, southwest of Colorado, north and northwest of Arizona and New Mexico. All the cañons of the Colorado and San Juan were carefully explored, resulting, as visitors to the exhibition had an opportunity of judging, in the discovery of a large number of objects. These add to our knowledge of the manners, rites, and customs of the Cliff Dwellers.

Mr. Holmes adopted a system of classification which we think it well to retain, without attempting to conceal the fact that every such system

must be necessarily difficult and incomplete.

He shows us:—

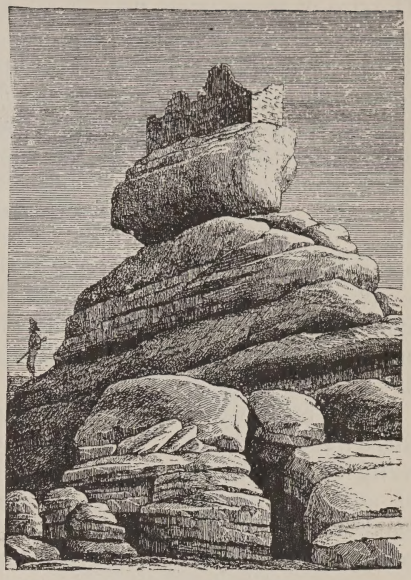
1. *The Pueblos*, inhabited by essentially agricultural populations. The points chosen were the most fertile valleys and the vicinities of water-courses. Their methods of cultivation seem to have been exceedingly primitive. They made use of large shingles of hard wood, and stone hoes about a foot long. Their principal crops were maize and squashes, the seeds of which, judging from the deposits that have been found, must have served for food. They probably cultivated cotton also.

2. *The Cave Dwellings*, often artificial caverns closed and strengthened by adobe walls. As a rule they had but one narrow aperture, serving both for door and window.

3. *The Cliff Houses*, veritable fortresses, to which the inhabitants of the valleys retreated when menaced by any serious danger.

The pueblos form parallelograms or circles drawn wherever the nature of the ground permitted, with the mathematical regularity we have already remarked among the Mound Builders. The dwellings are built either of sorted stones held together with moistened clay, or of adobe or sun-dried bricks. The circular ruins that have been found, often sixty feet or more in diameter, contain a number of small cells and a building, often half-subterranean, in the centre, which the Spaniards have called an estufa.

The estufas have been the object of a good deal of discussion. According to some, they were council chambers, where the principal men of the tribe were in the habit of assembling; others think they were meant to keep the sacred fire, which



Tower near Epsom Creek.

is even to-day an object of veneration with the Indians. Mariano Ruiz lived for a long time with the Pecos as a child of the tribe. He tells how his brethren preserved the sacred fire in an estufa up to 1840, when the five sole surviving families became affiliated with another tribe. This testimony settles the question of the purpose of the estufas. They are to be found in a great many of the dwellings, even among those situated in the midst of dangerous cliffs and precipices, which can be scaled only with the greatest difficulty.

Besides these more or less loíty towers rising in the middle of the dwellings, there are other constructions, as a rule circular like the others but sometimes oblong or square-shaped, built on points commanding the country or at the entrance of cañons. These were posts of observation where men kept constantly on the watch to warn the inhabitants of the dangers which threatened them.

The site of these posts was always selected with great intelligence. One of them commands the entire MacElmo valley and has a view stretching for several miles up and down the river; there is another situated at the point where the Hovenweep forks into two branches. These towers are without doors or windows, the only access being by means of an opening in the vault of the roof. This is still the means employed by the Indians who inhabit these regions at the present day.

Hard by several of the pueblos there have been found long lines of walls forming an enclosure and built of adobe or, more simply, of hardened earth. These were probably corrals or cattle pens. In everything we see a civilization more advanced than that of the Mound Builders.

The "cliff-houses" take the shape of the platforms or ledges on which they stand, and it is wonderful to see the art with which the walls are soldered to the sides of the rock and the care with which the appearance of the neighboring rocks is reproduced in the exterior architecture. Some maintain that these dwellings are more recent than the pueblos; the stone arrows and the fragments of pottery which have been found hardly bear out this view.

It is certain, at all events, that these dwellings were often of considerable dimensions. Mr. Charnay describes a cliff palace with a length of four hundred and twenty-one feet, containing one hundred and twenty-seven rooms and twenty-three estufas, and capable of affording shelter to fifteen hundred persons. The façade of another is six hundred and twenty-five feet long, and the building forms a perfect village. All around large enclosures are to be seen formed of stones standing on end like those of our cromlechs. Excavations have been made in one of these enclosures, situated on the left bank of the Dolores. At no great distance the excavators reached the natural untouched ground, which proved to be the surface of the rock. At about six inches from the top they came upon a layer of ashes strewn with broken pottery. Chemical analysis showed no trace of animal matter, and the absence of osseous débris leaves no ground for the belief that the place was used either for inhumation or cremation.

In other places a small number of cemeteries have been discovered dating from the epoch of the cliff people; but the difficulty attending the researches and the dangers to which the explorers were exposed from the ferocious Apaches, who infest these regions, have proved an obstacle to numerous discoveries. Those that have been made have furnished a number of human bones, of which we shall have to speak.

The recent explorations under the direction of Professor Putnam have brought to light a small number of mummies in a fair state of preservation. The bodies were found wrapped in cotton cloths, skins, and feather ornaments, over which were rolled mats formed of rods strung together, somewhat resembling Chinese blinds. Many of them had fine, silky, light-colored hair, very different from the dark, stiff hair of the Indians. One of the mummies which was enveloped in rich furs was that of a child; the face was almost lifelike, and appeared as if sleeping. Side by side with the bodies, weapons, utensils, and ornaments are found everywhere. Like the Mound Builders and all the ancient peoples of America, the Cliff Dwellers died in the hope of a future

life, and it is a satisfaction to find in them this feeling so deeply graven in the hearts of men of all times and all countries.

The Rio Mancos flows between cliffs formed of alternate beds of chalky limestone and a clayey deposit often hollowed by the waters. One of the indentations thus formed, situated about forty feet above the river level, might be from four to six feet in depth. In this narrow space the Cliff Dwellers had built their home. Seven of these dwellings still exist, and four are sufficiently well preserved to give an idea of the mode of construction. The walls are built with stones held together by a mixture of clay, charcoal, and ashes, forming a fairly good mortar, which is further consolidated by the insertion of small pebbles and pieces of pottery. Even to-day the marks of the tools and even of the workmen's fingers can be seen on the masonry. The apertures are very narrow — rarely more than a few inches anyway. In clearing the ruins a cave was brought to light, choked up with the débris of a fire. This was a place for storing provisions, and among the rubbish charred grains of maize of the kind still cultivated in the country were discovered. An axe of polished stone and a few pieces of pottery were the only objects given by the excavations, which had to be made hurriedly.

A little farther on is another group, comprising a double line of buildings constructed at a height of about two hundred feet over the river, in the inequalities of the rock. The lower buildings extend along a space sixty feet long by fifteen in its widest part. The walls are about a foot thick and in a line with the precipice; they are built with extraordinary skill, with square corners and lines strictly in plumb. Considering the difficulties the builder must have had to contend with in laying his foundation in such a position and at such an altitude, these airy habitations are

CLIFF-HOUSE ON THE RIO MANCOS.

truly astonishing. In the centre we find the inevitable estufa. As far as we can judge at present, the sole means of entrance was by a single aperture of 22 x 30 inches, and even this could be reached only by crawling for thirty feet along a perfect gut in the rock. The partition walls dividing the chambers did not quite reach the overhanging rock, so that communication between the chambers might be made by means of ladders.

The rock between the two series of constructions is absolutely vertical. At one part where the declivity is a little less abrupt, are to be found something like imperfectly cut steps. These would be of small assistance as a means of ascent to men of our time.

On the upper row, another ledge has permitted the building of another construction. This second platform would be about one hundred and twenty feet in length and ten in its greatest width. It would seem that the works were never entirely finished. Doubtless the Cliff Dwellers were discouraged by the almost insurmountable difficulties of getting up the materials.

The finished parts had been inhabited, and the chambers communicated with one another by low, narrow doors. In one of these chambers the excavators found what were believed to be traces of fire, in others, maize; and haricot beans, the staple food of the people, were discovered. Unfortunately the explorers either could not or were afraid to make more extended researches.

Sometimes the homes of the Cliff Dwellers were at a greater altitude than those we have just described. Some are mentioned as being eight hundred feet above the level of the river. So well concealed are they that from the valley it is almost impossible to distinguish them, even with the aid of a glass, from the rocks which shelter them. All sorts of conjectures have been made as to the means employed to reach the points where the constructions stand and carry the provisions and all the daily necessities of life thither. It was at first believed that the inhabitants must have had to go down to the river for their water, but later researches have revealed the existence of springs which had been tapped by the inhabitants and brought into natural or skillfuly made reservoirs.

A mile farther on, still following the banks of the Rio Mancos, Mr. Jackson discovered a habitation at a height of seven hundred feet. This construction, which he calls the "Two-Story House," is in a better state of preservation than those surrounding it. The walls are twelve feet high, with a space of from two to three feet between the top and the roof of rock, like the one we have already described. One of the chambers is 9 x 10 feet, another six feet square. The dimensions of these chambers, which seem so small to us, were nevertheless large for the Cliff Dwellers. At Montezuma, for instance, while the largest are nine and a half feet, there are others no more than four feet square. Jackson mentions a space fourteen feet long, six feet wide, and five feet in height which was divided into two almost equal chambers; the only access was by little square holes. It is hard to imagine how human beings could have lived in such dens.

The MacElmo valley contains ruins not less interesting than those we have just spoken about. The great tower or estufa, which rises in

the middle of one of the pueblos, presents a certain similarity with the curious constructions called *talayoti*, found in the Balearic Isles. Like the latter, it is built of natural stones and girt round with a triple wall. Another estufa, with walls three feet thick, is situated at the other end of the pueblo. The interior chambers or cells are rectangular in shape and always of that diminutiveness we have already remarked upon.

This pueblo is situated about a mile from the MacElmo, which is always dry during the summer heats, and fifteen miles from the Dolores, which never loses its water; but these distances were too great for the daily wants of life; no people could subsist under such conditions. "To suppose an agricultural people existing in such a locality with the present climate is manifestly absurd," says Holmes; "yet every isolated rock and every bit of mesa within a circle of miles is strewn with remnants of human dwellings." It must therefore be admitted, as I have already said, that important climatic changes have taken place since the country was inhabited.

The Hovenweep,* to-day a dry bed in the midst of bleak and precipitous cañons, once flowed through regions where the loam had not disappeared. The valley was peopled; at every step you meet a series of ruins of ancient pueblos and those curious dwellings perched — perched is just the word to describe them — everywhere in the inequalities and terraces of the rocks. On one of these last, measuring 300 x 40 feet, the Cliff Dwellers succeeded in erecting forty different houses. By a rather uncommon arrangement these houses are circular, with a diameter rarely exceeding from twelve to fifteen feet. The corners are rounded, the walls are stone, and the openings are invisible. Everything seems to have been designed for resistance, which must have been easily efficacious, as the dwellings are almost inaccessible, and there are little towers scattered here and there on the most elevated points, from which a strict watch might be kept on any hostile movement.

TWO-STORY CLIFF-HOUSE ON THE RIO MANCOS.

In the Rio Chelly, as well as at Montezuma and on the banks of the Mancos and the MacElmo, the explorer is struck with the intelligence with which the old inhabitants utilized the natural or artificial grottos and depressions and even the smallest irregularities. Here, too, the constructions are often unusually important. Jackson speaks of a cave town 545 feet long, and forty in its greatest width. Nearly all the dwellings, including even those buried in the grottos, have a ground floor and an upper story. The chambers are

* The name is taken from the Ute language, and means a deserted cañon.

even smaller than those we have seen so far; the walls are not thick, rarely as much as a foot and often only six inches. The stones are thickly bedded in mortar, and are covered inside and out with a coat of plaster. Seventy-five separate chambers have been distinguished, with the inevitable estufa in the centre, and, in the rear of the houses, two small reservoirs for water. The only openings to be found in any of these dwellings are little windows, which nearly always open on inner courts; and there are no other means of access than those afforded by detached blocks of stone and a few natural slits in the face of the cliff.

The entire San Juan valley over a tract of hundreds of miles is strewn with ruins. Mr. Barber mentions one long, narrow structure running in front of a cave some 200 feet wide at the mouth, where windows eighteen inches square are the only means of entrance, there being no door. Several human hands painted in ochre are to be seen on the walls, and these are the only feature of special importance in the building. The human hand has always played a great role in the past of the regions we are studying. It is found painted in black in the sides of caves in Nicaragua, carved on the rocks of Sonora and Wisconsin, and on the ruined monuments of Uxmal and Izamal.* Schoolcraft has an account of a great assemblage of Indian warriors on the Dog Prairie to hear a communication from the United States government. Nearly all of them were naked and had the imprint of a human hand painted in white on their backs or shoulders. Even still on feast days the natives of some parts of Central America paint a hand on the walls of their huts — a characteristic souvenir of their ancestors.*

Arizona presents equally interesting objects of study. The cañons of the Verdi valley were explored in 1890 by an expedition sent by the Smithsonian Institute. The mountains rise to a height of sixty-five hundred feet above the valley. The rock has been pierced everywhere; man has everywhere established his home, and the number of cliff-houses here is estimated at over one thousand. The access to them is very difficult; a narrow, dangerous path leads down from the top of the cliff, but is barred by a house built of quarried and well-cemented stones, of better and probably of later build than the other dwellings. Here, again, we have to ask ourselves the question, How were the building materials carried to this height? How were the immense difficulties of the work surmounted? There was no special place for the hearth, no provision being made for the escape of smoke or for the dangers of a conflagration. The marks are a sure sign that such was the case.

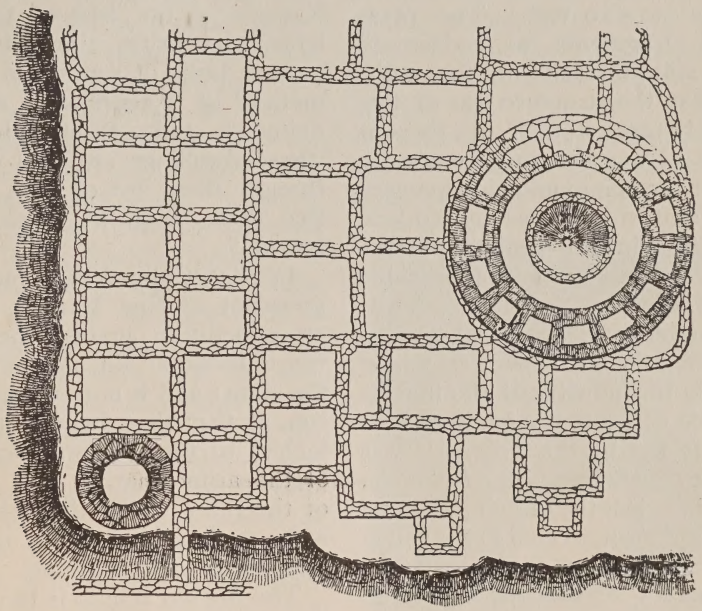
Agriculture seems to have been more perfect among the inhabitants of Arizona than among the ancient New Mexicans; or perhaps it would be truer to say that we know more about

* One of the temples of Izamal was called Kab-ul, *the working hand* or *the miraculous hand*. Charnay is of opinion that the hand is connected with Hueman, the great Toltec legislator, whom he identifies with the god Quetzacoatl. *Tour du Mondet*, XLII, p. 293.

* May we not connect this superstition with the habit, so common in Italy, of wearing a little hand of coral or ivory as an efficacious preservative against sorcery? The same custom, probably inspired by a like feeling, existed among the monks of Abd el Kader, and Dr. Nicolas Seeland, in the account of his voyage in Kashgaria, says that the Daotai or Chinese governor was preceded by a man carrying a standard representing a red hand, symbolical of his authority.

it. They cultivated maize, beans, water-melons, cotton, and tobacco. Among their domestic animals we may mention the turkey, and probably also the rabbit and a species of llama. Cushing estimates at thirteen thousand the population of the town, which he has called Los Muertos. Ten Kate puts the entire population of Casas Grandes at ninety thousand, and neither estimate seems immoderate.

metal objects, with the exception of a few small amulets made of copper. This is very important. On the other hand, they have brought to light more than seventeen hundred vessels of every shape and of all capacities. This very varied pottery is always tastefully decorated. Numerous weapons of polished stone, bone implements, and sea shells have been also discovered.



Ground Plan of a Pueblo in the MacElmo Valley.

During long centuries the original inhabitants crossed with a people much taller than themselves, the result of these unions with other races being, says Cushing, after long researches on the spot, that they became three or four inches taller. We think it well to leave the whole responsibility of this assertion with its author.

Neither here nor anywhere else in these regions have the excavations resulted in the discovery of any

We may give a description of one of these casas grandes which rises on a little eminence in the valley of Rio Gila at a distance of two and a half miles from the river; our readers will thus have a clearer idea of them. This casa grande was in existence several centuries before the arrival of the Spaniards, and we owe the first detailed description of it to Padre Mange, who visited it with Padre Kino in 1697. At that time the ruins comprised eleven distinct

structures surrounded by a lofty wall of defence. Of the three structures still standing there is only one which can be studied. In shape it is a regular parallelogram 40 x 50 feet, and is built of adobes 4 x 5 feet in size. The walls are tapering, with a thickness of five feet at the base. The interior is divided into five chambers, larger than the Cliff Dwellers' cells; the central chambers, it is true, are only 3 x 14 feet, but those on the two sides are 32 x 10 feet. The presence of fragments of cedarwood beams, still bedded in the walls, shows that the structure was of two or possibly three stories. As there is no trace of a staircase we may suppose that the communication between the different stories was by ladders. A peat fire, in all probability the work of Apaches, has left ineffaceable marks everywhere.

A number of *Acequias*, as the irrigation canals are called, also bear witness to the industry of the inhabitants; one of them, not far from casa grande, is fed by the Gila. It was twenty-seven feet broad, ten feet deep, and has a length of about three leagues. Another canal in the valley of the Salado was almost as wide, with a depth of four or five feet. The existence of these canals, wherever they could be of advantage for commerce or agriculture, bears witness to the progress realized by these people, as well as by the Mound Builders.

So far we have spoken of villages situated in the valleys and cliff-houses perched on the rocks, with towers and posts of observation guarding their approaches, and where everything betokens the existence of incessant dangers and redoubtable enemies. There are other ruins larger, perhaps, and certainly of more imposing massiveness, whose inhabitants apparently did not live in dread of the same dangers.

These latter formed peaceable and exclusively agricultural populations, where collectivism under the authority, probably despotic, of chiefs seems to have been the prevailing regime. Gregg, who traversed New Mexico about 1840, was the first to make them known. "The ruins of the Pueblo Bonito, in the country of the Navajos, at the foot of the Cordilleras," he writes, "are made up of houses built of sandstone flags — a method of construction at present unknown throughout this region. These dwellings are still intact, although they are of such antiquity that their origin is absolutely unknown."

In 1849 Colonel Washington, then governor of New Mexico, organized an expedition against the Navajos who infested all the northern part of the state; and it is to General Simpson, at that time lieutenant, and attached to the topographical service of the army, that we owe the plans of the ruins which the soldiers met with at every step on their way through the Chaco cañon.

The Pueblo Bonito is the most imposing of these villages, and a somewhat detailed description will be of service in forming an idea of the other pueblos, which are always similar in their main plan. As a rule they form rectangles and show a unity of conception which we do not find to the same extent in the Pueblo Bonito.

This pueblo, which was doubtless built piecemeal, according to the particular wants of the moment, stands under the peaked rocks which form the Chaco cañon. In shape it is an irregular semi-ellipse, measuring 544 x 314 feet. An interior court is

divided into two almost equal parts by four estufas. There are two wings planted at right angles to the principal structure, the left one being divided into three rows of parallel chambers, varying in length from twelve to twenty and in breadth from twelve to fifteen feet, being, therefore, much larger than those of the cliff-houses. The outer walls are in ruins, but the partition walls are very well preserved, and still reach as high as the second story.

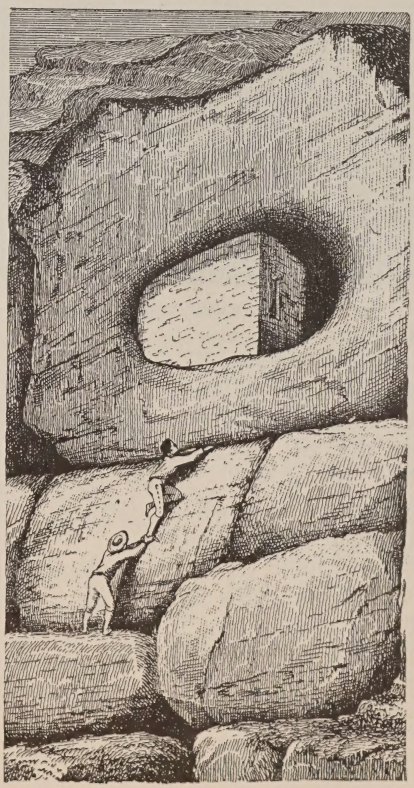
The state of the ruins makes it impossible to determine the entire number of these chambers. In one of the neighboring pueblos, that of Pintado, there are one hundred and fifty of them, and there is every reason to believe that they were as numerous in the Pueblo Bonito.

Neither the inner nor outer walls show any signs of staircases. It is probable that the means of communication was by ladders from the terraces which form the roofs — the method employed in the pueblos inhabited at the present day. The windows are extremely small, with lintels of roughly shaped pieces of cedar or fir simply set side by side. The floors were of wood, but they were burnt by Colonel Washington's soldiers in their bivouac fires.

The walls on the east side are fairly well preserved. Here, buried in the surrounding masonry, are the two most imposing estufas in the pueblo; they are fifty feet in diameter. Farther on masses of débris indicate the site of ancient constructions of which the purpose is unknown. The masonry is remarkable for the care and precision with which it was executed, and is in singular contrast with that of the Indians.

At the other extreme of New Mexico there are other ruins no less interesting than those we have mentioned, and of such similarity with the latter that it is impossible not to attribute them to the same races and date them from the same epoch. These pueblos were situated in the valley of the Rio Peco, a small river flowing into the Rio Grande.

The system of dwelling in common, those cells always so small and so much alike, the absence of any conspicuous house, have, as I have already stated, given rise to the supposition that the inhabitants of the pueblos lived under a regime of communism and equality. They were agricultural. Every sedentary population, of necessity, tills the soil which is its only means of support. Around



HOUSE IN A BOWLDER IN MONTEZUMA CANON.

Pecos and other pueblos there are fields which had evidently been cultivated, *acequias* or large canals, and *zanjas* or ordinary drains. This was the *Huerta del Pueblo*, the garden cultivated by the common toil, and the products of which were doubtless shared among all. The land was under the system which existed in Peru and probably, also, in Mexico before the coming of the Spaniards: held in common, it was divided every year among the different families forming the tribe and doubtless joined, too, by ties of close relationship. But every family was master of the products of its labor, gathering the corn it had sown and the fruits it had planted. According to Mariano Ruiz this principle was still in vogue among the Pecos in our times, and prevailed up to the extinction of the tribes.

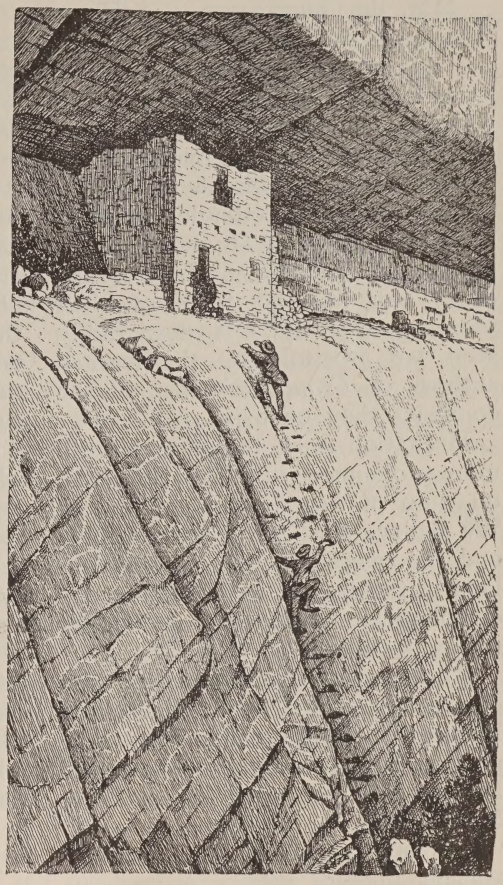
We have spoken of the finding of fragments of pottery. Pottery was in as general use among the Pueblo peoples as among the Cliff Dwellers and Mound Builders "All who have visited these regions have been greatly impressed by the débris of pottery strewn everywhere on their path, and that even in places where there are no vestiges of human habitation. The nature of the pottery has allowed of a longer preservation than that of the adobes which have fallen into dust." Again Bandelier says, "We see whole cartloads of painted pottery at our feet." "The ancient Indian tribes on the banks of the Rio Gila," adds Schoolcraft, "have left a testimony of their long residence in the profusion of broken pottery which they have left behind them."

This pottery, though exposed probably for centuries to all the inclemency of the seasons, has undergone little or no deterioration. As a rule the Cliff Dwellers' is far superior to the Mound Builders' pottery. Putnam adds that it is equally superior to the work done in the country today. It is made from the very fine clay which abounds in the region. To give it consistency it was mixed with a little sand, pulverized shells and nodules of earth burnt and ground. The potter often cut thin strips of the kneaded clay and laid them on over the vessel, moulding and shaping them into the desired forms with his hands. An urn found in Utah and seven others (obviously cinerary) give a good idea of this style of moulding.

Some of the potteries are shaped after the human form, and still more frequently as animals, such as the deer, stag, and frog. On the banks of the Rio Gila a fragment was found which an unknown artist had fashioned as a tortoise, and another representing a monkey. Birds are especially numerous. If the duck seems to have been the favorite model with the Mound Builders, the owl is common with the Cliff Dwellers. All this pottery is worked with a skill which neither the Moquis nor the Zuñis, who have inhabited these regions for several centuries, can imitate.

A few instruments made of flint or different kinds of stone are, besides the pottery, the only waifs that have reached us from that old civilization. Arrow-heads are found in great numbers at the foot of cliff-houses and in the neighborhood of the pueblos. They were another proof, were such needed, of the struggle for existence carried on by people who had to be ever on the alert to defend their homes against their unknown enemies. Near Rio Mancos an axe of

polished stone has been found precisely similar to those found in our own countries. When discovered it was under a heap of maize in the redoubt of a cliff-house. Was it used as a charm and are we to see in this a relic of the curious superstition of which the axe has been the object in all times and among so many different peoples? Numerous stones, too, suitable for grinding corn, have been found — pestles whose signs of wear attest their long service and blocks of basalt with a cavity formed either naturally or artificially.



Cliff-House in Chelly Canon.

Are we to attribute to the scantiness of excavation, thus far made, the absence of metal objects, with the almost solitary exception of the copper rings found at Pecos, or must we conclude that the early inhabitants of the far west had no knowledge of either iron or copper? The latter hypothesis seems, at present, the more plausible, especially as the rudely shaped beams found in the pueblos appear to have been worked with stone tools. But again no positive affirmation can be made either way, and scientifically conducted excavations can alone solve the problem.

The difficulties attending the excavations have necessarily influenced the number of human bones discovered. The works carried out at the casa grande in Arizona have been the most fruitful, having given three hundred skeletons, about fifty of which are complete. The stature is small and the skulls brachycephalic with the occipital flattening (made artificially during infancy) very marked. This last characteristic is to be found throughout Central America; but though common in prehistoric times, it was far from being universal, as a recent expedition has shown by the discovery of a number of skulls which presented no traces of this deformation. The bodies had been laid, dressed in their clothes and bent double, in a chamber measuring twenty-two feet in diameter. We have thought it useful to make mention of these, but it is impossible to form an opinion as to whether they were contemporary with those whose traces we are following.

MM. de Quatrefages and Hamy, discussing these discoveries, go on to say that no doubt can exist as to the ethnological identity of the Cliff Dwellers and the Mound Builders. This same conclusion must be extended to the inhabitants of the pueblos. But if the ethnological characteristics of the Mound Builders are met with in regions where archæology can find no trace of their presence, their type is now rarely seen, we are told by the learned authors of *Crania Ethnica*, in the countries they once peopled.

Hesitation must therefore be still more pronounced in approaching the question of origins and affiliations. We believe that the Cliff Dwellers and the people of the pueblos belong to the same race. From an archæological standpoint no doubt seems possible.

All the relics that have come into our hands lead to this conclusion. It seems equally certain that these peoples differed essentially from the Mound Builders, and I cannot share Mr. Barber's opinion when he says: "It is now generally held that the ancient pueblos were a progressive branch of the so-called Mound Builders, forming a connecting link between the latter and the Nahuatl tribes of Mexico." There is nothing among them that resembles those truncated pyramids, those mounds of animal or human shape, those piles of earth which excite our astonishment, still less the palaces, temples, edifices, often pretentious, due to the Aztecs, Mayas, and Yucatecs, with whom Mr. Barber tries to identify them. Everything must be taken into consideration — even to the absence of the pipe which is found in such abundance among the Mound Builders.

"What is there in common between the Aztecs and the Pueblo people of New Mexico?" Mr. Gatschet asks. "Both lived in houses built of stone or adobe, and both were tillers of the soil — nothing more. These are features which are found among men of all times and all countries; but they differ in race, in language, in their secondary characteristics which are personal to them and which have their importance, too. Implements, manner, customs, laws, government, as far as we can ascertain, are not identical." The languages of New Mexico, to which Mr. Gatschet attaches an importance that is perhaps exaggerated, prove that the people speaking them is subdivided into three or even four distinct races. Such is also Mr. Harvey's opinion.

Coronado, the first Spaniard to visit these regions in the sixteenth century, does not signal any relationship between the Mexicans and the inhabitants of New Mexico; Padre Escalante, who traversed the country in 1776, describes ruins unknown to-day and pueblos now in dust. There is nothing in his account to justify what on the other side of the Atlantic has been called the Aztec theory. In prehistoric times distinct races occupied Central America. These races may originally have belonged to one source; but their separation dates from a considerable number of centuries, and nothing in the facts we know permits an assertion or a denial of the hypothesis.

Many centuries, probably, before the coming of the Spaniards the decadence of these peoples had begun. It has continued down to us, and to-day a few Moquis and a few scattered Indians on the Rio Grande are the sole representatives of races

that were once so numerous and powerful. The causes of this decadence are manifold. Among the most serious we must reckon the invasions of the Apaches. The Cliff Dwellers made a long but finally impotent resistance; they had to abandon the houses they had built and the hearths, so often watered with their blood, to withdraw farther south, where their struggles were continued for a long time with diminishing success.

The Apaches and Utes gained ground, the Cliff Dwellers retired before them; the end was inevitable — the vanquished race was quickly condemned to sterility and impotency, and unhappily the conquistadores did not and probably could not do anything to raise it.

The incursions of the nomads, however terrible they might have been, could not by themselves have sufficed to depopulate the country. The lofty dwellings, the towers guarding the entrances of the valleys, the arrangements of the pueblos, which made them real fortresses, might have assured the resistance of the inhabitants if another cause had not accelerated their ruin. The destruction of the forests, a prolonged drought, the disappearance of the water-courses, as we said at the commencement of this study, changed the lands, which cultivation had fertilized, into arid deserts and sandy valleys which the explorer traverses with gloom and sadness. Man had to fly the land where the struggle against an ungrateful nature became impossible; he was forced to flee before an enemy more dangerous than the Apaches, and against which all resistance became impossible.

It was reserved for our century to ascertain these facts, which but a few years ago were absolutely unknown. A nobler mission is reserved for our successors: it is for science to re-establish what the barbarism of man has permitted to be destroyed; it is for science, by giving water to these disinherited countries, to restore to them the fruitfulness and the life that have disappeared.

A SIGH FOR THE LONG AGONE.

JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

I.

THE light is up in the morning, and the lark is up in the blue,
And his silvery notes float downward like musical drops of dew;
I stand at my lattice listening, and I would that I felt the joy
To see the sun and hear the song that I felt when a little boy;
For the light is soft and golden, and the music is golden too,
But somehow they fail to move me as they used to when life was new.

II.

The breeze comes in from the garden, with the scent of the red, red rose,
And the balm of the scarlet balsams, that wake from their night repose;
The breeze comes in from the garden, and its breathing is sweet and cool,
For it dipped its wings in passing in the wave of a pearly pool,
And it kisses my aching eyelids, and my throbbing temples white,
But ah me! for the old-time breezes, and the old, old-time delight!

III.

The Beverly bells are ringing, and their sound is silvery clear,
And the rhyme and chime and the cadences fall soothingly on mine ear;
The robins all are a-stir below, the juniper birds above,
And all is bright in the morning light, and as kind and sweet as love:
But the bells of Beverly ringing, the bobolinks chirming low
Awake in my heart no music like the music of long ago.

IV.

Oh, what was the charm of the old-time that everything then could please?
Was the old-time light a softer light or greener the old-time trees?
Had the birds of boyhood sweeter songs or the buds a brighter bloom,
Or the lavender, and the lilac boughs a more divine perfume?
I know not; I cannot make answer, but down in my heart I know
That I miss in to-day the glory I felt in the long ago.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

This month a memorial worthy of the man will be unveiled in Boston to John Boyle O'Reilly, poet, patriot, editor, humanity's friend, and leader of his people in a new country. The monument is the work of Daniel Chester French, whose previous creations had already given him conspicuous place among sculptors of the day. His O'Reilly memorial will enhance his repute for the power he possesses, not alone to produce a fine work of art, but also to embody in it fitly and grandly all that was characteristic of his subject. The design is triple in character, unified through the symbolism of its several parts. The front of the monument will be a bronze bust of the poet, one and a half times life-size, on a pedestal ten feet in height. The central part is a granite monolith, fourteen feet high by six in breadth, pointed obtusely at the top, and appropriately sculptured with designs of Celtic significance. Suitable inscriptions will be traced on the lower half of this monolith. The third part of the memorial, and the one most truly typical of the man honored, is an allegorical group of three figures, of which our frontispiece is a reproduction. In the centre sits Mother Erin weaving the patriot-poet's wreath of oak and laurel, the leaves for which are offered respectively by the emblematic figures of Valor and Poetry seated at her right and left. Valor is represented in the heroic form of a Celtic chieftain, armed, alert, and ready to fling aloft the flag he firmly holds; while Poetry is typified by a winged youth in pensive mood, turning affectionately from the lyre's touch, to add another laurel leaf to the Mother's wreath. The entire conception is exquisitely artistic and, above all, true to the genius and life-work of the leader and poet it so beautifully commemorates.

The memorial is to be raised upon a stone foundation of several steps, which will elevate it to about eighteen feet in height, and its unveiling will be accompanied with exercises pertinent to the significance of such an occasion.

The erection of a monument to John Boyle O'Reilly in Boston is of far deeper import than the perpetuation of his individual fame as a poet or leader. While it will fitly achieve that object it must also necessarily stand as an emblem of the progress of his race in the United States, of the extent to which they have been absorbed by this nation, and the wonderful assimilation of its national spirit that has characterized their citizenship. The rise of O'Reilly to eminence in America was not more rapid nor more enduring than has been the quick and true response of the Irish character to American institutions, or the reaction of the latter upon the adopted race in evolving and developing its best elements and traits. Of much of this progress and standing, the career of O'Reilly was a potent factor, as well as a brilliant illustration. His genius and accomplishments were the magnets that first drew a vast amount of out-

side public attention to the best characteristics his race was in various ways manifesting in American life; and his individual success acted as an impulse and inspiration to many of his own people to overcome advantageously to themselves the seemingly untoward circumstances surrounding their lives. This monument will mean also the recognition, by an American community's intelligence and heart, of great services done American citizenship by one foreign born, and will help to expedite the passing of denominational and racial differences.

Succeeding generations will view this threefold memorial in a broader way than even its builders projected. They will see in it the individual glory of him it justly celebrates, a glory won through activities fanned by the glowing inspirations of freedom; they will behold in it the advancement and absorption into the very fibre of the Commonwealth of the race which produced this leader and followed his onward and upward beckoning; finally, they will recognize in its substantial and enduring presence the answering sentiments of the republic, the republic of the Constitution, to all those of whatever race or clime who, having assumed the republic's duties, live effectively, as did O'Reilly, in fidelity to those duties, and by a good use of opportunities and native abilities attain success and influence for themselves and for the race they represent. A quarter century hence it will be recognized that O'Reilly, as an example of this triple consummation, has won more right to fame and to the benediction of American posterity than through the most fervid outbursts of his poetic muse.

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* All that was most human, and therefore most divine, most ennobling, and most helpful, was assimilated by her. The painful bliss of asceticism, the rapture of Catholic devotion, the satisfaction which comes of self-abnegation, were realized by her as though she had been a fervent Catholic. But the ground-tone of her thought was essentially and intensely Protestant. She could not submit herself completely to any external teacher.

This from a recent article on the religion and ethics of George Eliot, by one who has made a new and an exhaustive study of both as revealed in her novels. We can perceive the smile with which Catholics who are familiar with George Eliot's writings and know the story of her life, will receive the assertion that she had assimilated or even realized "the painful bliss of asceticism, the rapture of Catholic devotion, the satisfaction which comes of self-abnegation as though she had been a perfect Catholic." But waiving remark on these points, eloquent as they are in self-evident absurdity, we are tempted to pause at the idea contained in the next sentences from the same quotation: "The ground-tone of her thought was essentially and intensely Protestant. She could not submit herself completely to any external teacher." This sort of assertion, which is met frequently in recent Protestant magazine writing, is intended in contrast and criticism of those who mould their thought and ethical beliefs upon the teachings of Catholic philosophy and theology, implying, of course, the servility of those who do so and the rugged independence and superiority of those who do otherwise. It is but a new and gentler paraphrase of an old and vulgar slur, but its euphemistic dress cannot veil its fallacy nor supply its hollowness with the substance of truth.

Take this instance of George Eliot.

Is it a fact that she did not submit herself to any external teacher? Was her philosophy original? Was her religion or the lack of it all her own? She did not accept Catholic philosophy, it is true, and in so far she may have been classed among the Protestants. But the fact was, George Eliot's philosophy, as shown in her own life and its ending, was "essentially and intensely" Pagan, not Protestant, and that she had an external teacher in the system of ideas and beliefs extant in the world before the Christian era, and revived in her own day, is proved wherever in her writings, conversations, or actions she revealed the bases upon which she conducted her life. She died in the belief that there was neither personal God nor personal immortality; she substituted her acquired ideas of personal duty for religious faith and practice; life became more and more hopeless to her as the prospect of utter annihilation came nearer in death. All this is purely Pagan and was imbibed by George Eliot from external teachers from that period in her early womanhood when she began to recede from the Evangelical faith she was born in. The truths taught in her novels, and there are many great and abiding truths in them, were taught in the writings of pagan Greeks and Romans centuries before her genius attracted the nineteenth-century world to her.

And so the ground-tone of her thought was *not* essentially nor intensely Protestant, and, moreover, what it was, was as clearly the result of external teaching as the writer of the extract above quoted was mistaken in his estimate of her Catholic assimilations. It is a pity some learned magazinists are not happier or luckier in their comparisons. Such errors as these spoil an article for intelligent readers.

In view of the phenomenal increase of churches all over the land, it would be well for those having the erection of sacred edifices in charge to study deeply the trend of modern church architecture, and the spirit and tendencies of the men responsible for its latter-day development. Of the thousands of churches in the United States, how few there are which can really inspire the beholder with a convincing sense of their entire fitness for the object of their existence. It is not that money is lacking for the raising of impressive temples of worship, which can elevate the soul and lure the heart to prayer by their very aspect. Millions have been raised for churches in America; but because the expenditure of the money has been unwisely or unskilfully managed in a vast number of instances, too many structures, intended for houses of prayer, fall lamentably short of their avowed purpose, offending both sense and taste by many evidences either of over-pretentiousness or artistic inadequacy. As was well and pertinently said recently by a writer in *The Evangelist:*—

> Architects are plenty, but those who can design, erect, and decorate a house of worship inspired by and giving expression to the spirit of worship in the beauty of holiness are few. Painters and sculptors are plenty, but artists are few. Without the all-absorbing, soul-inspiring ideal of the artist which possesses, controls, and directs his mind, his heart, and his hand, and simply finds expression on the canvas or in the marble, the result will be a more or less commonplace picture or statue, and will never move our hearts. It is not deft handling of the brush or chisel which stirs men's hearts, but the soul inspiration of the artist which thereby makes us feel its power. So, too, of churches. The Gothic cathedrals are more the

expression of religious sentiment in the days of their building than of the artistic feeling of the period. If we are to have great churches which will awe us by their dignity and grandeur, charm us by their beauty and sentiment, inspire us by their self-evident religious inspiration, they must be conceived, designed, built, and decorated by those so inspired by the spirit of worship and so saturated in mind and heart with the beauty of holiness that the house of worship shall be but the expression of an all-absorbing devotion which finds expression in its own way, and will neither down at the bidding of utilitarian motives nor permit an expression of coarseness, vulgar display, or fantastic picturesqueness.

What a slaughter of reputations has been brought about by the developments in the Transvaal affair. From the start Jameson and those immediately in evidence with him were openly condemned by general public opinion for their bandit violation of the laws and comity of nations; but though suspicion was not inactive as to the real instigators, the bluff denials and disavowals from superior officials and high powers, both in South Africa and in England's Cabinet, turned aside for awhile just opprobrium from those most guiltily implicated. But Jameson's saddlebags held the truth; and President Krueger, whose fame has risen in opposite measure to his enemies' disgrace, has at length clearly shown where the head and front of the shameful raid really rest — on the massive shoulders of Cecil Rhodes, the man whose life story has been emblazoned to the world as that of a man of destiny, one of Great Britain's greatest products, and a probable future premier of the realm. To such an extent can England's characteristic colonial policy and practice impel her governing representatives, and thus is history forced to write a new chapter to the old story, of a piece with those that have preceded it. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's course since the disclosures were made gives him a prominent standing among statesmen whose political equipment is effrontery, but President Krueger's reported amazement at his proceedings is not shared by those who have followed the colonial secretary's whole parliamentary career. The despatches state that the Boer president has further revelations to make in good time, and he can be depended upon to strike at just the right juncture. Some other bubble reputations are sure to be shattered, and it is not hard to guess one or two of them.

The so-called higher criticism of the Bible is receiving a decided setback in favor of the more old-fashioned opinions which antedated the neological interpretation of Moses and the Prophets. Of all places, in Germany, the very incubator of the modern views, and where not a single Protestant theological professor is left in the great universities to sustain the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch, a new school has arisen, which is combating with great logical force and vigorous elucidation the errors, superficialities, and inconsistencies of the "higher" critics. At no time for a generation past has there been in Germany such a telling reaction to that interpretation of biblical fact and assertion which the agnostic and "naturalistic" theorists have so energetically striven to set aside. The advocates of the older interpretations point out with convincing erudition and fearless argument that the contradictions and difficulties claimed to exist in the books of the Old Testament are largely removed by fair and honest investigation, and they show further that the "newer" commentaries upon the New Testament, if accepted, can only explode the connec-

tion between the Old and New Testaments which the writings of both manifest as absolute, and reduce to absurdities the expressed teachings of Jesus Christ. The champions of the Bible as an inspired book and a correct historical record are making their arguments and their influence felt far outside of Germany, and the "newer" criticism bids fair to be soon completely exposed in its hollow and unproven premises.

Our serene compliments to the paperlet, which, we are pleased to see, recognized itself in our last edition. It is mistaken (not an uncommon experience with it) in supposing we had lost our temper over its copied criticism of one of our articles. We are happy to say that we are not annoyed by its provincial impertinences, nor would we have noticed them in any way, had they not given us the opportunity we desired to define editorially our attitude towards the contributors to this magazine.

As is the wont with petty critics, the retort of the paperlet is quite beside the point at issue. We submitted that criticism of our articles should not be made the excuse to impugn our motives. The paperlet, however, ignoring our just contention, devotes much of its space not employed in small carpings (by far its greatest stock in trade) at other papers and periodicals much its betters, to questioning the correctness of our use of certain words and terms. We have fortunately survived the diluted sarcasm served by the paperlet in this respect, and are even able to rejoice that we have added an expression or two to the somewhat limited vocabulary of our village contemporary.

It would be too severe were we to define for it thus publicly the meaning of such words as "obscure" and "feeble" which we applied to its mission among the publications of the day. We would rather advise the paperlet to consult the primary dictionary for these epithets and then "hang its head and plead guilty" as it professed its willingness to do, in which case all might yet be well. As to "sequestrate," there's a word upon which we are glad to descant for the enlightenment of the paperlet. Though not in as frequent use, it has exactly the same significance as "sequester," which means, paperlet, to separate, disjoin, set aside from, etc. In our use of the term, we stated our power to "sequestrate" (i. e., paperlet, to separate, otherwise distinguish) "genuine counsel from exaggerated or invidious carpings," and we reiterate the same words here.

If we are correctly informed, the editor of the paperlet has frequent occasion to repeat a lengthy sacred chant in which occur the lines:—

> "Inter oves locum praesta,
> Et ab hoedis me sequestra."

If subtle enough, the editor of the paperlet will perceive whence we derived the verb and the peculiar significance attaching to it in its association with "hoedis." In its career as a periodical it is DONAHOE'S fervent wish *ab hoedis literariis sequestrari.*

We are now done with the paperlet. Under no provocation shall we ever again refer to its existence. For us the casket is buried.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Friend of Higher Education.

On Whitsunday of this year many loving hearts must have remembered the Rev. Father Fulton, S. J., for Pentecost was his feast of predilection.

No doubt the most famous work of this great man was done in behalf of young men; but no other priest, as an individual, has done more than Father Fulton for the spiritual and mental development of women living in the world. He began this work among us as soon as he came to Boston. To one and another he said: "You are well educated and you have ability; your gifts belong to God; you have no right to be idle." The traditions of the devout life in older Catholic communities were familiar to him, and he taught them to his penitents. The effect of bad example in teaching people of the world to "minimize" in doctrine or practice was a thing with which his broad, ample soul had no patience.

Soon after he came to Boston Father Fulton began to give retreats to women of the world at the Convent of Notre Dame at Roxbury. We spent happy days there under the motherly care of Sister M. Aloysius of blessed memory, and went back to the world wiser and happier. But few persons had leisure to go to Roxbury for the instructions, and for twenty years and more this particular series of retreats has been given at the Convent of Notre Dame at Berkeley Street, Boston, by fathers of the Company of Jesus and often by dear Father Fulton himself.

His instructions were noble revelations of the possibilities of sanctity in lives spent in family life or in business. One seemed to be suddenly gifted with a great intellect and the power to use it, as one listened to Father Fulton. He took the mental and moral problems which in the average mind lie crumpled in an untidy tangle, unravelled the mass, and put his hearers in possession of a clearly defined principle. Until the difficulty was logically stated he made no effort to explain it away, and one felt perhaps irked by the technical course of reasoning; but suddenly the great lawstood revealed underlying the preliminary process of proof.

He was a kind and sympathizing adviser and the enemy of false reasoning, unbridled emotions, and scruples. He quickly got rid of fanciful difficulties, and made short shrift of nonsense in any form. But go to this good friend with a real sorrow, even if it had been produced by one's own fault or folly, and there was no grief too deep for him to understand, no feeling too subtle for him to discern. When some crisis was reached which offered no relief, only called for dumb endurance, Father Fulton's sympathy was Christ-like in its majestic tenderness. Perhaps the most remarkable result of his direction was a power of standing alone,

independent of human support. When he was called away from Boston, one of his penitents, after expressing her regret, said, "But you would not have taught me much if you had not taught me to do without you." He never placed himself between a soul and its Creator.

Father Fulton's delightful wit lives in the memory of his friends joined with the smile and manner, which were as good as the words. When he went to the Custom House to receive the relics of a canonized saint, Saint Valentine, duty was demanded. Father Fulton said to the officer: "I see no reason for paying duty. So far as I know this importation competes with no article of domestic manufacture." It has been regretted that he had no Boswell; it would have been a sorry office to fill. He abhorred subservience, and liked a good opponent and to hear the blow of steel on the Damascus blade, which he never unsheathed except in a good cause.

To a June Bride.

FRANK H. SWEET.

WHAT is the wish that we wish you?
Joy and freedom from care,
Life that is bright and fair,
And an absence of pain and woe.

What is the joy that we wish you?
A home, and you its star,
A love no ill can mar,
That will ever be strong and new.

What is the best that we wish you?
Health and strength and hope,
A life of wid'ning scope,
And a heart that is brave and true.

Several Kinds of Household.

A friend writes to this Department: "There is an excellent opening for young girls in many of our country towns as 'general housework girls' in small families. It is almost impossible to find good domestics in towns far removed from large cities, and there are happy homes ready for young women of capacity and industrious habits, if they do not disdain housework.

"I have smiled and sighed over the sorrows of a friend of mine who has spent her girlhood in intellectual pursuits, and has no marked gift for housekeeping. She has learned order from the surpassing disorder of successive maids, and the conviction that only her example could teach them to be tidy. In former days, in entering her parlor, there was a strong probability of finding the poker lying on the piano, and boots tossed on the table, but that is over. Everything has its place and returns to it after use, much to the satisfaction of my friend's husband and family. Through tribulation she has become a good housekeeper, and happy would be the girl of refined mind and worthy character who should serve under this good mistress.

"I often go to another house where there are ample means, and the heads of the family are old and need a good deal of attention. I think that if I had to earn my living by the work of my hands, I should like to be a servant in that house. When the maids meet you there is a happy, peaceful look on their faces; they receive you and serve you in the spirit of the heads of the house, making you feel welcome and comfortable. They are as

busy as possible, making everything neat and attractive. There is perfect confidence between the employers and the employed, a sympathy with each other in joy and sorrow, mutual care in time of sickness, and always perfect courtesy.

"I smiled to hear the answer of one of the heads of this household to a visitor who bewailed the fact that she had had twenty cooks in one year. 'I know little of such things,' said the old lady placidly. 'I have had one cook in twenty years.'"

American Pilgrims.

The third American pilgrimage will, if the present plan is carried out, leave New York July 8, on the steamer Westernland. The excursion will last two months, and the cost for each member is only four hundred dollars. Loretto, Rome, and Lourdes contain the shrines especially sought by the pilgrims, but the tour includes a visit to many of the most interesting Catholic cities on the continent. This is right, because to many of the travellers this excursion will be the needed vacation after a fatiguing winter.

Those who go to Europe for the first time are too busy to learn much, but a second or third visit reveals the fact that there is much to be admired and copied in the manners and habits of persons who seem, at least to us, to be behind the times.

At Lourdes, for instance, the daily life of the people, apart from the periods when the town is crowded with pilgrims, recalls the life led in mediæval communities of families bound together by the light rule of the third order of Saint Dominic or Saint Francis. They begin the day with family prayer in some church attended by all. It used to be the old parish church, but that, alas, was destroyed by fire a short time ago. Gathered before the high altar, they say their morning prayers together before first Mass; a very old custom, perhaps dating from the day when their ancestors were awakened at midnight by the voice of the monk crying, "Awake, awake, ye that slumber, and pray for the suffering souls." Then they say their beads for the intentions of all, and go out into the world for their daily duties, rich and poor united in equality and fraternity before God.

Many times the bells are rung, and tell a story understood by all the people of Lourdes. So many strokes tell of a baptism, so many of a wedding, an approaching death, the passing of a soul, and the funeral. The sound of a bell tells that the Blessed Sacrament is passing through the streets, and the people kneel even in the mud and water, if need be, to salute their Lord.

Sodalities or confraternities unite all in various bands, and there is a universal interest in each other's welfare during life and after death. The spirit of charity reigns in the hearts of these people and binds them together in a holy sympathy. They visit the houses of mourning as a matter of Christian brotherhood, and they try to attend all the requiem Masses (and they are many) said for the departed souls. "This is the cement that holds the people of Lourdes together in joy and grief; the heavenly cement of united prayer."

There is no monotony in this life of devotion, and routine does not blunt the fine edge of spiritual per-

ceptions. Works for mutual benefit or improvement fill the time with pleasant duties.

The intense devotion of those who visit the shrine of Our Lady is beautiful to see. Many, like the Princess Hèlene of Orleans, walk barefooted from their hotel to the grotto in the gray dawn of morning or in the dusk of evening.

The women of Lourdes for the most part leave the new piscinas to visitors and kneel in groups as near as possible to the spot where Bernadette knelt. They drink the sacred waters from the hollow of their hands, and bathe their faces and hands in the precious fountain. Familiarity increases their devotion, and those who go to Lourdes for the first time will do well to study faith and its outward expression, reverence, from the inhabitants of the city of prayer.

EMMA FORBES CARY.

Our Graduates' Future.

Between the close of school work and the actual entrance on life work there intervenes a preparatory period, a time of vital importance in its relation to the graduate's future success and happiness. Unhappily, aptitude and opportunity are too often disunited forces. The girl with music in her soul, or an artist's touch in her finger tips, grinds out her life in mill or shop, while the pet of fortune accepts as drudgery a course in music or art. Misfits are in many cases inevitable, and in many more could be prevented by the exercise of forethought and sacrifices on the part of those who have the right to make it.

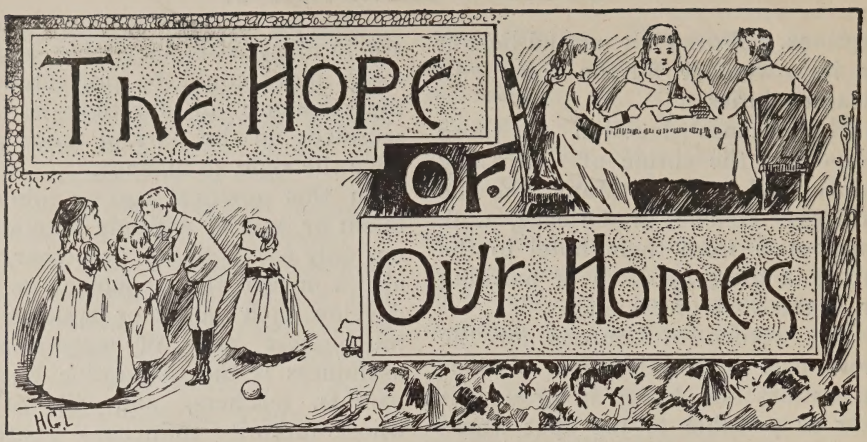
In this practical age an inherent talent or special aptitude should be not only a joy to its possessor, but also a means of sustenance; and to develop such talent or aptitude to the highest point of wage-earning usefulness is the imperative duty of parents, teachers, and all others whose authority influences youth.

The ambitious girl cast largely upon her own judgment and too frequently upon her own resources often finds herself confronted by the twofold difficulty of determining the cost of a special course of instruction and of ascertaining what opportunities are afforded students to help defray their expenses.

To aid our girl graduates in solving this problem, we have in course of preparation a series of practical articles, written by students in various schools and colleges, giving from their own standpoint the qualifications for entrance, the actual cost, the routine, and such other features as will interest all who think seriously of entering on any special course of study.

In this number we publish an admirable paper on musical training specially prepared for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, and in our next issue will present some interesting facts on the State Normal School Course.

MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.



The Prize Watch Contest.

We have cause to be proud of our girls. Every contest announced for their benefit has met with a grateful response. We have whole schools of girls on our Department list, and feel as well acquainted with some of them as if they lived next door, or, at least in Boston. And what helpful little women they are! Their essays on "How to Help Mother," are so bright, and so filled with practical suggestions that we can imagine the young homemakers flitting about, setting the table, soothing the baby, combing little Jack's stubbly hair, coaxing Harry to wear a collar, and performing the hundred and one other duties that fall to the lot of the daughter of the house.

And our boys? Well, it does look harsh in print, but we can't say that we are proud of them. It would be stretching truth to the snapping point. If we had asked them to write upon "Are Boys Getting too Lazy to Earn a Dollar?" we fear that many of them would be qualified to answer "yes."

Otherwise we can't account for the lack of interest shown in competing for a *Handsome Gold Watch*. The subject is one that any boy could write upon, and we expected hundreds and hundreds of letters, and received — well — we are ashamed to say how many. Lack of time is no excuse; for one competitor, a bright Missouri boy, who does chores in return for his board and a chance to attend school, found time to write such an excellent essay that we are thoroughly convinced that where boys have the will they can surely find a way.

There is still time for other boys to prove what they can do, and we trust that they will respond to this call for more essays and letters on "How to Earn a Dollar"; respond so numerously and so practically that we shall be forced to apologize in our next number for even hinting that boys are inclined to shirk work or be indifferent about winning such a valuable possession as a real gold watch.

Boys in China.

A boy indulges in many games from which his sister is restrained both by her bound feet and general sentiment. The women and girls often gather in their doorways on summer evenings to watch the boys

at their games: wrestling, walking on stilts, ball-playing, kite-flying, battledore and shuttlecock, etc. But the Chinese boy never engages in his sports with the zest of a Westerner, and after he enters school his teachers discourage games as undignified.

The poor boy is sent out on the hills to gather grass and sticks for fuel or is apprenticed to a trade. If he is a farmer's boy, he finds plenty to do about his father's farm; and his life contains very little playtime.

Every family that can afford it sends one or more boys to school at six or seven years of age, and from the time of entering school the pupil is a being set apart from his less favored brothers. He at once becomes a gentleman. He is not expected to engage in any manual labor or help about the home any more; and if, after many years of schooling, he is unable to get an official position or a place as a teacher, he will sponge on his relatives and friends, or send out his wife to beg or starve, rather than work with his hands. If the boy is bright and industrious, he may rise to any position of power and wealth which is within the Chinese civil service. Educated men and pure women are the Chinaman's ideals for his sons and daughters.—*Sunday-school Times.*

A-Once-upon-a-Time Tale.

TOLD IN SCHOOL.

The drawing class was getting in some very bad work. The red-haired boy in the front seat had drawn a web-footed sheep, and the boy with a face like an angel wrestled so vigorously with a nondescript dog that he suddenly lost his balance, and fell into the aisle, slate and all.

The class roused into sudden interest, and a laugh rippled through the room; such a merry laugh that even the teacher, who was tired enough to scold, smiled instead, and by the time the fallen artist had picked himself up everybody was feeling better.

"Now let us try again," said the teacher; "but before we begin perhaps you would like to hear about the boy-artist, who once upon a time"—

The boy with a face like an angel settled back in his chair, and breathed a sigh of content, his beautiful, smiling eyes bright with expectation.

The teacher paused long enough to let Tom Maddocks take some marbles from the groove in his desk and put them softly in his pocket, and then continued—

"Who was so very poor that he tended sheep all day long"—

"And didn't have to go to school?" questioned a quiet boy enviously.

"And could not go to school," corrected the teacher,—

"But he loved to draw, and so all the long days on the mountain-side he drew sheep, lambs, and everything that he knew of in his narrow world. He didn't have books, slates, and crayons, moulding-tools, and paint-boxes like some young people I know; but he did his very best with what he had, a piece of charcoal and some chips"—

"I know a fellow who cut a boat from a deal end with just a jack-knife," murmured the angel. "Could your boy do that, teacher?"

"Perhaps he could if he had a knife; but a boy who had never seen the sea didn't know anything about boats, so my boy did his best with what he had, and one day the prince came into his life."

"What prince?" asked Robbie Williams, who always wanted to get at facts.

"The prince of his fortunes," answered the teacher promptly. "Is it polite to interrupt, Robbie?"

"No'm" admitted Robbie; "but I wanted to know." Then, keenly, "What'd prince do for the boy?"

"He took him down to the city of Florence, and into the great cathedrals, where were beautiful pictures, and, most beautiful of all, Cimabue's Madonna with the Christ-Child in her lap, His tiny limbs wrapped in the folds of a white tunic and a purple mantle shot with gold, all so exquisitely blended that the little shepherd fell into an ecstasy of joy.

"It is beautiful! beautiful!" he murmured.

"See you no fault?" asked the prince. "There is nothing perfect, my boy, not even in art."

A shadow fell on the boy's uplifted face, a wistful questioning look crept into his dark eyes.

"Ah, you see something!" cried the prince. "Something that displeases you. Come, my lad, you must tell me."

"If I only dared," stammered the boy, "but what right have I" —

The right of genius," interrupted the prince." Come, little artist, the master must know what displeaseth thee."

"The virgin's head," faltered the boy. "Is it not too great for so slight a frame?"

"What did I say!" cried the prince. "Did I not know you were born an artist!" You! a shepherd lad, to criticize Cimabue's Madonna!"

"Forgive me," pleaded the little Italian. "I but spoke what I thought."

"You shall speak in pictures," promised the prince. "You shall be greater than the master. Know you, little shepherd, that I am Cimabue, the prince of painters, the pride of Florence, and you shall be my pupil."

"Cimabue will teach me!"

"Ay, teach you to surpass your master. Cimabue's greatest fame shall spring from having taught Giotto."

And so it came to pass that the shepherd boy became a great painter, and founded a school. In the beautiful city of Florence he did his noblest work, and to-day when the peasant children look upon his Coronation of Our Lady they murmur "Giotto must have loved the angels," and their mothers answer softly," "The angels loved Giotto. They sang God's praises in his heart, and still they speak in his works."

"That's a pretty story, teacher," said the boy with the beautiful face. "I can never be great like Giotto, but I can always do my best"; and taking up his crayon, he began again on the nondescript dog, while the red-haired boy patiently erased the webbed feet and outlined wonderful hoofs.

M. B. O'SULLIVAN.

Our Benefactors.

Perhaps most persons would agree that insects could cease to exist without taking away any of the pleasure of life. We should soon cry out for their return to earth, if they could by some marvel be destroyed at one fell swoop.

Insects are excellent scavengers, and therefore friends to man. They destroy with incredible rapidity the

remains of creatures which die every hour and every minute of each day, and many other things that would poison the air if they were left unconsumed. In tropical countries the forests are kept in beautiful order by insects which live on dead wood. Various tribes of insects attack a fallen tree, each kind taking for itself the part best suited to its habits; and in a few months a huge mass of dead wood is destroyed, leaving room for young, fresh trees.

The Arabs wonder at our bad taste in eating oysters, crabs, and lobsters, and in their bills of fare locusts hold as important a place as shell-fish in ours. In many Eastern countries the locust is eaten in great quantities. The Moors prefer them to pigeons, and some Ethiopian tribes are called locust-eaters. It is perhaps the least these creatures can do, to furnish animal food in place of the verdure and crops which they destroy; but even their devastations are not wholly harmful, because they strip the ground and leave it in a condition favorable to vegetable growth even richer than the vegetation they destroy.

This is all very well, you say; leave locusts and the destroyers of decaying matter, but free us from hornets, wasps, flies, and caterpillars. The locusts and wasps do their very best to free us from flies and other troublesome insects. You would want butterflies left, of course, because they are so pretty; but the butterfly, exquisite as it is, has caterpillars for children. It is hard to believe that those hoary-headed sluggish caterpillars and worms are the young of exquisite butterflies and moths, glancing in and out of vines and shrubs, harmless in themselves, parents of endless mischief to the plants they love so well.

Of insects we must take the good and bad together, as of most other things on earth. What would the dear thrushes and woodpeckers, and redwings do without insects? We must take things as we find them and make the best of them. One more thing in favor of insects: it is a matter of popular remark that in years when cholera prevails, there are very few flies and mosquitoes. I don't state this as a scientific fact, but a matter of popular opinion, and the saying seems to confirm the assertion that insects tend to preserve health among men.

For Camping Out.

An Aroostook, Me., woodsman, has a curious and unique arrangement for cooking food over an open fire, which he calls a camp range. It consists of a three-fourths inch iron gas pipe, eighteen inches long, hammered to a point at one end and plugged with metal, through which there are three small holes, each of a size fit to hold the end of a wire, say, three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. Loops are made of wire, into which skillets, pails, pans, or other tapering cooking utensils are fitted snugly. A washer of sheet iron fits over the end of the gas pipe, and is prevented from slipping clear down by a snug metal wristband, The washer serves to brace the wires.

The gas pipe is driven into the ground, and red embers and coals placed about it. The food is cooked easily and quickly. A coffee pot hanger is also used, it being bent up, so that the long coffee pot will swing clear of the fire. Had the man cared to do so, he might have made a snug sum of money by patenting and selling his handy contrivance.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

Examiner asks: —

Can a Protestant be god-father for a Catholic child?

No, he cannot. The god-father and god-mother must in the name of the child make profession of the Catholic faith, and only one who believes in the faith can properly make such promises. Again, the sponsors are expected in case of necessity to look after the spiritual life of their god-child, and see that he be brought up as a good Catholic. This could hardly be expected of Protestant sponsors.

Inquirer asks: —

1. When were the ceremonies of baptism introduced?

2. When was Baptism by infusion or by pouring introduced?

1. The ceremonies of baptism come down to us essentially the same as in the beginning. This we gather from the writings of the early Fathers, who reveal to us that the universal practice from the days of the Apostles was as now regarding unctions with oil and chrism, exorcisms, breathings on the person to be baptized, sponsors, white garments, etc.

2. Even in the days of the Apostles, people were baptized by having the water poured on them, though immersion was then the more frequent way. The Eastern Church still holds to this, while in the Latin Church, infusion is generally followed, as more convenient.

M. D. asks the names and origin of the different "Creeds" in the Catholic Church.

1. There is the Apostles' Creed, composed, we are told, by the twelve Apostles, in Jerusalem after the descent of the Holy Ghost, and before their dispersion to preach the gospel in the different parts of the world.

2. The Nicene Creed, which was mainly composed by the Council of Nice, A. D., 325, against the Arians, who denied the divinity of Jesus.

3. The Athanasian Creed. Though this bears the name of Saint Athanasius, it is not of his compilation. Inasmuch as it explains the mystery of the Trinity, which he expounded and maintained with great zeal, his name has been given to it. It was compiled in Latin in the fifth century.

4. The creed of Pope Pius IV. This is an extension of the Nicene Creed. It was composed at the conclusion of the Council of Trent, held from 1545-1563, to meet the errors of the first Protestants, Luther, Calvin and others. Pope Pius IX added a few words referring to the supremacy and infallibility of the Roman Pontiff.

James asks: —

1. When was the use of holy water introduced into the Church?

2. Why are such rich vestments worn by the priest at the altar?

3. Where do we find authority for the use of incense?

4. Isn't it foolish to make the sign of the cross frequently and to keep repeating the Hail Mary in the Rosary?

1. Saint Justin, Martyr, who lived in the second century says that every Sunday in their assemblies, the faithful were sprinkled with holy water; and we can readily perceive that holy water must have been in use from the beginning. Our Divine Lord established water as the matter of baptism to be used in the purification of souls, and the Church naturally blessed water, and had it for use of the faithful in church and elsewhere, to remind them that they should cleanse their souls in penance before prayer or before assisting at the divine mysteries.

2. Out of honor for the King of heaven and of earth, the priest as an ambassador and minister of God should certainly in public functions appear in his office at God's altar in the richest vestments. God Himself required this in the Old Law. How much more proper is it in the New Law, where God Himself is corporally and really present in the Mass and in the Blessed Sacrament. The Church has always adorned her altars, her churches and her ministers with richest ornaments. In the twelfth century, one of the great ages of faith, the beauty and wealth of the vestments were extraordinary, and indicative of the great faith of the times. To-day our vestments are far from being as rich and as adorned as then. All the oriental churches seek to use rich and splendid vestments.

3. In many places of the Old and New Testament. In Leviticus ii, 1, it was commanded that incense should be placed on the sacrifice, called mincha. In the temple of Solomon there was a special altar, called the altar of incense, upon which every day at a certain hour incense was offered to God. (Saint Luke i, 9 11.) In Apocalypse viii, 3, we read: "And another angel came and stood before the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given to him much incense, that he should offer of the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which is before the throne of God." We find other texts, but these will suffice to show that authority for the use of incense is derived from Holy Scripture. The Wise Men offered incense to the Christ, the Babe of Bethlehem, to honor His Divinity. Incense is a symbol of charity and of prayer. David says: "Let my prayer be directed as incense in Thy sight (Ps. cxl, 2). It is also used as a mark of inferior honor to persons and things relating to God. In this sense, the altar, the crucifix, the missal, the priest, the assisting ministers, and the people are incensed.

4. To certain people, the cross and He who died on it have been, as Saint Paul said, a folly or a scandal. To think of the cross and of Him who died on it for the salvation of our souls can be no foolishness. Saint Paul gloried in knowing only Christ and Him crucified. "But God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Gal. vi, 14). In the early ages of Christianity, this sign was of much more frequent use than even now. This is evinced from the writings of many of the saints and doctors of the first five centuries. Saint Jerome

says: "Before every action, at every step, let your hand form the sign of the cross." Saint Basil says that the fact was well known that the Apostles introduced the making of the sign of the cross. Tertullian, writing in the second century, says: "At every fresh step and change of place, whenever we come in or go out, when we put on our sandals, or wash, or take our meals, or light our lamps, whether we are about to recline or to sit down, and whenever we begin a conversation, we impress on our forehead the sign of the cross." This sign brings to our mind the thought of the Incarnation and Redemption, the Unity and Trinity of God. It is the natural emblem and distinctive mark of a true believer in Christ; it directs all our actions to Him, and proclaims our belief that no action can be of merit, unless its merit come from the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. There can be no folly in making the sign of the cross, but it is folly to make it thoughtlessly, carelessly, without devotion or respect.

When Jesus was praying in the garden of Gethsemane, He thrice repeated the self-same prayer. When He taught the Apostles how to pray, He taught them one simple, short prayer. When any one can blame His wisdom in prayer, it will be time enough to blame His believers because they repeat the same prayer, whether it be an Our Father or a Hail Mary. There is ample food for serious and continued thought in the words of these prayers; and whoever says them, thinking of the meaning of their words, or with mind and heart intent upon God, or dwelling on the mysteries of our Lord's birth, passion, death, or the privileges of His Blessed Mother, will secure the favor and the blessings of Heaven.

Anxious One writes: —

If I believe all that the Catholic Church believes and teaches, go to Catholic devotions, and try to observe the laws of fasting and abstinence, all the while trying to keep God's commandments, am I not a Catholic, even though I have not been formally received into the Church?

Hardly. You may have the sentiments and good will becoming to a Catholic, but until you have formally before a priest, as a representative of the Church, made retractation of former errors, and a plain, open declaration of Catholic faith, you cannot be considered a Catholic. The Church must know her members, who are such by baptism and by open profession of faith. She cannot recognize as her child one who will not submit to these necessary conditions; nor will she be able to give to him the Sacraments, nor make flow to him any channels of grace, until courageously and humbly he acknowledge her for his mother and his guide. The United States does not claim or recognize as a citizen a man coming to these shores on his statement that he respects American institutions, and means to carry out our laws. There are some slight formalities to be gone through with for citizenship, and it is only after their fulfilment that the stranger acquires the right of suffrage, and the benefits and protection of the Constitution. So, too, in the Church.

THE MOST SIMPLE AND SAFE REMEDY for a Cough or Throat Trouble is "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*." They possess real merit.

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is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Literary, Scientific, etc.

The busy student owes a debt of gratitude to the projector of the College Histories of Art, who in a short space gives much valuable information that will interest all lovers of the fine arts. The second volume of the series has just appeared and deals with the "HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE." It is written in clear, concise style by Professor Hamlin of Columbia College, New York. It traces the history of the noble art of architecture from its rude beginnings down through the centuries, and shows how the different styles which have prevailed reflect the national life and character of the people who originated and developed them. The peculiar style of architecture prevailing at a given time among a people is the monumental expression in marble, stone, or other material of the national life and characteristics of that people; and through this medium the nation gives expression to its highest hopes and aspirations and indicates the grade of intellectual and spiritual life which it enjoys.

Beginning with early Egyptian architecture, the reader reviews successively the architecture of Greece and Rome, early Christian types, the wonderful Byzantine creations, the mighty mediæval efforts in Gothic of France, Germany, England, and Italy, the master-pieces called forth by the Renaissance, whose great triumph is the stupenduous dome of Saint Peter's, modern styles in Europe and America, and even the oriental specimens of China and Japan. The book is, moreover, profusely illustrated with ground plans and views of the buildings which have made architecture one of the most respected and elevating of all the fine arts. This book meets a long-felt want and will prove a handy text-book for school and college. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The pertinent questions called forth by the changed industrial conditions in the United States and the effect of the tendency on the part of a few to combine their interests and practically control certain lines of business, are candidly discussed in "WEALTH AGAINST COMMONWEALTH," by Henry D. Lloyd. From a mass of documents which the author has gathered together from state and federal court reports, from congressional inquiries, and other sources, much light is thrown upon the mode of procedure of trusts and combinations in different parts of the country in their attempts to secure unlimited control, in certain lines of trade, to the exclusion of all competitors. The reader will be surprised to learn that according to the highest legal authority in this country the law offers no remedy to the smaller business interests of the community, which are often obliged to sell at the terms dictated by the trust or to be annihilated at once by a powerful combination with unlimited capital at its command. The attorney-general of the United States, in his report for 1893, distinctly declares that "there is small basis for the popular impression that the aim and effect of the Anti-Trust Law are to prohibit and prevent those aggregations of capital which are so common at the present day, and which sometimes are on so large a scale as to practically control all the branches of an extensive industry." The facts which the author marshalls and the conclusions which he deduces from them cast a shadow across the future of this great industrial nation and make the thoughtful reader pause to consider what the outcome may be. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Rev. Edward Munsell Bliss, late of Constantinople, with the assistance of others familiar with the subject matter, gives us an opportune book in "TURKEY AND THE ARMENIAN ATROCITIES." He speaks from his own experience, strengthened by the testimony of scores of eye witnesses, and in a compendious volume of about six hundred pages he thoroughly discusses the whole Turkish question and the attitude of the Turk from his supremacy over Constantinople towards the Christians under his dominion. The book is profusely illustrated, and is a timely contribution to the literature bearing upon the present Armenian trouble. Philadelphia: Hubbard Publishing Co.

The essays delivered at the Catholic Summer and Winter Schools have been brought together and published in book form, and make very interesting and entertaining reading. The first volume is at hand, and discusses the position of the Church as regards Buddhism, the modern fad of faith cure, literary work as evidenced in reading circles, music, and the modern historical criticism. This movement of Catholic America in which its intellectual activity is brought before the public must be productive of great good, and we trust that this volume is but the first of a great many which will demonstrate to the world that Catholics are keeping pace with all others in the great intellectual activity which marks the close of this nineteenth century. Chicago: D. H. McBride & Co.

Novels.

Mr. Robert Barr has written another delightful story entitled "A WOMAN INTERVENES." It is essentially modern, and deals with incidents which are common to the commercial

life of to-day. The character of the modern American woman journalist is delightfully drawn, while the picture of the English girl who is the heroine of the story cannot fail to elicit admiration. Clean and healthful in tone, it secures the reader's sympathy from beginning to end. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The influence of heredity is the underlying principle which arouses the reader's attention on perusing a novel by Adeline Sergeant, entitled "A ROGUE'S DAUGHTER." Good children may come from bad parentage is the conclusion which is reached in this entertaining story. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The embarrassment which a wife who is more devoted to outside humanitarian interests than to her own domestic happiness may bring upon her husband is naively told by John Strange Winter in his latest novelette, "I MARRIED A WIFE." New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

A little gem from the pen of Sir Robert Peel is "AN ENGAGEMENT." The triumph of the disinterested, noble woman over the heartless, selfish coquette makes interesting and pleasant reading. New York and London: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Rosa Mulholland has been known for some time as a delightful depicter of Irish life. In her latest book, "MARCELLA GRACE," she does not fail to exhibit that charm of manner and exquisite insight of character which have secured for her such a wide circle of admirers. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

The unhappiness attendant upon a marriage which is arranged by others than those who are the direct participants, is the groundwork of a novel by S. Baring Gould, entitled "A BROOM SQUIRE." A note of sadness runs through the entire story, which is not changed even in the sequel. Its powerful delineation of country life in England adds to the interest of the story. New York, and London: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The charming story "A ROMAN SINGER," by F. Marion Crawford, is one of the monthly issues of the enterprising firm, Macmillan & Co., New York.

"FABIOLA," that beautiful Christian classic by Cardinal Wiseman, has appeared in a new illustrated edition, which will extend its reading among the people, to whom no more edifying or inspiring narrative of Christian faith and sacrifice for it can be recommended. "FABIOLA" will remain one of the popular Catholic books of all time. The new edition is published by Benziger Bros.

Miscellaneous.

"HOW TO DISINFECT" is a pamphlet issued by C. T. Knigzett, F. I. C. F. C. S., in which minute instructions are given applicable to all forms of contagious diseases. New York: Sanitas Co., Ld.

Hoffman's Catholic Directory Almanac and Clergy List for 1896 has been received, containing complete reports of all dioceses in the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, and the Prefecture-Apostolic of St. Pierre and the Miquelon Islands. Various improvements mark the present volume, such as the report of each parish given complete under its proper heading, and a complete alphabetical list of all places in the United States and Canada where churches are located. The usual amount of Catholic information, statistics, necrologies, etc., accompany this issue, the first of the quarterly editions to be published. Hoffman Bros. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

The dissemination of any good book is a laudable project, and this commendation may be given to the "PEOPLE'S EDITION OF BUTLER'S LIVES OF THE SAINTS," issued by Burns & Oates, London. The present edition divides the greater work into twelve volumes, grouping together, according to the month wherein their feasts fall, the author's brief biographies of the saints. The volume that has reached us is the first of the series, containing the saints commemorated in January. New York: Benziger Bros.

Rev. Thomas F. Ward's translation of the "MONTH OF MAY" is a timely book, calculated to increase the devotion to the Mother of God. It contains considerations for every day of the month, with prayers and suggestions for the practice of special virtues daily. In the original French this book of pious meditation ran through many editions, and its appearance in English will doubtless be welcomed to as great an extent. New York: Benziger Bros.

"THE FATHER MATHEW HERALD," the new temperance organ started in Boston, gives continued evidence of excellent management and earnest devotion to the great cause it is meant to promote. Its Easter number was a meritorious piece of newspaper work, and the succeeding issues have well followed it in every particular. We wish it a prosperous and effective career.

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